# TRIBEBOOK:

# WENDIGO™

BRIDGES 03

# LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

## Killing Winter

Russell had a joke: "Y'know what the top three causes of death are for biologists? Animal attacks, helicopter crashes and exposure. That's why I'm a botanist. I study plants, on the ground, in a greenhouse."

It wasn't a very good joke, but somehow, the way he told it had always made Meena laugh. But it wasn't a chopper they'd crashed, it was a jeep. The cold wouldn't have been a problem if Herby hadn't wasted a dozen matches trying to burn frozen newspaper, and she sure as hell wasn't laughing now.

Russell was outside still — blood frozen no doubt, his eyeballs frosted over. Meena huddled deeper into the nest of newspaper bundles. The radio was dead; Herby was still working on getting a fire started. Laura moaned under the tent they'd wrapped her in, clutching the stump of her right arm. It had bitten her hand clean off. Just *chomp* and it was gone. Then — and Meena would swear to this though it made her question her own sanity — the thing had smiled at them and loped off. The next night, it killed Russell. The day after, Will went for help and never came back. The thing did though, and howled all night.

The wood ran out a few hours ago; and though she and Herby had dug up these rotted old newspapers, they were so frozen that even if they did get them thawed they would never catch fire. That hadn't kept Herby from trying. They had three matches left, one of them broken, and no hope at all. Darkness would be here soon, and that thing with it. There wasn't much left to do but wait. It would be easier if Laura would quit moaning.

• • •

Fisher, Ahroun of the Wendigo, sat on a log, Cuts-the-Knot's knife in his hand. The Ragabash had died quietly; the poison from the fomor's bite had stilled his heart. This hunt had become the hardest in a life of hard hunts. Fisher leaned forward, elbows on his knees, face in his palms. The hilt of the knife pressed painfully into his forehead. Four days ago there were five in Fisher's pack. Today only he remained.

Quietly, he began to sing their names and some small portion of their deeds. Two Trees and Little Pin had died three days ago, burned to death by the thing that came out of the gas mine to meet them. What was left of them stank and crackled, but he had embraced each before leaving their bodies behind. Looks-Twice stopped to help two of the People — attacked, it seemed, by angry whites. The Half-Moon had more grace than wits. The woman ate his head in one monstrous bite while the man tore his body to shreds with tentacles that grew from his belly. Fisher had the woman down in a heartbeat, but Cuts-the-Knot had trouble with the man. Quick enough, the fomor went

down in the snow, but tentacles were not all he had. A barbed tongue struck the werewolf on the cheek and gave him his death. Fisher crushed the fomor with one great foot, but he was too late. Even the Ghost Bear, who was their totem, could do nothing to stop the poison that killed Cuts-the-Knot.

Even now, as Fisher sang their dirge, the Ghost Bear came to him. It hovered over the body of the Ragabash as Fisher cut off his long hair with his dead friend's knife. When the song was finished, the ceremony done, the spirit spoke to him in his heart.

*You are only the wind now, Wendigo. Go — and decide.* Then the spirit gathered into its teeth the spirit of Cuts-the-Knot and disappeared into the trees.

• • •

Breaks-the-Bear lay in the snow, tail thrown over his nose against the cold. He had never felt it so much as now, never in his life. The corpse of his prey lay nearby, where it had fallen, freezing. Hunger gnawed at his belly. It was a hard winter and food had been scarce as they ran.

Four had set out on the warpath. Four had taken the sacred vow — to kill every white that dared to set foot on Wendigo land, or die trying. The time had come; there would be no more waiting or talking or dancing. Breaks-the-Bear and his pack would free the Pure Lands of the Wyrmbringers or they would go to a warrior's grave. The others had fallen from the true path, but it was a small sin. Hunger struck them all, but Breaks-the-Bear had known hunger before and bore it easily. The others gave in and ate of their kills. At first, just a mouthful to keep the hunger at bay. Soon enough though, they were filling their bellies.

But Breaks-the-Bear was pure and he would stay that way. Pure in Wendigo, in his rage, and in his hatred for the whites. The hunger grew and it troubled his dreams. His belly ached and though killing the invaders quenched the hunger of his heart, his belly only grew more and more empty. The corpse of the man he had killed earlier that day lay a few yards away, still steaming in the snow. He had run like a deer when he saw the great white wolf creep out of the trees. Looked like a deer as he ran, eyes white-rimmed and wide, nostrils streaming vapor. Smelled like deer as Breaks-the-Bear knocked his feet out from under him and tore open his belly.

The Garou shook such thoughts from his mind and flipped the fur of his tail over his eyes. He needed sleep.

Breaks-the-Bear slept, and his dreams were troublesome.

He was back on the mountain, after his pack had killed the surveyors. The blood was still red on their muzzles as they climbed. Their trail took them up a perilous path, around a steep peak on a narrow goat-trail. Spearthrower was third as the pack walked single file along the ledge. The wind rose from nowhere, blowing snow and ice in their faces. Breaks-the-Bear and Red Salmon leaned close against the rock face. Falls Apart hunkered down behind a stone. But Spearthrower could find no shelter. The ledge was narrow where he stood, and the cliff wall above leaned far out. He made no sound as he fell, but looked up at his packmates, eyes black and knowing. His bones broke on the rocks below and his life ran out all around him. Red Salmon howled once, and the pack moved on again in silence.

Breaks-the-Bear stirred. Hunger was a knife in his belly. The smell of the man's blood was strong. The Ahroun's mouth filled with saliva but he pushed back the pangs and sank again into sleep and troubling dreams.

They were on the lake, the carcasses of the loggers lying half-eaten in the snow. Red Salmon had filled her belly already and had moved away to smell something she had caught on the wind. Falls Apart ate still, while Breaks-the-Bear lay curled in the snow, watching his packmate feed. The ice cracked like thunder — in a heartbeat, Red Salmon was gone. Falls Apart cowered over his meal whining like a pup, but Breaks-the-Bear got up and went to the edge of the hole that had opened in the ice and looked in. There, far below was Red Salmon, a piece of ice pinning her to the bottom, her eyes full of surprise. Behind him, Falls Apart howled once and rose from his kill. Together, they ran from the lake and into the trees.

Breaks-the-Bear woke again, the hunger a fire of cold flame that filled his belly with emptiness. Still half in sleep, he crawled toward the carcass and worried at the clothes that covered it. Teeth bared, he licked at the blood and sneezed. *No. Sleep,* he thought. *I must sleep. Tonight I will need my strength to hunt.* And so he slept, and dreamed a third time.

They had heard the helicopter miles away. Helicopters meant white men, and so they followed the sound to where the men were shooting caribou with darts. Falls Apart had said, "Call the wind, and throw their machine to the earth that we may kill them." And so Breaks-the-Bear called the wind and it threw the white men's helicopter to the ground. One was dead when they got there, the other screamed for the loss of its leg, torn away in the fall. Falls Apart fell on

the corpse and gorged himself while Breaks-the-Bear crushed the screaming man's throat in one terrible hand. When the man was dead, Breaks-the-Bear turned to Falls Apart. "Come — the caribou run. We must hunt or starve." But Falls Apart did not turn from the corpse. "There is meat here, Ahroun. We need not run to catch it. Eat and you will be filled." But Breaks-the-Bear gnashed his teeth, for the caribou were gone from sight, and he would not eat of the men. That night, as they lay down to sleep, a great blizzard arose and the wind grew cold. When he awoke the next day, Breaks-the-Bear lay beneath a foot of snow. Falls Apart did not stir at his calling. When Breaks-the-Bear dug down through the snow and found the no-moon, he found only ice, for Falls Apart was frozen through and through, his eyes wide with terror. Breaks-the-Bear did not howl. He only threw snow over the corpse and ran on.

When Breaks-the-Bear woke the third time he did not know he woke, for the hunger was so great in him that he did not know himself. He smelled the blood and tasted the meat and soon his belly was full. His hunger sated, his strength returned, Breaks-the-Bear's vow beckoned him and he turned and ran back toward the shack. Tonight, three more would die and his lands would be free of their touch.

• • •

Laura died just before nightfall, and she was none too quiet about it.

Herby had begun stacking oil drums up against the door and windows. When they were all moved, he began stacking everything else in the little shack on top of them. Meena tried to tell him it was useless. They'd all seen the thing outside — like a wolf, but big as a horse, with shoulders so wide Meena was all but certain it could knock down the steel shack without even trying. Herby didn't listen, or didn't hear. He just kept moving things and muttering to himself. "Not me, man...no way I'm dog food. Ha! Herb Alpo. Nope. Got no brass band, no Ed McMahon. Not gonna get me, goddammit. No way." Meena went back to her nest of newspapers and huddled into the faint warmth she'd made.

Herby was shoving scraps of his parka into the cracks between the drums when Laura started gasping. Her eyes were big as saucers and her remaining hand clutched at the tent that lay over her. She waved the stump of her right hand like a torch — it had started bleeding again and blood spattered the walls and floor in broad arcs as she thrashed. The fit ended suddenly. She was gasping and waving and clutching, and then she just sucked a lungful of air, arched her back, and died. Her breath fled in a ghastly, half-hearted sort of scream that sounded like some schoolyard mockery of terror and ended in a wet, pathetic rattle. Herby and Meena looked at each other at the very same moment. Each had frozen in place to watch their friend die. Now, Herby went back to his labors, arranging the debris that constituted his crude wall and mumbling. Meena watched the light coming in through the cracks in the walls die, and wept.

• • •

Fisher ran. His quarry had no fear, no concern for what might follow them both; nor, he supposed, for what might lie ahead of them. The sun sank slowly, and the cold fell from the sky like a blanket of death. Fisher sought in his heart for the gifts Great Wendigo had taught him — the charm to turn the wind, the song to warm the flesh — and found nothing. He would face this alone, his pack undone, their totem gone to carry their spirits to the lands of their ancestors, abandoned by the patron of his tribe. *So be it,* he thought. *If this is to be my death, I will meet it as a warrior of my people.* And yet, for all his resolve, a nagging doubt lay in his belly. *What wrong have I done that Great Wendigo would send me to die?*

• • •

Breaks-The-Bear lost track of time before coming upon the steel shack. He smelled them. The first he had killed grew ripe, even in the dead of winter, though the apes inside would not smell it. Breaks-the-Bear savored the reek. It smelled to him of justice, of vengeance, and he reveled in it. He bent his neck as he neared the corpse and lapped at the frozen blood. The strength had gone from it, but the flavor lingered. Tongue hanging from his jaws, lips drawn up in a terrible grin, Breaks-the-Bear crossed the few yards to the shack and gave it a shove. *Another has died,* he thought. *Only two, now — but they will be sweet.* Inside, the male begin to gibber, the terror of what lurked outside driving him to madness. Breaks-The-Bear's grin grew wider. He leaned against the rickety building and walked widdershins around it. The Garou's fur made a rough, hissing noise as he dragged it across the rippled steel.

The man inside began shrieking. The woman bellowed at him to be quiet but he had slipped well past reason. Breaks-the-Bear laughed as wolves do, throwing back his head and raising his voice in chorus with the madman inside his rickety steel cave. The howl split the growing night. The man inside gave one last shriek and fell silent. The woman made no sound at all, but Breaks-the-Bear could see her. She thought herself hidden behind her metal walls, peeking through a hole in the rusted steel. But Breaks-the-Bear had not lived so long blind. He saw her and she saw him, for he stood in the open, white snow all around and the moon as full

as a birthing mother, bathing him in light and stoking the rage within him. He gave a yip, a puppy's cry of delight. *We shall play your game, little doe.* Breaks-the-Bear circled, turned away from the shack, and trotted casually to where he stood in fullest moonlight.

Slowly, he turned again and let his form flow. He rose and became a man, his parka thick, his breeches warm, his mukluks black with the blood of his kills. He smiled as the eye peering out at him grew wide and white-rimmed. "Do you see me?" He called. "Do you see me, little doe? I see you." He smiled and let the change come again, but slow. He rose, parka and mukluks replaced by fur and claws. He rose still higher until he stood near ten feet tall and bristled with ivory fur. He smiled a wolf's smile, but the woman's eye was gone. *No matter*, he laughed. *I will come in and see you, little doe. And the strength of your heart will join my own.* He crossed the little space to the shack, jaws dripping at the promise of fresh meat. With one mighty sweep of his arms, he tore down the wall.

• • •

Herby wouldn't stop screaming. The thing had come back as the sun went down, just as Meena knew it would. It teased them, circling the shack, scraping its sides against the steel walls. It taunted them, she was sure. She hadn't the strength to muster reason to deny it. It enjoyed their terror, and it was all that Meena could do to keep from shrieking herself. Instead she yelled — yelled herself hoarse. She did not know what she said but she said it loudly and often as the thing outside the door howled in the moonlight. In the end Herby did stop screaming. His eyes grew wide but he did not see. His mouth hung open but he made no sound. His mind had snapped and dragged him down, away from the horror, until he did not know his way back out again.

Meena found herself howling into silence. The shock of realization quieted her instantly. There was no sound, no sound at all but the ragged gasps of her breath and the slow, senseless rasp of Herby's. They sat that way for an endless moment before Meena scrambled to her knees and crossed to the wall where rust had worn a hole big enough for her to see out. It had not left. It stood out there, big as a horse, and leered at her. Its eyes spoke to her, but she did not understand their language. It turned as if to leave but only circled away to a place where it stood full in the light of the moon. Then it was gone, and a man stood in its place. An Inuit man in furs and mittens with a mustache and laughing eyes. Meena trembled but she could not move. She did not understand. She could not think of where he had come from, or where the monster had gone. He spoke in his own tongue and Meena did not understand that either. But when he changed, she knew: Death had come for her. Her breath left her. She emptied bladder and bowels, but she could not move. She fell away from the wall, eyes white with terror at the sight of the thing outside, and she wished she could scream. She heard its mighty feet in the snow outside, heard it take a great breath, and then the wall was swept aside and the moonlight poured in. Death itself stood before her in yellowed fur and golden eyes.

As the thing stooped to take her, its jaws dripping with hunger, something stopped it. A sound, so distant she could barely hear it. Meena lay still, waiting for death, but the thing was taken aback. It withdrew sharply, ears turned to catch the sound. The monster took a step backward, then two. It looked at Meena again, gnashed its teeth and smiled its killer's smile, and then it was gone — become a man again, fleeing through the trees toward the sound of distant howling.

• • •

Fisher saw the sign, smelled the hare's spoor long before he saw the hare herself. The moonlight poured down through the trees, blue shadows stretching over the snow. The hare had not yet grown her winter coat and so huddled beneath a leafless bush in hopes her brown fur would hide her. Fisher was too wise. He saw the hare and gave chase. For a full hour they ran before the Garou finally caught the hare. She squealed beneath his mighty paw.

"Do not eat me, wolf! Please! I have kits in the warren! It is a good winter. There is thick bark on the trees. You need not go hungry for long, great wolf. Do not eat me, I beg of you!"

Fisher gnashed his teeth. He was hungry from his long run. He snapped his jaws at the hare so she closed her eyes in fear. "If you will not give me your flesh to feed my belly you must give me something in its place. What will you give me little hare?"

The hare trembled and cried out beneath his foot, her voice shrill. "I know where the bear hides his strength. I know where the elk go to die. What would you ask of me to spare my life? Just speak and it will be so."

Fisher sniffed at her face, her nose and eyes, and up to her long, long ears. "Your ears are very large, little hare. You must hear much."

"Yes! Yes!" She cried.

Fisher bared his teeth, his spittle dripping into the little hare's face. "Tell me, little hare. What have you heard?"

The hare spoke for a long time and so Fisher listened for a long time. When she had finished speaking he lifted his paw. The hare twisted to her feet and

ran a little way away. She stopped under a spruce tree and watched the wolf between its needles. There was pity in her eyes for she had given him no good news, but that was the way of things in winter.

Fisher began to run again, his belly forgotten, for it was his heart that ached with the little hare's news. He ran, but he did not want to. Behind him, the hare turned and ran home to her warren and fed her kits. The summer was far away.

• • •

Breaks-the-Bear ran pell-mell through the woods. He knew that sound — Garou. It was the howl of introduction. Homid, Wendigo, Ahroun — and he, yes he, was here seeking Breaks-the-Bear. Breaks-the-Bear snarled, *I need no allies in this. Wendigo has made me pure with the deaths of my pack. I alone am worthy of his quest.* "I alone," he said. He found for himself a great club and sat in the clearing where he had made his bed the day before. "I alone," he said again. "I alone..."

Fisher approached the clearing in Homid form, for that was all that was left to him. He clutched his parka and boots tight against the bitter cold. He had never felt it before so keenly. He was Wendigo. The ice and snow were as meat and drink to him. But Fisher knew why he suffered — the little hare had told him and it weighed heavy on his heart.

A man sat in the clearing on a log, wrapped in a coat of sealskin and leggings of the same. When he spoke, his words were slow and measured. "I am Breaks-The-Bear, warrior of the Wendigo, and this is my place." His eyes were black and hooded, but Fisher saw his true nature keenly.

"I am called Fisher. I too am a warrior of the Wendigo. I thank you for your welcome. Will you not make a fire for us, that we might sit and talk? It is cold and I have not eaten in many days."

Breaks-the-Bear sneered, "You say you are Wendigo? Great Wendigo does not feel the cold. I need no fire. Make one yourself."

Fisher spoke slowly, "You say you need no fire, but I see from the tremor in your hands that you do. You say Great Wendigo does not feel the cold, and yet — you do. I ask you to make a fire for I cannot, and I know that you cannot either. I have learned much running after you, Breaks-the-Bear."

Breaks-the-Bear clutched at the club he held behind his back. "Tell me then, Fisher — what have you learned? Why do you run after me?"

"We saw many strange things, my pack and I. We saw a gas well left uncapped and burning, and the men that might have tended it lying dead all around."

Breaks-the-Bear leaned forward, his eyes eager with pride. "Yes! My pack killed them! We slew the defilers of the land and left their bodies to rot."

Fisher continued solemnly, "A creature of balefire arose from that well to ambush us. Had not two of my packmates thrown themselves upon it, we might all have died. Had the engineers only completed their task and capped the well, perhaps it would have never been loosed upon the world."

The other Ahroun scowled and withdrew again. "You cheapen the glory of their deaths with such words."

Fisher only shook his head and continued. "We came upon two people that said they were of Athabaskan blood."

Breaks-the-Bear leaned forward again. "Yes! My pack rescued them! We killed the whites that pursued them!"

The younger Ahroun spoke quietly. "The whites were but a group of campers — the People had suffered the touch of the Wyrm and served it. The woman ate our half-moon's head before I could kill her. The man killed my oldest friend with one lash of his envenomed tongue before I crushed the life out of him." Breaks-the-Bear shook his head, confusion and rage warring for his thoughts.

Fisher continued, his voice heavy. "I saw oil hunters on the path. Killed, their carcasses gnawed upon. And a wolf I knew to be Wendigo at the bottom of a cliff. I saw forest rangers slain, their bodies eaten, and a woman at the bottom of a lake. I saw a helicopter, smoking on the tundra, the pilot and scientist killed. They too had been eaten. And I found a wolf frozen through and through, his eyes wide and frightful. These are most curious things to see running after you, don't you think, Breaks-the-Bear?"

Breaks-the-Bear clutched his cudgel and lowered his head as he spoke. "You said that you have not eaten in many days. I am shamed for lack of hospitality. I killed a deer here — it lies just there beneath the snow. I have eaten some, but much remains. You may eat of it as you need."

Fisher shook his head sadly. "It is no deer, Breaks-the-Bear, but the flesh of a man you have eaten, and I will not run down that path."

Rage finally won out in Breaks-the-Bear's mind — cold, bright rage. Breaks-the-Bear looked at the man lying dead beneath the snow, and a veil was lifted from his eyes. He saw the truth of Fisher's tale but he was not ashamed. The rage within him warmed his flesh. Breaks-the-Bear brought the club from behind him and laid it across his knees. His voice was low as he spoke. "So it is, but no matter. You will eat of it, as I have, or you are no Wendigo at all."

Fisher's eyes filled with regret and resignation. "I saw a hare on the road as well, Breaks-the-Bear. It told me what it had heard — that Wendigo has departed from us — you and I. That it has been given to us to find his path again. That is why I have run after you. That is why we feel the cold now. That is why we will face each other as we are, Gaia's gifts and Wendigo's kept from us. Together, we must choose."

Breaks-the-Bear's anger swelled and burned, his fist clenched tight over the end of his club. Through gritted teeth he spoke in a whisper. "I alone am worthy." Fisher did not stand, but leaned forward to hear, until Breaks-the-Bear's voice grew louder. "I alone am worthy!" And finally, howling to the night, "I alone!" Breaks-the-Bear leapt upon Fisher, his club swinging deadly in his hand.

• • •

Meena crept from the shack, her terror fading slowly. She had seen a man, she was certain. There had been that — thing — and then a man running away. She could feel the brittleness of her mind even as she slipped out into the snow. This last glimmer of hope was all that she had left, and she would find him or die trying.

She looked fearfully about the cleared space around the shack for signs of the monster, but saw only footsteps in the snow and pale, cold moonlight falling from above. *Perhaps*, Meena thought. *Perhaps he lured it away?* This thought bolstered her courage, but introduced a new fear, as well — she could not let that thing catch and kill her last hope of rescue. Meena found the monster's footprints in the snow, though her mind recoiled from the very thought of it. She steeled herself, and followed them. Soon, they vanished, replaced by the tracks of a man in heavy boots — the kind the Inuit wear, with no tread, but a broad, rounded imprint. She went as quietly as she could, following them through the woods.

She felt like she'd walked forever before coming upon the clearing and hearing a familiar sound — a sound she'd heard before in bars during college, and on the streets as a child — the sound of men arguing, men fighting. The fear returned, sapping her strength and courage, but she forced herself onward. Crouched low, hands aching from the cold, she crept forward until she could see them. The man that had run from the shack held a club in both hands easily as long and as thick as his own arm. He beat at another man, a younger man in jeans and a parka, who fought with no weapon at all and was the worse for it. Blood ran freely from the

younger man's forehead and matted his thick black hair. Both got in their licks, but it was clear the younger man was losing. The Inuit man struck again at the newcomer's head and connected; the club shattered with the impact and threw the young man to the ground. The older man looked briefly at the stump of his weapon before throwing it away. He fell upon his opponent wearily, turned him face up, and wrapped his hands around the newcomer's throat.

Meena rose from her hiding place, terrified. She tried to cry out, but her throat was paralyzed with fear. She took one stumbling step, the brittle crust of snow crunching loudly underfoot. The Inuit man's head jerked to the side at the sound. He looked at her with rage and surprise, and then leered hungrily at her. Meena recognized something in his eyes, and even as recognition came to her, the younger man's hand rose, gripping something bright and flashing, and fell.

• • •

The knife slid into Breaks-the-Bear's flesh at the point where neck and shoulder meet, forcing through the heavy coat to pierce skin and muscle and worse. The older Ahroun howled in pain, but Fisher did not stop with just a single blow. He yanked the knife out and struck again, and again, stabbing and stabbing until at last the weapon slid deep between the Inuit man's ribs. Fisher felt the tip twitch as it slid into Breaks-the-Bear's heart and he knew it was done at last. He shoved the body away and rolled to his feet wearily. His clothes were soaked with blood, his own as well as his opponent's, but the chill was gone. He did not feel the cold any longer.

The woman came stumbling toward him, weeping. She fell against him and wrapped her arms around him, thanking him again and again through hysterical tears. Exhausted, he withstood the embrace for a time before pushing her away again, roughly.

Meena wrung her hands and wept and babbled. She fell to her knees. "Thank god! He killed us! He would have, and we're freezing and starving and you saved us. Thank God! Thank you!"

Fisher regarded the woman with pitiless eyes. "I didn't come here to save you, Wyrmbringer..." He looked down at the warrior lying dead in the snow, Cuts-the-Knot's knife buried to the hilt in his chest. "I came to save him." The woman looked from Fisher to the corpse in confusion, but understanding came soon enough as Fisher turned and began walking into the woods. Her voice was tremulous at first, but soon enough she was calling after Fisher. "No! No! Help us! No!" Fisher never looked back. He was a wolf again in one instant and gone in the next.

Meena did not know how long it was, but eventually, she stopped crying and turned back to the wrecked shack. As she went about the business of rebuilding the wall, her belly growled painfully. "Least he could've done is leave us something to eat."

Behind her, Herby whimpered pathetically. It would be a very long night.

# TRIBEBOOK:

# WENDIGO™

By Erin Flachsbart, Alia Ogron and Brett Rebischke-Smith

Werewolf created by Mark Rein•Hagen

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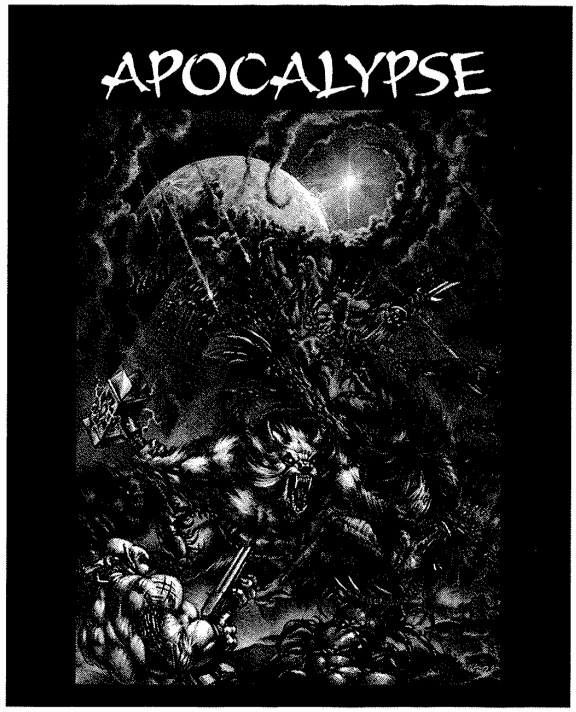


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BRIDGES 03

# Chapter One: Looking Back From the End Times

*There at the beginning times, the sun shone over the white snow and the sea and everything was clean because no men had come to walk upon it or drag their boats down to the shore. The ice glowed with sunlight even at night so that every hill looked like the Aurora Borealis and the ancestors were never lost in darkness.*

— White Bear, poet of the Tlingit

I am a descendent of Tlingit lineage that can be traced back 10,000 years. Like my grandmothers and great grandmothers, I am a keeper of legends that mark our migration to the icy water's edge. Through my mother, I am a member of the Shaa Hit in Yukutat. I belong to the Wolf moiety of the L'uknaxa'di clan. At the same time, I am a child of Little Brother. I am a descendent of Gaia's dearest children, spirits made flesh, who can be traced back to the beginning of the world. I am a member of the Wendigo pack, Long Night Moon, from the Sept of Singing Ice. I tell this history in honor of my ancestors, my tribe, my mother, my children and my pack.

The circumpolar world is large, and our tribe's long battle has left us tired as if the weight of old age were on all our minds at once. Like the tattered Pure Lands, we are in danger of forgetting our noble past. Is it any wonder? Look at our lands. Look at our Kinfolk. Many of the names for places and people have changed, rewritten by the invaders who have overrun our homelands. The names that Wyrmbringers know the First People by are often insults in enemy nations' languages and place names now honor white heroes.

The First People are forgetful, and where their ways used to be as numerous as their nations, now they all drink soft drinks and wear blue jeans. Lies have found their way into the stories passed down from our grandmothers. Lies have found their way into the First People's hearts so that their children do not know the truth of their own history. Wolves are gone forever in many places and the air is filled with smoke. We are not the First People. We are not the wolves. But if the First People disappear, like the wolves already have from much of the land, what would happen to the Wendigo? What will be left for us except the North Wind's fury?

While there are still Wendigo in the Pure Lands, we must repeat our story to ourselves and to each other so that we do not forget. Our past is full of glory and sadness, divided like two seasons, one summer and one bitter darkness. The winter is now becoming the End Times when all history will be forgotten. Before the End Times take us, here is our story.

# Season of the Sun

## Creation

The oldest ancestor spirits who come to us are the lupus that knew this land long ago. When they deign speak to us, they tell us the story of creation.

Gaia formed the mountains and fields of the world and all the creatures that roam there from clay. When the shapes pleased Her, She leaned close and blew Her warm breath over them, bringing them to life. Then She set them down as She willed; mountains, oceans, trees, wolves and prey all going to their proper places. Because everything was so new, the spirit world was close, still clinging to Gaia's creation like dew in the morning.

At first, all was good and everything stayed in the places Gaia had made for each. Wolves hunted the plains and the woods. Their cubs were never hungry and the stars sang in the darkness of night. The good times were like a long summer and those who lived then only sing us songs of joy. Their voices have become so faint now that we sometimes forget there ever was such a time. Those who lived in the beginning did not know how great their joy was until it passed away like shadows suddenly covering the land. The spirit world, which in those days was so close, broke apart like ice in a spring thaw and splinters of that breaking lodged in the hearts of some of Gaia's creatures, driving them into madness that mirrored the madness of the spirits. The Namer and the Eater fell into madness and disease. They turned on the Mother and all Her creations. The balance was lost and creatures moved wildly across the land, restless and no longer content with the places Gaia had made for them.

It was then that the two-legs came. Some spirits say they came over a bridge of ice or from the hot jungles of the Fera. Some say that Gaia made them from clay and breathed life into them, too. We say they came up out of the ground made from the same mud and ice they used to build their burrows. But however they were made, they came and hunted our territory as if Gaia had made this place for them. Some of them knew more of the ways of Gaia than the others, and it was these that we accepted into our packs until we were all of one tribe. Together we hunted the creatures with splinters of madness in their hearts.

## Sasquatch and Wendigo

In the beginning times, our totem was Sasquatch. At some point, so far back that none of us truly remembers what happened, Sasquatch disappeared. Wendigo became our totem. This mystery at the heart of our tribe has never sat well. Even today, if you're stuck with some quiet time and want to start a fight, ask where Sasquatch went. I guarantee you'll get a knock down drag out brawl if there's more than one Theurge around. Pass the frybread and watch the fur fly. Someone's going to lose a limb.

Amidst the scuffle, you'll hear a lot of trash. Sasquatch is dead. Sasquatch was in love with one dear Wendigo and when his favorite died, Sasquatch went mad, died, or got so pissed off he froze up forever and became Wendigo. Sasquatch gave in to some sort of spirit Harano and, again, died, went crazy or froze up. Better yet, Sasquatch got *lost* on the long walk to the Pure Lands and Wendigo decided to adopt the leftovers when we finally got here. Whoever says that last one deserves to lose a limb, and be beaten in the head with it, too. Lost. As if our ancestors couldn't do any better than follow a lovesick pup of a spirit incapable of finding an entire continent. As if we had to settle for Wendigo after Sasquatch abandoned us. Bah.

The most compelling of the bunch is the story that at some point Wendigo challenged Sasquatch. They fought for one whole black winter and one whole bright summer, neither gaining nor losing ground for each was mighty in his own right. At the height of summer Wendigo finally fell, but even Sasquatch could not kill the Heart of Winter. When Sasquatch claimed Wendigo's icy heart in a victory feast, the frozen blood became Sasquatch's own, he too became the North Wind and Wendigo had won. That one's not bad, but it doesn't explain what brought Sasquatch and Wendigo into contention. So, we're back to settling it with fists. Since we don't have time for the beating, here's a story that makes a lot more sense than all that drivel you've probably heard.

When our grandmothers were young, a warrior called Tears of Blood wanted to know the truth of Sasquatch and Wendigo. He waited until a moot and asked his question. Before the ruckus of flying claws and theories had quieted Tears of Blood heard the echo of laughter from the spirit world. Like most, Tears of Blood didn't like being laughed at, so he went into the Umbra to see who was insulting him.

In the spirit world, he saw the source of the laughter was a little blue fox. Tears of Blood knew that sometimes spirits were not at all the things they appeared to be, so he approached the laughing fox and greeted her respectfully. Then he asked her, "Fox, why are you laughing? If

### A Story of Three Brothers

In the early spring a wolf had three pups. A late frost came and the eldest of the pups said, "Mother, I do not like this cold. Please, may I live somewhere warm?" The she-wolf said, "Yes, my child. Go south and towards the warm glow of sunset. There you will live always in the sun's warmth. You have a clever head for speaking with the spirits and dreaming true dreams. Your insights will show you the truth of the traps laid by the Defiler Wyrm. I give you the painted lands of dunes and canyons as your own and your children will be great shamans."

Older Brother thanked the she-wolf and left the den.

Time passed and then the milk was gone. The second pup said, "Mother, I do not like this drought. Please, may I go and live in a land that will quench my thirst?" The she-wolf said, "Yes, my child. Go towards the rising sun and the scent of water. There you will live always by the water's edge, near the ocean and many lakes. You have a noble heart for seeking justice and knowing the honorable way in all things. By these you will see through the desires brought by the Eater of Souls. I give you the fertile lands of woods and lakes as your own and your children will be wise leaders."

Middle Brother thanked the she-wolf and left the den.

Time passed and it grew to be the long night of winter. The last pup did not mind. The she-wolf said, "My child, since you do not fear the darkness and do not complain of cold, you will stay under the icy light of the stars and live here in the north. You have a fierce spirit, possessing great fury and courage in the face of every danger. By this you will prevail in the many battles orchestrated by the Beast of War. I give you the endless lands of ice and the grasslands, too, as your own and your children will be mighty warriors."

And the last pup, who was Little Brother, said, "Thank you, Mother. I knew you would have a place for me."

As the she-wolf decreed, each of the Three Brothers was given different lands and their children were wise shamans, noble leaders and fierce warriors. What she did not tell them, because she thought they would know this already, was that only by working together were they cunning, righteous and ferocious enough to defeat all the faces of the Wyrm.

Sasquatch is dead, I wish to mourn him. If he is lost, I will quest to bring him back to us."

The fox-spirit replied, "Moonbeast, you worry about the strangest things. If you follow me, I will show you the story." Without waiting for an answer, the blue fox jumped into the forest. Tears of Blood's curiosity was greater than his anger and he followed her. He chased the spirit for a long way through the Umbra until they came to a great river. The blue fox sat on the riverbank and waited for Tears of Blood.

"I am admiring that large rock. Can you see it? It looks like a graceful seal," said the fox when the Wendigo sat beside her. Tears of Blood agreed that he could see the rock that looked like a seal and waited for the spirit to explain why they had come to look at a rock. After they had sat on the riverbank for an hour, the little fox leapt up and quickly swam across the river. "Come and see," she called excitedly from the other bank. Tears of Blood jumped into the river. The current was strong and the water was full of ice, but he was stronger than the river and determined to reach the other side.

When Tears of Blood pulled himself from the river, his fur was thick with icicles. His patience with the spirit was growing short. "What is there to see on this side of the river that could not be seen from that side?" In answer, the spirit fox led the Wendigo around to the far side of the rock and sat down.

"I am admiring the rock. It looks like a fierce polar bear. Can you see it?" The blue fox waited. Tears of Blood came and sat beside her. He agreed he could see that the rock now looked like a winter bear. His impatience was evident and the spirit laughed again. "Is this rock one of your kin? It changed from seal to bear. Or, perhaps the river changed you, that you see it differently?" Tears of Blood thought about the spirit's questions and suddenly he understood why the spirit had shown him the rock that looked like different animals and made him struggle across the icy river.

When she saw understanding in the Wendigo's eyes, the spirit said, "When you lived in elsewhere, you belonged to Sasquatch as pups belong to their mother. Sasquatch provided guidance and taught you Gifts. In turn, you respected Sasquatch's teachings and brought him honor with you deeds. When the time came for you to come to the Pure Lands, you united with your wolf brothers as Gaia intended and became a new tribe. Sasquatch, too, changed and was Wendigo. It was not a death so much as an evolution, like the hare's fur changing from brown to white with the seasons. If Wendigo is harsh and cold, then it is because like your ancestors, Sasquatch was preparing for your time in the Pure Lands and the many battles you would fight." Tears of Blood thanked the spirit for this lesson and promised to tell his tribe of her wisdom. Sasquatch had become Wendigo not by changing himself, but by the change in our tribe's perspective.

## The Impergium and the War of Rage

In the beginning, perhaps we went a little too far in carrying out our duty to protect the Pure Lands. Even so, the practice of culling human populations, now called the Impergium as if a fancy word makes the whole thing less distasteful, was never as widespread or severe in the Pure Lands as it was elsewhere. The lupus members of our tribe, no doubt favorably remembering a time before any humans, were the strongest proponents of the practice, but even they did not find it as necessary here as in other parts of the world. Humans came late to the Pure Lands, and, when they did arrive, there just weren't very many of them, especially in Wendigo lands.

Back then, land was abundant and the prey animals flourished. Wolves, humans and Garou each had their places. As long as everyone stuck to where they were supposed to be, no bashing of heads was required. The Wyld controlled the human population as well as we might have in many cases. Meanwhile, there were many other much more pressing battles that awaited our attention, and the Croatan soon convinced us that the humans' numbers would be better left in Gaia's hands.

If we had been as sorely crowded as the Wyrmcomers were in their homelands, not even the calming voice of the Croatan would have stopped us from large-scale slaughter. The fact that the Wyrmcomers ever put up with such massive population problems is something to marvel at even now. Marvel or lament, as it's occurred to more than one of us that if they had shown some backbone and kept their humans under control, we would have been left in peace rather than falling victim to the expansionist needs of people starved for land and resources.

Similarly, there was less turmoil between the Three Brothers and other Changing Breeds in the Pure Lands than there was across the oceans. The great abundance of land did far more for our neighborly leanings than any upwelling of charity, and even so we did some significant trimming on a few family trees. Many of the Fera had been in the Pure Lands as long as any werewolves had. Our lupus tribemates suggested that if Gaia had put them here and they weren't threatening our Caerns or our Kinfolk, it was acceptable to let them wander around doing whatever it is they did. If the secretive, lumbering Gurahl or clowning little Nuwisha dared get in our way, they didn't live long, but mostly,

we coexisted thanks to disinterest on our part and good behavior on theirs. In some cases, we even cooperated with a few of the Fera while in pursuit of a particular Wyrm beast. At other times, we warred with them over places of power or for prey, but these battles were the natural way. If the Fera didn't stink of Wyrm or aid our enemies, it was easy enough to listen to clear-headed Croatan and focus on other battles.

The exception to all this harmonious living was South America. Some would say the War of Rage has been fought there since the beginning times and continues even now. Mostly, the battles in South America were Older Brother's, but Wendigo, too, have been known to head towards the jungles seeking something besides a tan. We weren't there on a shopping trip, but, if one or two Fera fetishes happened to find their way into our possession, no one can blame us for putting them to work. Nothing says, "Die, Wyrm die!" in unexpected ways like a vortex of warm salt water or tropical snakes when you're fighting something made out of polluted ice. Should you ever wander south into their territory, you'll see the Fera still remember our ferocity. Sometimes the Uktena welcomed our assistance, other times they called us interlopers. Such is always the way with brothers.

## Ancient Siberia

At the height of the Impergium, Siberia was not a good place to be, or it was a really good place to be. It all depends on your views on slaughter. It seems some over-enthusiastic Get of Fenris took it upon themselves to start culling our Kinfolk. This quickly led to us returning the favor by culling the Get. Things got ugly, with outright war sweeping across the tundra like an arctic storm. Some of the best Russian ghost stories are actually scrambled accounts of this period when anything that moved was likely to end up a bloody clot in the snow. If spectral maidens or howling voices of the hungry dead haunted the banks of frozen lakes, it was the least of the scenery. For all the bad things we say about them — now there's a list that could go on for days — the Get know what they're doing in a fight. It must have been glorious to see.

Neither side remembers the exact details of how the war was finally brought to a close. Likely, its end was a sort of two for one deal with the ending of the Impergium. Whatever stopped it did nothing to erase the animosity between our two tribes. I suspect their later brutality to the First People was born of spite carried over from this much older war. The stupid Get didn't stop to consider that the Wendigo in the Pure Lands might not even know about their Siberian indiscretions.

## Binding the Spirits

Sometimes the Wyrmcomers try to question why we call our home the Pure Lands. They see only the sludge and ashes of the present. We call them that because, until everything went to hell, they were. The tribes of Three Brothers made them so through battle, cunning and the power of our magic.

In the beginning times, there were many Wyrm beasts in the Pure Lands. Weaver beasts and Wyld storms, too, flourished. There was little to hold them in check. When the tribes of Three Brothers were made or called to the Pure Lands, our ancestors traveled the land and defeated or imprisoned the enemies of Gaia. It was a lengthy endeavor, requiring generations of Garou to track down and destroy the foul things that lurked in caves, lakes, deserts and forests.

Many of the Wyrm's servants wore the form of giant, misshapen animals. *Nanurluk* (colossal whale-bears) devoured whole boats in the arctic waterways. There are stories of Gurahl being mistaken for *nanurluk*, and it is possible that the opposite happened, too, so that some of these beasts escaped. A few *nanurluk* have been spotted in the deep waters of Hudson Bay as recently as the 20th century. Across the Northwest giant birds (*binesi* in Ojibwa) hunted men to feed their chicks, while several lakes contained enormous, twisted versions of eels or water snakes. The Uktena saw the sea serpents as mockery of their totem and were particularly savage when battling one. Though they were destroyed long ago, some of the lake creatures have returned in recent days. Lake Okanaga in British Columbia is said to have at least one and perhaps as many as a dozen sea snakes.

Other Wyrm beasts were stranger than deformed animals. On the prairie there were Big Heads, creatures with giant heads and human-like legs but no body in between. They traveled in packs and devoured any sleeping animal they could catch, including humans. Smaller versions of these same creatures were known as *apsat* in the Arctic. They were deadly pranksters, known for hopping up and down on weak ice until the last possible moment and then lying in wait until a human followed their tracks, broke through the ice and drowned. During the Yukon gold rush, a few *apsat* caused much grief for the Wyrmbringers. It was almost a shame we had to destroy them after they rid us of so many prospectors, but there may still be a few lurking in the most remote arctic ice.

Our enemies were not limited to tainted humans and animals. Some were the weather itself in the form of whirlwinds and demon storms. It was these that the Wendigo hated most of all, for like the Uktena's fury

when twisted Wyrm creatures mocked their totem, we saw tainted reflections of our totem in these foul creatures. Storm monsters and cyclones called *iya* by the Dakota ate up people and spread disease. Perhaps these same storm beasts are to blame for the many tornadoes that visit the Midwest every year. Malicious whirlwinds, the *dagwanoenyet*, traveled across the arctic and swept up the unwary or capsized their boats. *Oonawieh unggi*, as the Cherokee called the evil wind spirits, brought fog and hail to torment their victims. These creatures had to be fought in the Umbra because there was nothing solid in the physical world for us to attack. We had to bind many of the larger storm beasts rather than destroy them because their energy was deeply rooted in the Umbra Realm. Our Theurges suggest that one or several of these storm Banes were the seed for the Storm Eater that surfaced much later.

There were Black Spiral Dancers here, too, though don't ask me how they managed to get to the Pure Lands before us. Maybe they swim? Who the hell knows. It's not a pleasant thought that any of our own ancestors walked the Black Spiral, having come all the way over here to do it. But, regardless of how, they were here, cunning and crazy as ever. One of the stranger encounters we had with them was on what would become Wendigo land in the volcanoes of the Cascade Range in Washington. What is now aptly named Battle Ground Lake was once a squat volcano and it was lurking under this low dome of mountain that we found them. The Dancers were performing a mysterious rite that required access to lava and seemed to draw energy from nearby fault lines. During the course of their attack, the Wendigo unleashed an ice storm under the volcano's dome and the combination of magic, molten earth and ice created a huge explosion. When the echoes quieted and the breeze washed the smoke away, all that remained of the Black Spiral Dancers or their magic volcano was a deep crater.

Many of our Caerns were first discovered and opened as we searched out all of these monsters and investigated the reordered landscapes spat out of Wyld storms. Eventually, we cleansed the ancient sites and gathered them into a lattice of energy that kept the bound spirits imprisoned. The sites also served to purify the land so that new evils were hard pressed to take root. There were Wyld storms and Weaver beasts even then, and they, too, were defeated or driven off by the combined strength of the Three Brothers. Don't misunderstand. I'm not telling you everything was some milk and honey fairytale. There were great battles and fierce enemies even at the best of times, but through courage and constant vigilance the Pure Lands deserved our name for them.

## The First People and the Wendigo

The humans of our protectorate inhabited the grass sea of the prairie all the way to the coldest northern regions, proving they could be as clever and adaptable as the wolves inhabiting these territories. Their nations were many and I don't have time to tell you about each of them at length. They were hunters, fishermen and farmers, clever at living on the bounty their surroundings offered and their hard work could earn.

They were wise enough, too, to know something of the spirit world that surrounded them. The Umbra was more accessible in those ancient times and a shaman could sometimes wander its paths, speaking with spirits as we do. Because of this, their wise men could divine weather, dream of future events and sometimes entreat gifts from spirits. They cured the sick with the special knowledge of plants and herbs the spirits taught them. Though each people had its own complex cosmology, many of their religious beliefs recognized totem spirits such as wolf, fox, bear, eagle, thunderbird, whale, shark and raven.

The people of the First Nations were also wise enough to recognize that some of their children were born destined to be greater and different than their brothers. In keeping with traditional ways, our cubs could be fostered to other clans or sent as apprentices to solitary shamans. Their stories often told of spirit people who would carry away the strange ones among the clan and amazing transformations of men into animals or spirits and back again.

Many of the First People lived nomadic or semi-nomadic lifestyles that made our comings and goings easy to explain away for those of us who chose to live among them. Though the Curse was still in place, these were people used to the perils of an untamed world. Unlike soft, protected Europeans who melt like snowflakes in the sun at the first hint of predatory threat, the First People were humble before Gaia's chosen warriors. In a similar fashion, their closeness and respect for their animal brothers, occasional encounters with strange wolves were sometimes interpreted as a powerful, terrifying religious experience.

We did our best to keep our struggle against the Wyrm far from the First People, but from time to time the particularly perceptive encountered beasts or spirits stranger than Wendigo. Sometimes, the things we fought inhabited the First People, festering in their hearts and subtly twisting their ways. Other threats were all too apparent, directly attacking humans and leaving bloody, visible evidence of their presence. Our battles against these terrors were woven into many of the First People's

### Potlatch

The word *potlatch* means "to give" in Chinook, and this particular custom has been driving Wyrmbringers crazy for centuries.

For the peoples of the Northwest Coast, it was an important winter ceremony with dancing, singing, feasting and lavish gifts that showed the generosity and prosperity of the host. Hosts traditionally provided more food than the guests could consume so that each could take food home to share with others, spreading word of the host's generosity. Potlatches were also held to honor the dead and to mark treaties or transfers in ownership. The First People did not keep written records, and so if something important were happening, witnesses would be called and given wonderful gifts as a keepsake of the event. By accepting the gifts, the witnesses both agreed to remember and signaled their approval of the proceedings.

Things got muddied when the Wyrmbringers came and the First People suddenly had a greater number of material goods. From there, gifting became more and more excessive. The Europeans could not comprehend such generosity since their own culture taught them to be obsessed only with the accumulation of wealth. They eventually outlawed the practice to protect the foolish natives from their own traditions.

Wendigo in the Northwest still practice the potlatch. It gives elders the opportunity to earn Honor through their generosity, and it is a chance for a young werewolf to earn Glory if he should do great deeds with the gift he has received in Potlatch. He may receive Honor by gifting it back again. Wyrmcomers, like their Kin, do not understand this and have even been known to try to convince a young Wendigo that she has no business wielding an item of great power. Idiots. How will their young earn honor or learn to use the magic our ancestors have left us if they are never allowed to touch it?

stories. We became creatures of myth and through these stories, Gaia's lessons were passed to the humans. Rituals like the Blackfoot's Buffalo Dance, which thanks the buffalo prey and frees his spirit after the hunt, came from human observance of the spirit world. We were careful to encourage some of their stories while tucking others away to protect our Kinfolk from danger and madness.

As elsewhere, sometimes the nations of First People went to war against each other. Sometimes these wars were for just cause, and sometimes they were rooted in greed or misunderstanding. Humans do that. Though we found it painful, we tried to keep out of these struggles for territory or honor. We tried, but who could not come to the assistance of their family in a time of crisis? This led to trouble both within our tribe, and depending on where the war was, sometimes with the Croatan or the Uktena. Siding with factions of the First People never led the Three Brothers into outright war, but certainly these human clashes were the source of many personal grievances.

## The Battle over Cahokia

A thousand years ago, the nations of humans in the East began to do something that had never been seen before in all of the Pure Lands. They built a city. It was partly the work of mad Weaver's whisperings in their ears, and partly inspired by the great mound cities in South America. Almost immediately, this new city, Cahokia, put strain on the natural resources and used up the prey for many miles around it. Black smoke rose to the sky from their cooking fires. Cahokia was a sprawling sore on Gaia's land. Before you shrug off the seriousness of the problem by comparison to modern cities, remember that at its worst, Cahokia was bigger than medieval London. Despite its size, the city sprang up so quickly that it took us by surprise. It was as if pattern spiders did the work rather than humans.

The Pure Lands' first city was horrible. The people dug up the earth and stones, piling them into artificial mountains. At the top they built temples. Perhaps they sensed that their mounds lacked the life energy of the landscape made by Gaia. Perhaps the Weaver taught them more than one foul trick, perhaps something sinister had come north from the pyramid builders' cities in South America. The people of Cahokia augmented their dead, artificial mountains with life energy in the form of blood sacrifices. Their mound city grew like spreading puddle of foul water and the tribes of Three Brothers took notice.

The Uktena and Wendigo soon saw that these mound builders had sickened the lands of our neighbors and brothers. With great concern, we asked the Croatan why they hadn't put a stop to what the humans were doing. Middle Brother believed that the mound builders could be shown the proper way again without bloodshed. They hoped that the humans would see the sickness of the land, the lack of clean water and the dwindling prey for themselves and willingly return to the old ways.

Their older and younger brothers did not have the Croatan's patience. The Wendigo saw the city spreading north and would not wait. We demanded that the Croatan kill the polluted city and those who created it. There were other humans in their lands, so there was

no need to coddle those who would give themselves so willingly to the madness of Weaver and Wyrm. The Uktena saw the Umbra's reflection turning sour over Cahokia. They saw strange Weaver spirits previously unknown in the Pure Lands. When they looked more closely, they saw that the humans of the city worshipped the sun above the moon and how that gave strength to strange new creatures beneath their mounded temples. What gave them pause was that some of these new spirits were serpents, leaving them curious how the serpents of this place were related to their own great totem.

The tribes of Three Brothers argued bitterly over the city and what should be done. We wanted it immediately ground back into the earth, all memory of it erased from the easily corrupted minds of men. Uktena was curious about the spirit serpents. They wanted to end the city but wished time to commune with the strange new spirits of the place. The Croatan wanted to wait and let the humans discover for themselves why their city was not the way Gaia meant for the people to live. The argument was as fierce as only a fight between brothers can be, and the relationship of the three tribes was greatly weakened. In the heat of our anger, each tribe did not see anything but our duty to Gaia and our own vision of how best to serve Her will. The Three Brothers fought and withdrew into their lands, each tribe certain that they were right. Foolish pride! We did not see the future and how this estrangement would someday lead us to lose Middle Brother forever.

Against the Croatan's will, we attacked the heart of the foul city. We found a creature lurking at the core of Cahokia, gobbling up the sacrifices and the pollution the city fed it. It was a great serpent-thing, the very spirit the Uktena thought perhaps was kin to their totem, but it stank of death and Wyrm. Our warriors fought a great battle in the Umbra and finally we killed it. Perhaps if we had stopped to learn its nature first, or if we had slain it sooner, we would have been spared the Eater of Souls. Many years later, some said that it was this serpent beast that was the first manifestation of that very horror.

At the time of the battle, the Wendigo were convinced that their enemy was a Wyrm beast brought up from the lands of the Fera along with the new ways. We assumed it was a symptom of whatever madness had taught the humans to build mounds and spill blood sacrifices from their summits. We killed it, or so we thought, and a pack of our greatest warriors, Luna's Power Overcomes, went to see that no more corruption was spread from the lands of the Fera. By doing this, we angered the Croatan by going against their wishes in their territory. We also angered the Uktena by blaming the corruption on the people within their borders and destroying the serpent spirit before they had learned its nature for themselves. The city of Cahokia was no more, but at the price of the harmony of the three tribes. The Three Brothers would never again be as close or as strong as we were before polluted city of Cahokia. Each withdrew to his lands and was resentful of the others. There is more of this story, but it must wait until it is time to speak of our greatest sorrow 600 years later.

### *Cahokia in the Present Day*

Remnants of the culture that produced Cahokia have been discovered throughout the American Midwest, with large archeological dig sites in and around St. Louis, Missouri and Chicago, Illinois. Other, smaller "serpent mound" structures have been found as far south as Arkansas and as far east as West Virginia. With the greater interest in Indigenous Studies, these sites are becoming increasingly studied and increasingly of interest to tourists.

The Wendigo and others have noticed that some of these Cahokian sites seem to appear spontaneously. Other sites have mysteriously faded back into the earth only to be explained away as being "lost to erosion" or "tragically destroyed by recent construction" by the scientific community. More than one of these sites has also been the source for infestations of strange Banes and Wyrm taint among visitors, though the exact relationship between Cahokian remnants and the Wyrm has yet to be fully explained.

## *Darkness of the Long Winter*
## *The War for the New World*

There are just too many great battles and heroic warriors in the war for the Pure Lands to do justice to them all. This war has lasted 500 years and justice has little to do with it. For clarity, the story will follow what happened in the bulk of the Pure Lands. Siberia and Greenland were less innocent than we about the ways of Wyrmbringers and Wyrmcomers, having encountered them far earlier. But for the majority of us, those not of the Three Brothers were little more than faint memories by the time the intruders reached our shores and everything went to hell.

All the way back to the beginning times, the greatest seers of the Three Brothers had prophetic dreams of changes yet to come. Atsiluaq of the Inuit, know to us as Four Bears, had a waking dream and sang about strangers bringing a bright red flag. Some of us

now say the red he saw was not a flag but the earth of the Pure Lands soaked in blood. Either way, he and many others gave us strange and clouded warnings that something was coming. We did not listen. Later, we warned the Croatan, and they did not listen.

Of the Three Brothers, it was our tribe that first met the explorers, trappers and whalers. We encountered them in the arctic, we found them looking for sea passages through the continent and bumping into the Northwest coast. They were like a dog scenting new prey, following a trail without knowing what exactly might be at the other end but greedy for it all the same. Long before, we had met people called Vikings. You've probably heard how their colonies in the Pure Lands didn't last more than a few particularly harsh winters. Bad luck or perhaps Father Wendigo disliked them? We shed no tears when they left, but let the North Wind fill their sails. The Croatan questioned if we were being too severe. We listened respectfully to Middle Brother but continued to turn the strangers away. Ask a Silver Fang if you want to hear fanciful stories about how they were convivial, and we met them with violence.

Much later, very different pale strangers began appearing on the borders of our lands. Among the more peaceful encounters was when Drake showed up in the Pacific Northwest. His first action was to rename the place "Nova Albion." Then he started making plans for a colony. At least he treated the Pomo natives with what we later discovered was uncharacteristic decency. His most attractive trait was that he had sense to sail away before wearing out his welcome. Still, many of his companions stank of Wyrm and the "gifts" he left demonstrated just how crazy the Weaver had become. Like many of the First People, the Pomo did not value the accumulation of material goods and so were confused by the strangers' lavish, unusual gifts. They wisely gave many of them back before Drake took his leave.

We learned from those who met him that Drake told stories of a land filled with those like him and bragged of the great works and priceless treasures like the ones he had shared. After Drake, we made a point of harshly rebuffing of visitors and encouraged the Uktena and Croatan to do the same. We could not know that it was already too late. The rumors of a new world and its riches burned in the greedy hearts of the Europeans all the way back to their own lands. They told each other tales of cities of gold and robes of the richest furs free for the taking if only they came across the sea.

Within what seemed like a single cycle of the moon, there were explorers and missionaries slaughtering their way up into the Croatan lands from Florida, into Uktena lands from Mexico and the California coast. All at once, explorers and colonists were swarming over the Croatan's seacoast in the east, while whalers and fur traders were filling Wendigo territory in the north. Missionaries swarmed everywhere. Regardless of which nation sent them, the white people bought disease, death and disdain for everything they found. They called the Pure Lands the "New World," and seemed determined to make it into as lifeless, Wyrm-filled and polluted a land as the old one as quickly as possible. The First People were at first welcoming if wary. The Europeans' treachery soon ended that and the native people were quickly overcome with greater numbers and greater technology. They fell to the Wyrmbringers' treachery and their strange new diseases that killed even more swiftly than the Europeans themselves. The Three Brothers were overwhelmed. Many would not like to admit it, but there was too much land to protect it all from such a widespread invasion.

If the invasion had been the Wyrmbringers alone, we eventually would have prevailed, but there were two other enemies to face. We don't call them Wyrmbringers because it's a catchy name. Wyrm beasts crossed the ocean with them and delighted in the newly wrought destruction to be found here. Those Wyrm beasts that were already here grew stronger on the bloodshed and gathered together into new terrors. The older, greater Wyrm beasts which we could not defeat but instead locked away with ancient rites and constant vigilance slipped their bonds as their keepers grew distracted or were slain, adding to the growing force of darkness sweeping across our beloved lands.

The Wyrmcomers arrived in the middle of this turmoil, only adding to the confusion. They saw our Kinfolk scattered and dying. Our warriors grew fewer with each battle in the Umbra or in the "colonies." We were overwhelmed. They saw that new Wyrm creatures were springing up faster than we could slay them. They saw that the wolves were sickened, slaughtered and driven away. In their pride, the Wyrmcomers used these misfortunes as evidence that they were our superiors. They determined that they would rescue us rather than fight alongside us.

Their help cost us caerns. The Hand of Gaia caern in what is now the Finger Lakes of New York was a typical story. Once held jointly by Three Brothers as the Caern of Gaia's Graceful Paw, the caern's defenses were weakened by the schism over Cahokia, and again by the fall of the Croatan. The final blow was the double catastrophe of plague Banes and Black Spiral Dancers when the Europeans flooded in the Pure Lands. The surviving Wendigo were

unable to resist when well meaning Children of Gaia and Black Furies arrived to help the few remaining "savages." Other caerns were lost in the turmoil. Did you know the Wyrmcomers actually think New York City's Sept of the Green was founded in 1855? Still other caerns were stolen with no pretense of helping us. The Fianna and Get snatched up Croatan caerns in the Carolinas and Virginia. The Silver Fangs' seat of House Wyrmfoe in the Adirondacks was a great Wendigo caern before the 1600s.

Their help cost us Kinfolk. They marveled at the packs of wolves who ran free and strong. They took our breeding rights as thoughtlessly as they took our caerns, with the Red Talons being the worst offenders.

Their help cost us allies. The Wyrmcomers made war on the Fera they found here. Since they had slaughtered so many across the sea perhaps they were not used to seeing them in such numbers. Soon, they "aided us" by starting something close to a second War of Rage on our shores. The Fera were thrown into great confusion and did not differentiate between the Wyrmcomers and the Three Brothers in their retaliations. Those with whom we had held alliances in the past would no longer aid us even in mutual defense or protection of the Pure Lands. Though not all the Fera were our friends, tally this amongst the wrongs of the Wyrmcomers.

The self-righteous bastards have not even today admitted the depths of their treachery or begun to pay for what their ancestors did to the Pure Lands. They call us fanatics. We call them criminals.

## *The Croatan Defeat the Eater of Souls*

We have been silent too long about what happened to Middle Brother. It does not honor their memory to maintain our silence and we cannot change the story by hiding it. During our long silence, we have lost important pieces of the history so that now we are left with little more than a hollow myth. Perhaps we have forgotten to keep our anger and guilt from overwhelming us. I am not the one to say. The spirits, too, are reticent to talk about the death of Croatan, but I will tell you all I know in the hope that we will lose no more of the past.

Even the Wyrmbringers know that the first British colony was established in the late 16th century on the island of Roanoke. What they don't know is that along with their colonists and the lesser Wyrm beasts that came like fleas infesting their ships, there was a great Bane squatting over the island and spreading to the surrounding lands. It was in the Umbra around Roanoke that the Croatan found the Eater of Souls, the greatest evil these lands had seen since the beginning times.

Having not seen such a beast in many lifetimes, they did not know if the Eater of Souls was a new form of one of the many Banes our ancestors had bound when we first came to the Pure Lands or if this was a new beast, perhaps brought from across the waters with the tainted strangers. It had been a long time since they had even imagined the enemy could be so powerful.

They knew that a direct attack on the beast would not be enough to defeat it. They sent their greatest pack on an Umbral quest, seeking the key to the Eater of Souls' defeat. At the same time, they sent messengers to the Uktena and to the Wendigo, asking their greatest warriors and wisest shamans for aid. After our long resentment and purposeful withdrawal from each other, this request reached us far more slowly than it would have in the days before the battle over the polluted city. In our anger we had closed the Moon Bridges or let them fall from memory. In the 600 years following the disagreement of what to do about Cahokia, relations between the tribes of Three Brothers had been strained. Like any fight between brothers, all three tribes harbored more anger for lesser offenses than was truly wise. We had grown apart and then we became enmeshed in defending our lands from the growing invasion.

While the Croatan were investigating the origins of the Eater of Souls, it feasted on the colonists and all who they encountered. Its spawn moved amongst the humans like dark sickness, devouring souls for their master. Some of the First People sensed the danger these pale strangers represented and made war upon them. The Powhatan Confederacy had first been welcoming despite their wariness of the colonists, but the Wyrmbringers were treacherous and even while asking for food and guides to help them explore the Pure Lands, took prisoners and killed many Powhatans including the chief who had first welcomed them. The Eater of Souls feasted upon the slaughter but its appetite was relentless. It was crafty, too. Its minions tricked the Wyrmbringers into coming back again and again to Roanoke, despite the disappearance and death of those they left behind each time.

We have lost the name of the pack that the Croatan sent into the Umbra, but we know that only one of that pack returned. The survivor told the Croatan that they could defeat the Eater of Souls but only with a great sacrifice. She also told them that even this desperate plan would work only if they acted quickly. Their enemy was growing stronger each day and soon would be too potent for the Garou to defeat at all. The Croatan saw that they must defeat the great Bane or see all of the Pure Lands devoured in darkness. They did not wait for the Uktena or the Wendigo, to our lasting shame and regret.

We still do not know the exact nature of the sacrifice. We are left to guess, having seen the effects of their magic. The Croatan must have performed a powerful rite, perhaps the greatest the Pure Lands have ever seen. Some have speculated that perhaps the rite amplified their spirits until they were too much for the insatiable one to swallow and they burst it from inside. The disturbance and ripples in the Umbra from their rite echoed in nightmares, glades, and the Gauntlet from the South American jungles to the ice of the Arctic. Many of the older spirits still remember this time, though they do not willingly speak of it the few times we have asked them. It is a fact that the Croatan unleashed a terrible power to defeat the ravenous Eater of Souls and it cost them everything. They vanished.

Since the disappearance of the Croatan, we have continued to quietly speculate on just what they did, and whether their lives were lost as part of the ritual or as part of the combat with the Bane. There were none left alive for us to ask. The Croatan were gone. All of them were gone, every elder, every cub, as well as every one of their Kin, both men and wolves. The Uktena say that a small number of their tribe made it to Roanoke in time to accompany the Croatan to whatever end they found. Those, too, were gone. The Croatan's spirits were gone and their totem was silent. It was as if they had been scooped up and flung far away.

Words cannot express the sorrow we felt at the lost of Middle Brother. It is a wound that each of us suffers even today. When it was fresh, the pain was too much for many of us. Some went mad with Rage, while others fell into despair. Packs went south to war on the Uktena. The Uktena did little better for their part. The two remaining Brothers battled each other and howled their pain until Luna wept to hear it. Though we had little excuse to fight each other, individual packs or whole caerns found reasons. Both sides suddenly remembered fetishes, land or Kinfolk that had been muddled or traded or simply left to the other brother's care and suddenly were stolen, irreplaceable and unforgivable. The war would have been much worse if not for the renewed efforts of the Wyrmbringers to invade the Pure Lands. The failure of their initial colonies seemed to inspire even greater lust in the white men who rushed to claim our land's bounty. We could not help but be brought to our senses somewhat by the return of this now most hated of enemies. As the Wyrmbringers pushed west, many of the First People who were once in Croatan lands were chased into our territory and for the most part we have accepted them, as the Croatan would have wished.

### All Whites are Evil

Another one of those topics it's best to leave for when you want to start a fight is the distinction, if there is one, between whites and Wyrmbringers. Are all Europeans evil? The stereotype says we hate everybody. Stereotypes get started for a reason. History has shown us repeatedly that while we may encounter individual whites that are not evil, as a whole, we're safer assuming the worst.

Some of the settlers, once shown how they could live in harmony with the land changed their ways and were welcomed into the nations of the First People. Some of the hunters treated those they encountered with respect and so were granted access to the bounty of the Pure Lands. Some of the lawmakers tried to be fair to the people under their care regardless of nation. All of these were exceptions to the majority of those we met. The tale of those meetings is written in blood and sorrow.

Even when they seem to be doing something of no consequence, we get screwed. That's what happened with the Dawes' Act or the General Allotment Act of 1887. Under this law, the communal holding of property by the First People was made illegal. Each male over 18 was instead "allotted" a small portion of the land as his personal property. Initially, we, like the First People, thought this change of semantics would matter little. The white people liked to hand out papers saying who owned what and what did it matter, so long as they weren't forcing another relocation to make way for their "progress." But the Wyrmbringers caught us by surprise. After handing out land to the eligible males, they decreed the rest "excess" and sold it cheaply to white settlers. The Cherokee Nation alone lost 80% of its holdings, plunging the people into poverty that's lasted to the present day. 90 million acres were lost to white homesteaders under this Act alone. Amongst them, the Caern of Red Earth Song, which we had thought safe in the heart of Cherokee lands.

No, it is not a matter of each and every one of the Wyrmbringers being evil so much as their collective evil. Think of it this way, the Wyrmbringers are like a flock of seabirds nesting on our beach. Individually, the birds might be good or bad, kind or cruel. Together, regardless of their individual merit, wherever they go is soon covered in shit.

The many battles for the Pure Lands distracted us, but did not make us forget. Through the long, bloody years, the rift between the Wendigo and the Uktena has not fully healed. It will never heal while we refuse to speak about the death of the Croatan or our parts in it. Our anger and sorrow have lasted so long that Older Brother and Younger Brother now can't remember a time when they were free of it or close to each other. Our excuse for anger with each other has changed with time, but the core of it is always the ancient argument and the price we could not stand to pay. Certainly, we have sorely missed Middle Brother's temperance and insight in the centuries that followed.

I cannot leave this story without mentioning that lately some have claimed that it is the Eater of Souls lurking in the deepest depths of the Abyss. They say that the Eater of Souls was not destroyed but only driven back into the depths, weakened from its injuries and hiding like a slug under a rock. May Gaia grant that they are wrong! At what cost will we finally defeat this foe if even the sacrifice of Middle Brother was not enough to wipe it from the face of creation? Should the Eater of Souls rise again in the Pure Lands, I think we will know the Apocalypse has come.

### Expansion

When the 1800s came, death flooded across the lands west of the Mississippi as the Wyrmbringers swarmed like flies on the carcass of the Pure Lands. If their fathers brought death to the First People by disease and treachery, now they brought death by weapons and "relocation." The land they had already taken was not enough. Collectively, Wyrmbringers ate and ate like a crazed beast, but were never sated. Their eyes turned to what lay beyond the Mississippi and it was the First People who once again stood in the path of their endless greed. Again and again, the First People were told to leave their homelands and go somewhere else. The Wyrmbringers were generous with infertile, distant land, but again and again, that land, too, was taken away and the indigenous people were told to go somewhere more distant, more undesirable. The old ways did not tell them how to live in these new places, and their children starved. If, instead, they refused to leave their lands, the army came to force them out and their children were slaughtered.

The animals suffered as well, but no one told them to go before the killing began. Whole species were destroyed because they were not "useful" to the Wyrmbringers' culture. Wolves were hunted to near-extinction so that they would not interfere with the precious herds of sheep and cattle being fenced in by

thousands of miles of barbed wire. They had learned from the stories of their people that wolves were evil, baby-eating fiends that had to be destroyed for the safety of all. I don't know where this misinformation started, but they embraced it until it was a death sentence to be a wolf anywhere in the plains or woods of their new country. Buffalo and every sort of prey animal were hunted for sport or for skins, and the meat was left to rot in festering piles beside the iron tracks for their damnable steam engines. Everywhere, the wind brought the stink of death. "Civilization" came to the West on wheels of iron and with the death cries of everything in our territories.

Far worse than the betrayal of the Wyrmbringers was the final betrayal of the Wyrmcomers, those who dared to call themselves our brothers. We had been surprised when they took caerns and lands in the East, but without the Croatan there, they were hard to defend. Some could even argue that someone had to take the Croatan lands to prevent them from falling to the Wyrm. Sure. The Uktena or the Wendigo should have adopted those lands into our protectorates, and we did, at least until the Wyrmcomers came and took them from us by force.

We had the final proof of their intentions when they did not answer our call for help as the Wyrmbringers chased our Kinfolk across the continent. They violated the Litany and forever became our enemies. After almost 200 years, our hatred burns. The Get of Fenris and the Shadow Lords were direct, not bothering to lie to us before trying to murder us. They treated us as the enemy and took what they could. The Iron Riders, or Glass Walkers as they are known today, reveled in the Weaver toys that carried the Wyrmbringers into the west. You couldn't find a railroad track or a telegraph line that didn't have a few of them basking in its taint. The Red Talons, though they felt the loss of the wilderness almost as keenly as we, tried to claim to the remaining wild places as their own. Drunken, strutting bastards to a pup, the Fianna sang ballads of imaginary deeds while they pranced across the graves of our people and spread their own particular sickness, alcoholism, to all they encountered. The Black Furies didn't go out of their way to injure us, but they didn't strain too hard to aid us, either. Those pompous asses, the Silver Fangs, crowned themselves kings of the Pure Lands and seemed confused when we did not greet them "properly." The Children of Gaia showed sympathy for suffering of our Kinfolk, but blankets and hugs seem petty considering what was happening all over the Pure Lands. The Stargazers, Bone Gnawers and Silent Striders weren't much good to anyone, and who the hell would want them anyway?

Collectively, the Wyrmcomers allowed the slaughter of the Pure Lands and our Kinfolk, both homid and lupus, as surely as if they had done the deeds themselves — and in many cases they did. Speaking of these times, I see why some of the camp of the Warpath would long to someday come in force to their homelands and do the same to them.

We stood alone. If the Wendigo had hesitated to join with our Kinfolk and lead war parties before, we did not hesitate when the Wyrmbringers said that they would now take the western lands. We saw that we must live in the sea, or die on the land. The winters grew colder and a savage wind clawed at the settlers and soldiers as they advanced. Blizzards confused the paths West and pioneers turned their endless hunger on each other as the cannibal spirit of winter took them.

What the Wyrmbringers called "Indian Wars," the armed rebellions that had begun with their first intrusion into the Pure Lands, intensified. Only the foul terrors of the Wyrm, and reprisal from Garou lost to Rage, can explain some of the acts of horror that followed. Humans, Wyrmcomers, wolves, Wyrmbringers and Wendigo fought until we could barely remember a time when there was peace, and all the land stank of blood both innocent and guilty. At the same time, Wyld storms spun out from the last gasps of the wilderness to the peril of all and the Weaver's beasts could scarcely contain their glee as technology and calcification swept over the grasslands. There was blood and butchery such as even the spirits speak of in whispers, lest we Rage again at their tales.

Even amidst our anger, we despaired. Our tribe was divided. Some of our northern-most brothers came south to aid our beleaguered Kinfolk. Others stayed where they were and vowed to hold what lands they had at all costs. The Great Caern — see what happens when you let Wyrmcomers name something — in modern Vancouver exists thanks to the heightened defenses created by this faction of northern Wendigo. We knew it as Caern of the Inside Passage and fought Shadow Lords and Get of Fenris to a standstill before finally agreeing to share.

Of the southern Wendigo, some fled to the north where our lupus brothers still lived, strengthening the defenses against Wyrmbringers and the Umbral horrors born of their foul lands across the sea. Others stayed with the First People, refusing to abandon those who had always been under our care, wherever they were sent to live. Still others stayed in the lands traditionally held by our tribe, harrying the Wyrmbringers where they could, but slowly falling to corruption and Harano as they saw these lands brought low under the yoke of the Weaver and the taint of the Wyrm. The Caern of Thunderbird's Nest in the Iron Range of modern Minnesota, under the care of these southern Wendigo was lost to the Get and then retaken just before the appearance of the Storm Eater gave us far more to do than simply hold our caerns.

## The Storm Eater

At the worst of this already dark time the great Bane called the Storm Eater came, reveling in our sorrow and growing strong on our spilt blood. It was one of the many servants of the Wyrm that we, along with the Uktena and Croatan, had bound up so long ago that the binding was more myth than fact. The bindings once required rites and the constant vigilance of our caerns to maintain. Then our watch was broken. Our caerns were defiled or usurped by those who did nothing to uphold the old magic and beasts began escaping into the world once more. The Wyrmcomers didn't listen to our stories or continue our rites. They thought they knew better. In "helping" us, they nearly brought the ruin of the Pure Lands in the form of a Storm Eater replenished by its long captivity.

Even now, we are not sure what the Storm Eater was. Perhaps it was a cousin of the Eater of Souls that had claimed the Croatan. Perhaps it was a horrible crossbreed of something ancient from the Pure Lands and something brought by the Wyrmbringers from across the ocean. It was certainly the largest Wyrm beast to slip the ancient nets. This great Bane and its minions brought sickness and death to the Umbra throughout the Great Plains. Imagine a dust devil bred with a Wyld storm and mix in the terrible cunning of a Wyrm beast. The resulting spirit-storm killed many and made it impossible to travel the Umbra through most of the West. Many good spirits were lost or driven mad even as we called upon them for aid against the Wyrmbringers. Many of our Theurges were lost to Umbral storms as they tried to learn the source of this new sickness. In a time of despair and confusion, it feasted on our pain.

The Uktena were already fighting the Storm Eater as it spread to their lands. The Wendigo knew we could not defeat the Storm Eater alone. Like the Croatan before us, we called for aid and, at last, the Wyrmcomers answered. We trusted them to act out of self-interest at least and they did not prove us wrong. Like us, they were unable to cross the sickened Umbra in safety; they too would be swallowed up should the Storm Eater grow stronger and sicken the Umbra all the way back to their own homelands. We saw our moon bridges falter and how the Bane's minions spread to our caerns in the north and "their" caerns in the east.

The Storm Eater was a clever foe and sent many spirits to lead us astray. It tried to trick us and kept our hatred of the Wyrmcomers fresh so that we would not agree to work with them, even for the good of Gaia. Even though we suspected this tactic, some of our tribe

### Remnants of the Storm Eater

No Wyrm beast dies easily or cleanly. The foul mixture of Weaver and Wyrm called the Storm Eater was defeated in 1889, but the lingering effects of the creature's death throes could be felt well into the middle of the 20th century. It's hard to gauge the total destruction since most of it occurred in the Umbra, but rumors hold that the Oklahoma Dustbowl was the Storm Eater's dying gasp. If that is true, the power of that final storm hints at just how mighty the beast must have been a century earlier.

Some say that the offspring of the Storm Eater can still be found in the American West as dust devils, tornadoes and cyclones swirling with supernatural fury across the land. It seems an unlikely coincidence that "Tornado Alley" traces a path across lands once infested by the Storm Eater. Could this mean that the defeat of the Storm Eater a hollow victory, or did the rite save the West from far, far worse?

said that we should leave the Wyrmcomers to their fate as they had left us to ours. If we had listened, the Pure Lands would now be a wasteland of storms and dust. But the Wyrmcomers' treacherous ways are not the ways of the Pure Ones.

Working together with our enemies, our shamans learned of a way to defeat the Storm Eater. That wisdom is lost to us now. We lost so much in those dark times. We do know that part of this powerful rite one of the greatest heroes from each of the thirteen tribes had to willingly to serve as sacrifice. The combined essence of theses thirteen heroes fueled a weapon that when added to the magic of the Theurges was potent enough to destroy the Storm Eater. If we had not discovered this together with the Wyrmcomers, I do not think they would have believed us, but as it was, the solution was indisputable. Word spread throughout the Pure Lands and soon a hero from each tribe came forward. Our hero was Spear of Winter, a northern Wendigo who had come south to join the heart of the battle for the Pure Lands.

The rite lasted from full moon to full moon, claiming the lives of many of the Theurges who performed it as well as the hero-sacrifices. When it was completed, the Storm Eater was vanquished. The cleansing of the Umbra took far longer and was the work of Wyrmcomers and Pure Ones working together for the first time. Perhaps the greatest aspect of this victory was that it temporarily brought peace to the Pure Lands. For a moment at least, the Wyrmcomers were our allies.

## Wounded Knee

The spirit of the First People's rebellion was defeated in 1890. A long history of betrayal and brutality culminated in the United States Army rounding up a group of desperate Oglala Lakota (Sioux) at Cankpe Opi (Wounded Knee Creek). It only took a single gunshot to turn a tense meeting into a slaughter. We don't know who fired the gun but it doesn't take a genius to figure out the Wyrm was behind it. When the echoes from that shot were stilled, Chief Big Foot and 350 of his people, mostly women and children, were dead in the snow. The blizzard we called mourned their passing but could not save their lives. We came too late to aid them.

We were too late for many things. The Wendigo had aided rebellions and skirmishes between the First People and the Army since the beginning. But at Wounded Knee, we paid the price for fighting a war with too many fronts. Some say that it was that gunshot at Wounded Knee that was the mortal wound to Gaia's Pure Lands. Others would tell you the Pure Lands had been dying since the moment we allowed a single Wyrmbringer to plant a foot or one of his damned flags. It was our failure, either way, and we took out our anger on the Army for 4 days so that when the blizzard ended, there were twice as many of them frozen in the snow as slaughtered Oglala Lakota. In the depth of that blizzard, it seemed as if we might finally kill them all. What stopped us was the same thing that had made the Army so afraid: the Ghost Dance.

The year before, Wovoka of the Paiute had brought the Ghost Dance to the First People. He was of Older Brother's people, too, and had Uktena's gift for spiritual insight. He promised the Ghost Dance would bring back the buffalo, bring all the ancestors' spirits back to us and make warriors stronger than the bullets fired at them. His dance was a way of peace offered up to people tired of death and war. Humans and Garou who heard Wovoka's message quickly became convinced that finally there was a way to drive the Wyrmbringers away from the Pure Lands. Joy overcame all who truly believed. The Ghost Dancers became drunk with new hope after so much despair. But the suspicious Wyrmbringers saw only strange dancing and a new, dangerous religion. The Army feared an uprising from those they had treated so cruelly for so long and they came to Wounded Knee ready for a fight.

The Wyrm feared the Ghost Dance, too, perhaps because the dance was truly strong magic, or perhaps simply because it gave us hope and warriors with hope are always stronger. The Wyrm's minions added fuel to the Army's fears and toyed with their mistrust. The evil whispers of the Wyrm landed in fertile soil. The Wyrmbringers believed lies about murder and plotting because they remembered their own murders and plot-

ting. In their minds, they could expect no better from "savages" than from themselves.

At the end of that cold day on the snowy fields of Wounded Knee, Big Foot's people were desperate but hopeful, the Army was afraid, we were too late, and the end was bitter. The Wyrm reveled in all the fear and death that spilled across the Pure Lands. We were too few. We fought too many wars at once, and no one came to our aid. If this does not make you Rage, go live in one of their filthy cities; you are none of my kin.

Our Kin lost hope at Wounded Knee and the nations of the First People were defeated. They scattered and the loss of the old ways broke their pride. Soon the territories left to them were divided up according to Wyrmbringer sensibilities so that they were "civilized" into poverty and dependence. We could not protect them or the animals that had once thrived on their lands. We did what we could to guide wolf packs to the remaining wilderness in Canada and hoped we could protect them. Soon, the First People were all but forgotten by the Wyrmbringers, only appearing as shadows of themselves in "Thanksgiving" pageants that glorified the conquest of their people or in cigar stores as dull-eyed icons of tobacco.

## The Circumpolar World

It is only in the 20th Century that the First People began to unite in groups larger than nations to fight against the Wyrmbringers. Looking back, it is easy to see that their efforts in the previous century would have been far more successful if the nations were united at the first sign of the Europeans. It is also easy to see how such unification was impossible when the people were so diverse and had no easy means of global communication. Snowmobiles, cars, telephones and the mail, the very things they, and we, had been fighting against, turned out to be invaluable in bringing the circumpolar world together. Though their unity was not without dissent, it was the first time that disparate peoples had presented a unified face to the world. It was as if by labeling their struggle past and future, as a 500 Year Rebellion, the people of this time were united with their ancestors in a meaningful quest to regain their lands.

The coming together of nations led to many political movements, which, though not wholly successful, eventually brought about the small victories scored at the close of the century. It's possible there is still more fruit to be harvested from this unity. The humans' new spirit of collaboration has been heartening for us to see if nothing else and perhaps should serve as an example for the remaining two of the Three Brothers.

## The Alaskan Highway

As a new century began and the Wyrmbringers warred upon themselves, we thought ourselves safe for a time. We even hoped that the Wyrmbringers' wars would kill them for us or at least weaken their defenses so that we could finish the job. Perhaps we were not so foolish. The Wyrmbringers were afraid that their cities would fall prey to bombing and they howled for war. Like all frightened people, they demanded that their leaders do something, even if it was not a sensible thing. Fortifying Alaska to protect the western coast was such a thing. To accomplish this, they needed a highway, as the trip was too long by boat. I'm sure the Wyrm hated all that unpolluted, unpaved land in Canada and cheered the Wyrmbringers on as they planned their road.

A few corrupted humans of the First People aided them and served as guides for the bulldozers as they ripped into mountains, permafrost and muskeg (frozen swampland). The Wyrmbringers had no maps and it made them afraid of the land. Like their fathers, they did not listen to their fear, but instead pushed on into the wild places, killing and maiming land and beast. Their speed was so great, they did not even follow the crooked rules of their own customs, building the road first and asking permission from the Canadian government who claimed the land later. In a single year, their horrible road was built. In a few more years, their enemy was defeated, having never threatened the coast.

We call their terrible road the Wyrm Road and all the vileness of the enemy skulks along its black asphalt. It has always been a magnet for evil that seeks an easy path into the wilderness. Whole packs are devoted to patrolling it. Unlike other parts of the Pure Lands forever lost under thick skins of pavement, the land pierced by the Wyrm Road remains at least a reflection of its old splendor. It is perhaps because of this lingering purity that the black wound of the road attracts the Wyrm as readily as it attracts gaping tourists.

## Red Power

The 1960s and 70s brought something called the Red Power movement. It seemed like a good idea and many of us were supporters of it when it started. Red Power emulated the Black Power movement in putting forth the crazy idea that the members of a particular ethnic group were people, therefore deserving of decent treatment, and, most importantly, if that treatment was not forthcoming, it was worth fighting for. No more polite asking and waiting around. No more watching as the Wyrmbringer Congress or Parliament passed more laws that spawned endless paternal agencies meant to protect the poor ignorant savages from themselves.

Many Wendigo were eager participants, despite calls for moderation from the Sacred Hoop and those nosey Children of Gaia whelps.

Some of the Red Power people called for monetary reparations for the centuries of maltreatment, but no Wendigo was part of that faction. Take money in exchange for the Pure Lands? Never! The US Government tried to buy the movement's contentment with the ceding of Alaskan land in the early '70s and we laughed in their faces. To their credit, most of the Red Power humans did, too. Their original members were idealistic, seeing themselves on a mission to protect traditional values and enforce native claims on sovereignty.

The Wendigo Philodox, The White Bison Waits to Return to His People, was the one who did the most to promote this human movement within our tribe. He did a masterful job of uniting the arctic and plains Garou, both homid and lupus, despite their many differences and the large distances separating them. By creating a united front amongst the Garou that mirrored the coming together of the human nations, Bison Waits hoped that finally our dream of retaking the Pure Lands would become a reality.

We should have learned from the Ghost Dance disaster a century earlier: anything that brings wide-

### *Project Surname*

Like many early Wyrmbringers in the Pure Lands, missionaries encouraged the Inuit to replace traditional given names with ones taken from the Bible to help cement their conversion from "savage beliefs" to Christianity. Then, in the 1940s, to help the Canadian government keep better records, Inuit living in Canada were given identification numbers. The Inuit, who do not have the Wyrmbringer tradition of surnames, were each given their individual identification number stamped onto a small, red leather disk on a sturdy cord. This vile and reprehensible dehumanization of our Kinfolk and their relatives was surely the work of the Weaver and its agents.

For more than twenty years, each family had only a number – some of our Theurges suggested that this marked them as the first humans to stand as nothing more than numbered drones before the Weaver's eyes. But the Weaver was too greedy, and our people pushed back. In the late 1960s, one Inuit visited every home in the Northwest Territories and asked each family to choose a surname. Many chose names from their ancestors or their fathers. With the newly created last names, the dehumanizing numbers were abolished.

### *A Little Story about Red Power's Legacy*

Once upon a time, a golf course wanted to expand. The land they coveted was tribal land complete with sacred burial ground and the expansion would require the removal of trees and ancestral remains. The First People whose land it was, rather than thanking the Wyrmbringers for tearing up their forest and their grandmothers, began an occupation of the site. The golf course people called the government, and soon there were thousands of Canadian troops with their tanks pointed at the families on the sacred land. At the same time, the First People were in contention amongst themselves, clan mothers and band council, traditionalists and supporters of the government, militants and pacifists, all arguing bitterly. After a few months, dozens of the First People were in the Wyrmbringers' court and the main evidence against them was a land grant made by a Wyrmbringer king across the sea.

That is a story you will hear repeated over and over at moots and Indigenous Rights meetings. Whenever we hear it, we feel righteous anger and go bash some heads. It's a real story. It happened in 1990 in Kanehsatake, Canada,and variations of it have happened again and again across the Pure Lands. But be careful. The popular version leaves out some important facts: The Band Council and the Clan Mothers had been fighting bitterly for control of the reservation government for decades. One or the other may have signed an agreement to sell the land to the government then tried to back out of it when the decision became politically unwise. Most of the armed First People involved in the standoff with the government soldiers were not from the local tribe, but part of a militant group that spun off from the Red Power movement. These professional protesters came to "help" without asking permission from the local people. There were several well-fed Banes at work on the reservation, the golf course and the local Wyrmbringer government. Oh, and the sacred land in dispute was actually acres of marijuana. That's right, they were growing acres and acres of pot on top of their ancestors' bones. A reservation with 80% unemployment had millions of dollars of marijuana and you can bet they weren't planning on smoking it all themselves.

Suddenly you need a scorecard to figure out who the bad guys are. Are we fighting against the smugglers, the gangsters, the dishonorable leaders, the lawyers, the thugs, the long-dead King, the drug dealers or the golf course? The simplified version of the story supplies such a clearly defined enemy. Maybe the real facts do, too; kill them all and let Gaia sort it out.

spread hope will end badly. So it was with the majority of the Red Power movement. It was prey to the greed and corruption of those stupid apes, and, therefore, doomed. As if Gaia was driving home the point, the end again came at Wounded Knee Creek. There is strange energy at that place, perhaps even a chasm down into the Abyss. I have heard that it is from beneath Wounded Knee that another of the greatest Wyrm beasts will arise, and it will be something as great and terrible as Eater of Souls. If nothing else, we should learn to keep the hell away from there because of the terrible history of the place.

The human role in this was that during the winter of 1973, a band of Oglala Lakota began the longest armed conflict since the Wyrmbringers' own Civil War by retaking Wounded Knee for their nation. What defeated them at this new Wounded Knee was not the US Army but bitter fighting between traditionalists and government supporters within the rebel group. They defeated themselves and what had begun as a hopeful vision for the future and purposeful call to battle quickly disintegrated into armed bands of drunken warriors riding around in pickup trucks looking for a fight. The Wyrm's minions gobbled up Red Power members' souls faster than a squirrel eats nuts. These twisted last vestiges of Red Power still exist.

Even today, armed thugs from distant reservations travel place to place with the singular purpose of agitating problems between natives and Wyrmbringers. Much of the drug smuggling and moonshine that crosses the border between the US and Canada is organized by these thugs. It's Red Power gone wrong that provides most of the muscle hired by the Indian casinos, and even funds several urban Canadian street gangs. They're the goons who grease the wheels of gaming table corruption on a dozen reservations. Looking back, it's tempting to conclude that the movement did nothing more than create a sort of Red Mafia and another tale of Indigenous subjugation.

## Black Snow

We've always had an oil problem. First, in the form of whalers bringing us diseases and misery in exchange for whale oil. I don't remember the full list of all the delightful things they did with bits of whales. Not eat them, of course. No, they made perfume, lamp oil and hair bows, or something like that. All of it was Weaver crap that they would've been better off without. Then, just when we'd finally gotten that squared away — thanks more to our putting down key whaling proponents than to "Save the Whales" bumper stickers — oil of another sort became a problem.

Petroleum has been such a source of trouble lately, a few Wendigo are waxing nostalgic for the Yukon gold rush. At least you could stuff prospectors down a hole and forget about them. What the hell do you do about a damn pipeline in your back yard? Oilmen are an infestation and their wells are being punched in Gaia faster than we can stopper them. The whole arctic is imperiled by offshore drilling, that damn pipeline, and all the rickety tankers bobbing along like tasty morsels of death for anyone who wants to wipe out kilometers of coastline. There have been a few rare incidents with one or two cubs who thought that a field trip to an off shore oilrig was a good idea. Forgive the pun, but that never ends well. Garou don't do well in confined spaces and rigs have this nasty habit of catching on fire if you claw the wrong bits.

Mostly, we're stuck on shore, watching the human cleanup crews using dish soap on the birds and toothbrushes on the rocks, trying to scrub everything clean in the aftermath of the latest spill. Pentex lives for that stuff. One subsidiary provides the oil spill that turns everything black, and then another subsidiary supplies the chemicals that supposedly clean the oil away again. Everything gets twice the dose of noxious crap and they get to be heroes in front of the Wyrmbringer media, too. Even when they're not spilling their poison everywhere, oil leaves us nothing but foul air, poisoned water and blackened waste. All of that pollution gets into the fish, which in turn gets into people and makes them sick in body or mind.

We've lost strong brothers and sisters in recent the battles against the twisted things coming out of the broken seabed, reeking of oil and greed. They're dangerous and have to be put down quickly or they can poison large swaths of the Umbra. It sounds like a bad joke, but we've seen more and more of these sludge monsters over the last couple of decades. I've even heard rumors of a bigger monstrosity growing under the seabed, out in the deep water. The Litany says, "Slay the Wyrm," but I don't remember any mention of Gaia supplying scuba gear.

Oil's like a siren's call for everything we hate: Wyrm beasts woken by drilling and dredged up from the sea along with the fuel; Wyrmbringers hoping for wealth; those damn Pentex people licking their chops at all the potential destruction; and Weaver beasts all but salivating on themselves at the thought of all the technology the petroleum can fuel. It seems like a cruel joke that the scraps of land we have been driven to are the ones most plagued by the stinking black sludge.

## With a Roll of the Dice

The First People's weakness for alcohol, tobacco and more "recreational" herbs firmly established in the previous centuries, they've now moved on to gambling. This time at least it's not the Wyrmbringers raking in the green slips of paper but the natives.

Indian casinos began springing up in the mid-80s and now are a significant source of income for otherwise poverty stricken reservations. Some even say the poker chip is the new buffalo, providing everything for the people as that animal once did. I think you have to be addled to compare a piece of plastic to the old ways, but there is a kind of charming irony to taking Wyrmbringers to the cleaners thanks to their own greed. The house always wins and I'm sure it feels good to be on the winning side of the table for a change.

Casinos are a mixed blessing in the eyes of the optimistic Wendigo — there is such a beast, but good luck finding him. The rest of us see that income is good for the medicine and education it provides, except that money only ingrains the Wyrmbringers' ways. With the loss of their traditions, the First People are susceptible to the corruptions of materialism, too. Once they taught their children that loving possessions was wrong. Now their kids want fancy tennis shoes and shiny cars, but rarely get them. Reservations account for some of the poorest areas of US and Canada, with unemployment rates close to 90%. Introducing a lot of money into these impoverished communities has not been without repercussions, namely corruption and greed. The casinos' profits have sent faction-filled reservation governments into chaos, while proving too much temptation for greedy individuals and an all-you-can-eat buffet for opportunist minions of the Wyrm.

You ever wonder why the Wyrmbringers would outlaw gambling in most of their nation but let the First People host it in theirs? I don't know either, but it's not out of generosity, I'm certain.

## Red Chic

Recently, partly with the encouragement of our brothers in the Sacred Hoop, it's become cool to be Indigenous. To my mind, the only good that's come of it is that a couple of suddenly well-funded groups have put the media attention to work, suing museums and historical societies to regain artifacts and ancestral remains. That's been fun to watch. We've even unearthed some lost artifacts of our tribe amongst crates newly dredged out of the back of some white man's basement. Those stupid bastards stole so much they didn't even realize what they had. Makes you wonder what else they may have stashed away while they were carting off our past for their museums of the dead.

On the other hand, these same "Indians" are showing up on CNN as representatives of "their people." Is that who you want representing our interests? Don't look at me like that. I've seen television. Weaver tendrils shooting straight into your eyeballs as "entertainment." And, where will our "representatives" be tomorrow? Remember this rule of the Wyrmbringers: what's in vogue today will be passé tomorrow. Though our Kin are indigenous full time, these blonds in buckskin will soon tire of the playacting and ignore the true First People all the more once they're out of fashion.

## Siberia

Great distances separate us from our brothers in Siberia, and until recently, the Shadow Curtain veiled them from our sight. It is good to remember that we share a totem and a history of Wyrmbringer invasion with these familiar strangers as we reestablish contact and unite the circumpolar world.

Their lot has been both better and worse than our own. For many, the old ways were not truly imperiled until the last century when the Trans-Siberian railroad made their frozen lands accessible to the Wyrmbringers. They were not so sheltered from the creatures spawned from the Wyrmbringer empires surrounding them, however. I suspect, based on the horrors they have survived, that they must be the greatest warriors of our tribe.

They have faced the Wyrmbringers and the Wyrmcomers, especially the Silver Fangs and Get, in all too familiar ways. Communism and the Trans-Siberian railroad were the greatest perils of the last hundred years for their human Kin, while oil prospecting and hunting threatened the wolves. Exploitation of Siberia's minerals, timber and oil is nothing new, but with the modern age, they've become that much more accessible and desirable for greedy Wyrmbringers. In addition to the human threats, Siberia has a disturbingly high concentration of leeches along the western border, the worst of which was the creature calling itself Baba Yaga.

Only pieces of the tale have made it out of Russia since her defeat, but it is certain that the Hag, Baba Yaga, and her army of minions made the mid-90s perilous times for all of the Garou of Russia. I heard that she was the oldest and greatest of the leeches. Others whisper that she was the result of a mating between a Leech and the Wyrm or even the twisted remnants of a powerful Wyld-spirit so thoroughly corrupted as to be unrecognizable. It seems that Theurges rarely give straight answers about such things

Most of the battles were concentrated away from our people in Siberia, but Wendigo warriors claimed the first significant victory against Baba Yaga's forces. Their assault came at great cost and was our only major battle of the war. Victory tasted too bitter and brought a reward of ambush, betrayal, and the loss of noble Blood-on-the-Wind. He was lost not during the battle, but on his way meet with the Silver Fangs who wished to coordinate attacks on the Hag. Those lying bastards claim they had

nothing to do with his murder, but after a history of betrayal, how could we be sure? The Wendigo chose to withdraw and strengthen their own defenses in Siberia rather than fight beside such treacherous "allies."

In the years since Baba Yaga's defeat, Siberia has been quieter if not peaceful. There are still many Wyrm beasts and rumors of something worse than the Hag soon to come. The Wyrmcomers' numbers were greatly reduced by the war with Baba Yaga but with the end of the Shadow Curtain, other Garou are moving in to take their place. I fear that the Wendigo of Siberia will have new enemies amongst the Wyrmcomers very soon as their caerns and wild wolves become temptations for another wave of invasion.

## Nunavut

In 1999, the territory of Nunavut was created from the scraps of Canada's Northwest Territories and placed under Aboriginal rule. It is the largest victory since the Alaska Native Claims Settlement of 1971, when the US government gave almost 200,000 square km and $962 million to its wronged indigenous peoples. The province is held up as the most hopeful outcome of the Red Power movement of the 1960s and 70s, and the poster child for the Indigenous Peoples movement of the new millennium.

The Inuit-governed province is a positive step to retaking our lands. Finally, there is a place where our Kin are recognized as being in charge. Better, they form a government we can work with rather than endlessly struggle against. It feels strange to cooperate with human leaders again. It's not all harmony and happiness, of course, but Nunavut means those in charge listen to us and follow the old ways. Nunavut is also a strong example for the other Wyrmbringer governments and we hope that soon we may have a similar victory in the United States. Perhaps they could give us Wyoming.

Far more important than politics, the Wendigo tribe finally has a stronghold. We have been relegated to guerilla warfare for far too long and our entire protectorate has suffered. With at least one place we can call our own, we have somewhere to gather our resources and plan our continuing battles. Our tribe can only benefit from having a secure place to teach our cubs and plan our strategies.

There's a lot of bitching about how the land is useless or unwanted. An unpolluted corner of the Pure Lands is never useless! As for unwanted, our tribe and our Kinfolk have always chosen to live in such places. The lands of Nunavut are only useless or unwanted if you are a stupid Wyrmbringer who doesn't have sense enough to survive without satellite TV and a microwave.

### Another View on Nunavut

Memory Never Sleeps, Galliard of the Wendigo, speaks about Nunavut:

Amongst our tribe, the Ghost Dancers crow with pride over this victory as they try to turn Nunavut into a Wendigo staging ground and homeland. Like Israel – and we all know how well that worked. You cannot artificially create such a place and expect it to work.

Others of us see Nunavut as just another defeat. It took 30 years of struggle within the Wyrmbringers' legal and political systems to gain largely undesirable and unpopulated land; and we thank them for it, as if was the answer to all our hopes. As if the Wyrmbringers owned the land they're so generously giving to the poor Indians. The new Inuit government conducts its business in the Inuktitut tongue but none of their children remember it. They spend their days with parliamentary procedure rather than hunting. They have a damn website celebrating their achievement, and their big dream is for another share of land, if only they can find some more scraps the qallunaat (Wyrmbringers) have discarded. Forgive me if I don't get up and dance. The very name, "Nunavut," (our homeland) makes me want to kick someone's ass.

Worse, this ridiculous idea is drawing attention from the Wyrm and making Nunavut a target for every tainted beast able to slink along the pack ice to get there. Great bloated narwhales are coming up out of the sea and eating fishermen, snowmobiles and all. Fomori are driving the Inuit inhabitants to despair, playing upon the final loss of the old ways self-government has brought, causing the statistics for alcoholism, suicide and child abuse to soar. There are even rumors that the Aurora Borealis seen from Nunavut is turning the black and brown of burning cloth from some unknown malignancy.

All of this trouble — and the internal strife it inspires — drains more of our resources than Nunavut is worth. We've got a huge protectorate and no shortage of battles. More than a few Wendigo would rather just give the damn thing back than dance to the Wyrmbringers' tune. After all, we can name the whole continent "Nunavut" once we've finally driven the Europeans back into the Atlantic and reclaimed the Pure Lands.

Lately there have been rumors of Wyrm activity converging on Nunavut, but so far there isn't much evidence of this. Despite all the doom and gloom, Nunavut in actuality seems to be no more troubled than anywhere else in the Arctic. The rumors of pollution

may be some sort of Wyrm trick, trying to further divide us with phantom fears. They could also be the work of Wyrmcomers, trying to keep us from regaining our power over the Pure Lands. It sounds like something they'd do; get us chasing after shadows while they plotted ways to take what little we have. I hate to say it, but the misinformation could even be the work of our own brothers, spreading lies in order to erode the power of Nunavut. After so long, some of us are fearful of the most dangerous and treacherous of beasts: hope.

## Our Place Among the First People

Even the most progressive of the Wendigo are traditionalists by comparison to the First People of modern times. We — and to a lesser extent our Kinfolk — are falling further and further out of step with our more distant human relatives, but I cannot say if we are falling behind or pulling too far ahead. The First People have spent a century drifting deeper and deeper into the quagmire of Wyrmbringer ways, becoming dependant on their technology from snowmobiles to satellite TV. They seem to forget the old ways faster with each passing generation until all that is left is a displaced people living on the scraps of Wyrmbringer society. Many of their languages are only known to a handful of old men. Once they are gone, those pieces of the past are gone forever.

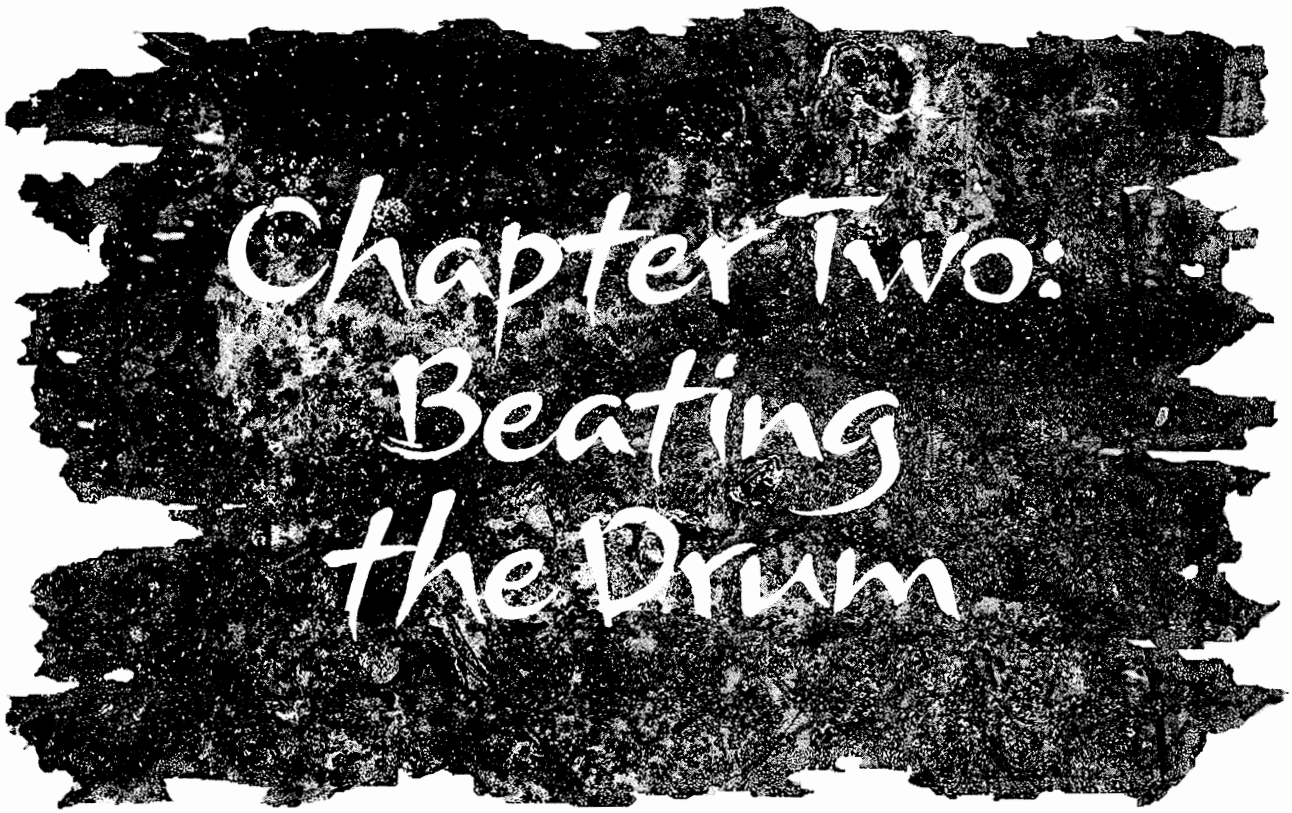
We are uncertain of our place among these bitter, discarded people. Perhaps there is no place for us unless we remind them of the past they are losing or sugar coating in New Age voodoo and circus spectacle.

Our hope has come not from the humans but the return of free, wild wolves to a few places we feared would never host a pack again. Buffalo, too, have been coaxed out of the past. These are wonderful things, but the fragility of their existence makes us aware now more than ever of what we have lost. Our enemies know how delicate these scraps of the old wilderness are, and how much of our hope goes with them. Even if we never return to Wounded Knee Creek, our hopes can still be crushed like brittle ice. To protect our land, and ourselves, we become fiercer, colder and stronger. Father Wendigo knew of our need long ago and gave us tools to retake what was lost with the icy fury of his savage heart.

## The Future

The End Times are finally here. We know that we are out of time, but I ask Gaia to give some of Her strength to the Wendigo so that we may take back the Pure Lands before the end. Many of us would die happily, if only we could bring our world around to the land of summer we still distantly remember. That may be the one wish the whole tribe could make together. What other hope for the future can we have?

BRIDGES 03



# Chapter Two: Beating the Drum

*These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners. The Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us, on which to light our fires, and here we will remain.*

— Tecumseh, Chief of the Shawnee

*Walking Bird speaks:*

Let's get one thing straight: I'm not here to make you feel good. What I am here to do is tell you what you need to know. I'll tell you what you are, who you come from, and what you've gotten yourself into. I have no patience for whining, mewling kittens. You want to be a cat? Maybe in your next life you'll be one. You are Wendigo. You will listen, or when the things I teach are needed, you will die.

We are Wendigo. We are Garou. We are the last of the Pure Ones. Once there were three tribes that could claim that name. The Croatan gave themselves to destroy a great evil and were not reborn. The Uktena live yet, but they have bargained away their purity for secrets best left hidden. There are others, as well. The Wyrmcomers. The European Garou. They who should have known better, who came to our lands and drove our people out. They who brought with them the Eater of Souls and a horde of lesser evils. The Uktena have earned our disdain and the Wyrmcomers deserve only contempt. We alone remain as we came to this land, as Gaia intended. Pure in the old ways. Pure in our purpose and our blood.

Our traditions are thousands of years old, and we of all the Garou are closest to our Kin. They may not directly share our values, our customs, and our trials, but the traditions have danced intertwined throughout history. Our Kinfolk resist the whites that would destroy us, as we do. They are our closest allies against the terrible, creeping rot that is the Weaver and draws us away from ourselves, our traditions, and our spirits into a world where there is no Indian, no Lakota, no Salish, no Inuit, no Wendigo.

Don't get me wrong — not all indigenous people are our Kinfolk, not by a long shot. But nearly all of our Kinfolk are indigenous, if you take my meaning.

We are a people at war. We live in enemy territory; every day our conquerors come to the lands they have fenced in for us, their *reservations*, and take pictures of us and speak of us with pity and contempt for they think we do not know we are conquered. I say they do not know we are freer than they could ever hope to be, but they will. One day, one day soon they will know and they will weep for *their* children as we push them back into the sea.

## The Ways of the Wendigo

### Justice

We Wendigo aren't long on procedure when it comes to assessing guilt and levying punishments. Of the three

brothers, Croatan was the one most concerned with law. There are too many other things in the north to worry about for us to be concerned with long, drawn-out 'trials'. If a Wendigo commits a crime against the tribe, Gaia, or another Garou, there are two ways it can be handled. Number one: The wronged party issues a challenge. There's a fight. The winner is the one that's judged in the right. Simple as that. Number two: Appeal to the elders for tribal justice. Each one has its advantages and disadvantages.

If you go the route of trial by combat, the most you're likely to get is a good solid ass-kicking. A little loss of glory, a little public humiliation and you're done. The down side is that we don't live in medieval Europe. Sure, the spirits favor those that are in the right, but we all know that only goes so far. It's highly unlikely you're going to convince any doubters of the right of your case by kicking the shit out of the other werewolf. If that doesn't matter to you, and you're pretty sure you can take your rival, by all means take it to the dirt and settle it quick.

Putting your fate in the hands of the elders is entirely different. Make sure, if you pick this option, you mind your 'p's and 'q's because everything is going to come out before you're through. The good thing is, when the Elders pronounce you innocent, everyone is going to believe it. Well, almost everyone. There are always those who simply will not be convinced. Generally though, when the Grandmothers and Grandfathers say a thing is so, we believe them. The bad thing is, if you're guilty you just might end up dead.

Most times, for the little things, the Elders just refuse to listen to it. They don't have time to settle every dispute that crops up in the sept. Other times, the Elders take control of the matter and the parties' wishes be damned. They rarely step in without an invitation for anything short of egregious violations of the Litany or disputes that threaten the unity of the tribe itself. When they do, their word is law and that law, like Great Wendigo himself, is cold and merciless. Those who are judged guilty of crimes against Gaia, the tribe or the Litany are given two options (if they're given any choice at all): be cast out of the tribe and named pariah, forever banished from the succor and comfort of sept, caern and Kin; or die, either by suicide or execution. Occasionally those who hold high station are given a third option: Face one of the great foes and die in battle; but this boon is rare. The Song of Silver Elk and the Long Trek is the tale of one such Wendigo — condemned to die and granted the boon of a glorious death — that actually survived the battle with the creature meant to slay him. He returned twice the hero he had been, and his crimes forgiven. If you haven't heard it already you soon will, it's an old favorite of our Galliards. But keep this in mind when you do hear it. There's a reason it's one of our favorite songs: It has only ever happened that once.

### *How to Hunt Your Brother*

We must be above reproach. We are the last of the Pure Ones, and for Gaia's sake, we plan to stay that way. But occasionally Old Wendigo gets a little carried away and touches one of his children a little too deeply. And unfortunately, whenever there are rumors that gigantic wild animals are eating humans, all of the other tribes give us sidelong glares. Cannibal spirit of winter and all that, you know. When one of our tribe strays from the path and gets herself an itch to eat a little long pig, it's our responsibility to see that she is either brought back to the fold or culled. If we get wind of a Wendigo who's been nibbling on sheep of the two-legged variety, here's what happens:

- We call in the Elders. Cannibalism is a serious accusation and mustn't be levied lightly. The ranking Garou in the area considers the matter and decides whether it merits action or is just the Wyrmcomers spouting bogey stories again. If the suspected Cannibal *is* the ranking Garou, the situation should be immediately passed up the line to nearest Garou of similar rank or greater for appraisal.
- Assuming the accused is found to be guilty of cannibalism, the pack nearest the offender is alerted to the situation and given orders as to how they should proceed. Depending on the circumstances they might be ordered to kill the offender on sight or they may be instructed to offer the cannibal a chance to repent of her crimes and take the Rite of the Second Birth.
- Either the offender is killed and the Rite of the Wayward Warrior is performed to aid her spirit into the Tribal Homeland or she undergoes the Rite of the Second Birth and is made new in the eyes of Gaia. Either way, the matter is done and done and is never spoken of again.

Regardless of how the situation shakes out, there are a few rules that must always be followed. Number one — speak of the matter to no one who is not Wendigo. Not Uktena, not Kinfolk, not your imaginary friend Clive the hamster. No one. Number two — unless the accused is about to go public all on her own by lunching on a school bus full of Wyrmbringer pups, accept no aid from anyone who is not Wendigo. This is a private matter to be kept among our tribe alone. To pass the punishment of one of our own off on an outsider is a deadly insult to Great Wendigo himself. We will not permit it. Number three — you never heard the words 'Rite of the Second Birth'. I didn't say them, and if asked I will deny ever hearing of such a thing. This is one of our most potent secrets, make sure you keep it that way or, I assure you, you will pay a far greater price than some poor hungry bastard that nibbled on the wrong piece of meat.

## The Way of Gaia

Ours is the way of Gaia. For thousands of years we have lived on this land, lived with this land and all its creatures. We know the spirits and the hearts of all its peoples from the two-legged peoples to the four-legged peoples to the winged peoples. They are as kin to us, each and every one and we give them all the honor they deserve. Many these days do not know this — they do not thank the creatures that die so we may eat their flesh. They do not thank the sun for making the corn grow, nor the Earth for all Her bounties. They are blind to the world, and they infect our Kin with that blindness. They have infected you, cub. But I am here with great medicine to scrape the blindness from your eyes. Listen closely and you might prove yourself less of a fool than I expect.

Some say we came here across a great bridge. Some say we have always been here, as long as the wolf and the caribou have been here. No matter — if we were not born here, we have lived here so long that it does not matter. We kept this land as our cousins across the water could not. We lived with the Earth, not upon Her. We did not take what we wished from Her but accepted what She gave to us and we did prosper. We lived in concert with the Earth, in harmony with all Her creatures, and the Wyrm could get no sure footing upon this land. Pure it was, and so we named it: the Pure Lands. We the Pure Ones were chosen by Gaia for this place. We gave thanks to the spirits for their bounty and did honor to their names.

We taught our Kin to live as we did, and they learned to live in the way of Gaia. Though the war form still put fear in their hearts, they knew us and honored us for the sacred duty we bore. We found in them allies in great number and gave to them our respect. As they fared, so then did we — for good or ill. As we fared, so then did they. We lived in concert with our Kin.

As we were Her-favored children, given guardianship over Her purest lands, Gaia gave us also many sacred ways to strengthen us toward Her purpose, as did Her lesser spirits. In our way we passed these on to our Kinfolk, that they might also turn their spirits to Gaia's work (though we did keep the most sacred for ourselves, as it should be). And as the ways passed among the many peoples, from grandmother to grandmother, the sacred ways changed. In time it could not be told which had come from which, for the peoples had taken the ways and made them their own, as Gaia had intended, that each people would have their own means of touching Her spirit, as befit them. And so the Pure Lands were full of many ways and the spirit peoples were much pleased, and Gaia with them.

Should you travel among the caerns you will find many ways that are different from what I will tell you.

Respect them for it is as Gaia intended. Are all deer the same? Does each rabbit bear the same markings? Wear the same coat? No, I say. And that is as Gaia intended. It is the same with the ways of the Wendigo. We are one people made of many. We speak to the spirit peoples as befits ourselves, but always with respect. I will tell you now of some of the ways that you might know our rites when you see them. This isn't a complete list of our rites — it isn't even close. But these rites are known well among our peoples from the ice in the north to the mountains in the south and you had better know them, too.

### Powwow

The *powwow* is where we attend the spiritual needs of our people. We dance and sing to please our ancestors and all the spirit peoples. We make our offerings and our requests to the spirits that aid and guide us. There is no formula for holding a powwow. Each of the peoples from whom we come has their own ways, and even those ways change as the years go by. The way of Gaia is not static. It flows and shapes itself to the needs of those that practice it. There are a few things, though, that you can count on. There is singing. There is dancing. And there is drumming.

Recent years have seen a revival of the practice, thanks in no small part to the efforts of many Wendigo and Kinfolk activists. It is not uncommon to see hundreds of Indians traveling hundreds of miles to dance at a powwow. These gathering are important for maintaining the old ways and educating the young in how to conduct themselves according to our heritage.

The smaller powwows are more potent than large ones. The large gatherings are all about reforging the bonds of our people. As the gatherings get smaller, the focus turns more to the spirits and the renewal of the ancient pacts between them and our people. At the larger, spectators are welcome — often, the great powwows are a source of considerable income for our Kinfolk. Just goes to show you how dead the Wyrmbringers are in their spirits that they would pay to see someone else get right with his own. The smaller powwows are a different matter. The renewal of personal spirit bonds is an intimate thing and not for white eyes.

### Potlatch

The *potlatch* and gatherings like it are where we take care of business of the mundane sort. The specifics of the tradition change from region to region, but the basics remain constant. There is usually food. There are usually gifts, and always talk. The potlatch is where we award or revoke Renown. We tell tales of the deeds of our tribe; we pass down and reaffirmed our history. A visitor invited to potlatch should expect to offer news of where he came from, at the very least

In places where we are few and our neighbors live very far away, the potlatch and the powwow become the same gathering. Many of our northern Kin have always gathered in this way. Those further south do so as well when there is not time or need to gather in great numbers. We are not a formal people. Wendigo and the spirits of our people are not so petty as to demand we do all things in one way and one way only. Leave that to the white men and their God. Our totems are kin to us, and they treat us as daughters and sons. This is the way of Gaia.

### Great Wendigo and the Song of the Long Night

We are a warrior people and our totem is the greatest warrior of all. Wherever he goes, the people fear him for his fury and his strength. He runs on the wind and freezes the hearts of our enemies with a breath. His fury is so terrible that for all the year he does not sleep but runs across the sky hunting Gaia's enemies and lending his strength to our people. But all things of Gaia must sleep lest weariness and madness take them. So when the winter is deepest, we sing the Song of the Long Night in every caern and every sept. When Great Wendigo hears it, his rage is quelled for a time, and he sleeps and dreams of the hunts of the coming year. When the sun rises on the next day be sure to cry loudly so that Wendigo awakes, otherwise he will be angry and you will have bad luck until he sleeps again. In this way we count the passing of the years and Wendigo is renewed. It has always been so. It shall always be until the Great War comes and the world is made anew.

### The Sun Dance

The Sun Dance is many things. It is the most sacred of our rituals. It is both sacrifice and gift. Honor and obligation. It is a plea, and a challenge. It is the beginning and the ending of a year of living with Earth. It is not for the eyes of the whites nor even for the eyes of indigenous people who are not our Kinfolk. It is a ritual of renewal and dedication that binds us to the powers of the world.

The Sun Dance always takes place in the summer, when the chokecherries are ripe. A cottonwood tree is chosen and sanctified. A favored warrior is permitted to count coup on the tree. He approaches it three times and, on the fourth approach, touches it with his hatchet. Then we cut down the tree and dress it with sacred paints and items. When it is ready, we take the center pole to the Lodge of Mysteries, a circle set with many more poles and a hole at the center. We fill the hole with tobacco, sweetgrass and a pipe before we plant the center pole in it. After purifying themselves in the *inipi* (see below), the Dancers enter the caern's Great Lodge and begin dancing around the center pole, singing prayers. As they turn, the medicine men leading the Dance pull them from their course around the lodge and thrust needles of silver through their flesh. The greatest warriors receive piercings through both shoulder and breast. We then raise them above the ground until the weight of their bodies tears them loose and they fall. Most, though, only receive piercings through the breast and must then struggle to free themselves of their bonds. As each tears the tines from his flesh, a medicine man comes and presses sacred herbs to his wounds then offers him a pipe. When all have torn themselves free and made their sacrifice and

prayers, a great feast is held and the Dancers partake of much honor and glory. It is by their sacrifice that the tribe is made strong for the coming year. It is by their blood, shed to honor the sun and the buffalo, and all the spirits of the universe, that we are bound again to Gaia's favor.

This is the way of Gaia, and of our people. We are purified in the struggle. As we make war on our bodies, we strengthen our spirits. We look to the sun as we dance that it might give us strength. Our blood waters the earth, returning to our Mother Gaia the life that She bestowed upon us. It is a pact and we honor it with our pain, our prayers and the flesh of our bodies. So it ever has been, so it always must be.

### *Inipi*

The sweat lodge is the core of our faith. If the Sun Dance is a feast of the spirit, the *inipi* is breakfast, lunch and dinner on every other day. It is a ritual of purification and the chief forum for prayer. Our most potent rites begin with an *inipi* ceremony, cleansing the participants that they might be found pleasing to the spirits. Many end with the *inipi* as well, closing the circle. The lodge itself is a representation of the entire universe: Fire at its center, the Earth represented in the rocks heated by the flame. The smoke of the sweetgrass is the wind that carries our prayers to Gaia and Her spirits. That water that is heated by the stones cleanses us of the stains of the Wyrm.

### *Moon Dance*

This is one of the few ceremonies we do not share with our Kinfolk. It was given to us by our Grandmother Luna for us and us alone, that we could speak to her in times of need. It is never undertaken lightly. When great trials and questions plague our peoples, a Theurge is chosen of the Elders to lead the Moon Dance. A sacred vessel is crafted in a fashion befitting the nature of the question and prepared to contain a great spirit. The dancers then pass into the Umbra and choose a spirit path. They sing and pray as they run and, if Luna favors their prayers, a Lune appears. The Theurge chosen to lead the rite must first count coup on the spirit with the vessel she carries. The Theurge and the spirit then struggle against each other. The longer the battle, the more auspicious an answer we receive. Should the Theurge overcome Luna's spirit, it passes into the vessel and remains until the next spring, when the fetish shatters with the first cracking of the ice. Should the Theurge be overcome instead, her spirit enters the vessel and dwells there so long as it is whole. The vessel knows its proper wielder and, upon first being lifted, it provides whatever answer Luna has seen fit to grant.

## Wendigo around the World

Once these lands were pure. Once our people could walk from one sea to another freely, for our guardianship reached from shore to shore. Our brothers, Uktena and Croatan, held all that we did not and we were welcome in their lands. Once these lands prospered, and all the creatures upon them prospered, and all the people on them prospered for ours is and always was the way of Gaia. Once we lived in paradise, but no more. Five hundred years ago, everything changed.

The Wyrmbringers came and they brought weapons devised by the twisted mind of the Weaver. Weapons envenomed by the evil of the Wyrm. And with their Kin came the Wyrmcomers, our cousins in blood if not in spirit. The Wyrmbringers drove our Kin from their lands, poisoned their children with tainted blankets and shot down our women with guns and cannon. The Wyrmcomers drove our people from their caerns, claimed that our guardianship of them had ended, and usurped our rightful place as caretakers of this land. They brought with them, hidden among their people, an evil so great it took the life of our brother tribe entire and we hear him sing no more.

Once this land was ours. Now, we are fenced in with broken promises. Our lands were stolen from us by white lies and the betrayal of our cousins. The Wyrmcomers took from us the lands entrusted to our care by Gaia Herself, and they congratulate themselves to this day for 'saving' the land from our incompetence. I say, look upon the land and see — it is as the Old World, blackened and charred by the fire of the Wyrm, its waters poisoned, its skies tainted, its earth torn open and Gaia's very bones laid bare. If our caretaking was incompetent, I pray for competence to leave these lands again and return them to the verdant, vibrant peace that was. Once these lands were pure, but no more.

### The United States

Our past in the United States is full of bitterness, betrayal and rage. Our present shows little hope of being different. No one says the words 'Manifest Destiny' anymore, but they don't have to. That destiny has become present-day fact. The whites cling to the idea that they alone have the right to hold the reins of the world and that anyone who resists the forced adoption of the 'American Way of Life' is an ignorant, tyrannical enemy best wiped out for the good of the world. They plunder the resources of the Pure Lands to fuel their fabled Progress. They wage war on nations in the name of Freedom and they're blind to the oppression going on within their own borders. They stomp on fleas and pronounce themselves glorious victors and champions of freedom. We would show them glory, if only there weren't so many of them.

These days, we lie low. We can't strike openly and in strength against the whites, so we strike quietly and cunningly. We're all at war; every single Wendigo knows this, believes it and accepts it. How could you be Wendigo and not? We differ mainly in how we mean to fight it.

In the States we are forced into close proximity with the Wyrmcomers and their Kin. Unless we mean to abandon our own Kinfolk and leave caerns that have been held for centuries by Wendigo, we have no choice. In all honesty, there are good things and bad things that come of this enforced proximity. In most cases it stokes our rage and

deepens the divides between us and the other Garou. But from time to time, it actually fosters cooperation and understanding on both sides. It's a grudging sort of neighborhood at best, born out of the necessities of survival, but there are those that would say any cooperation is a step in the right direction.

### The Great Plains

For years the Great Plains and the American Midwest have been a hotbed of indigenous resistance, always heated and occasionally violent. From Wounded Knee and the rejection of US Rule by the Indian leaders of the nineteenth century to the protest actions of the American Indian Movement in the Sixties and Seventies. Those that preached the violent overthrow of white American authority found no shortage of willing listeners at any time. It's only natural that the Wendigo of the Warpath would find fertile ground in which to sow the seeds of their own particular agenda. Even those of the Wendigo that don't claim formal allegiance with the Warpath certainly hold closely to their ideals. It's a brave wolf that dares speak of coexistence in the Badlands of the Dakotas.

The violence has largely subsided over the past fifteen years, from its last peak in the 1970s. Scandal, infighting, and the imprisonment of several prominent activists took much of the force out of the movement. But the movement is by no means over. Just stop in at any Wendigo sept from Michigan to Wyoming and say the name Leonard Peltier. You'll have to wipe the froth off your face before they're done chewing your ear. No, the movement is far from over and the quiet of late has come to bother some of the more moderate voices of our tribe at that. Some are afraid the lull is evidence of something afoot.

### The Pacific Northwest

*Eddie Broadback, Galliard of the Sept of the Standing Trees speaks:*

The rainforests of Washington and Oregon are as thick with Wendigo as anywhere in the States. We've made some significant advances there in recent years as a result. The limitations set on development in Portland, the protection of vital habitats (if you haven't heard of spotted owls, I swear you must have grown up under a rock — or lupus, but really... nevermind), and the reintroduction of wolves into their natural habitat are just a few. We've had our setbacks, too. Don't get me started on that idiocy in Vancouver. Garou prophets and vampires. Great Gaia, I don't know who could have thought it was destined for anything but a bloodbath. We lost too many good warriors there just so some fucking Wyrmcomers could learn you never trust a talking cadaver.

Then there was the Ice King. I'm told he was some sort of demon trying to become a lord of Hell by killing off an entire line of Wendigo. Why us? Why not? I really have no idea. You're better off asking a Theurge 'why' questions. But this is what I hear: Long ago he was human. He got it into his idiot monkey head that it would be good to become a lord of Hell. He got in with the Wyrm and started killing off a family of Wendigo, but before he finished our ancestors got together and laid him out. Thing is, and I hate it when this happens — it happens all too often — he didn't die. He was bound or went to sleep or something. No one's really sure. Regardless — in the fall of 1996 the old bastard woke up and got it in his head that he'd like to finish what he started. So he started following his nose after the last of these Wendigo he'd been itching to kill. While he was sleeping, though, whatever it was that was keeping him under dosed him with a bundle of Wyld energies, too. Made him a total nutburger (like wanting to be a Lord of Hell is the career path of a sane man in the first place). What's more, he'd gone from mildly imposing French-Canadian fur-trapper to eighteen-foot-tall ice monstrosity.

So anyway, he marched south through the Umbra, dragging a blizzard of twisted wyldlings along after him and stirring up storms all along the way. We fielded our best packs and headed after him. He wound up at an old caern we'd sealed years and years before, but that had been opened back up again by a bunch of Wyrmcomers. There was a big fight (there always is). The Wyrmcomers were having their asses handed to them.

### Sept of the Mighty Waters

Broken Ice, lupus Ahroun, came late to the Change. He was nearly six years old when he discovered what he truly was in 1970 and had been alpha of his own back for almost five of them. By dint of a shrewd understanding of pack dynamics, powerful skills and battle, and an unwavering instinct for politics, he rose to the leadership of the sept, his rivals withered before the glory of his deeds. In 1975, in his first act as sept leader, he swore to put an end to shipping on the waters of Lake Superior. He and his sept summoned a great storm and sank a freighter carrying iron ore, dashing it, its crew and cargo to the bottom of the lake. Imagine Broken Ice's disappointment when it failed to inspire fear in the industry. Instead, some damned fool wrote a song about it and made heroes of the dead sailors.

Broken Ice was undeterred. He turned his hand instead to the miners, loggers, and hunters that ran thick as flies over the wilderness of the Upper Peninsula. Millions of dollars have been lost to the predations of his Garou, hundreds of people have died in accidents and animal attacks. Glory heaped upon him and his sept with every passing year, but the rumors say the failure of the *Edmund Fitzgerald* still eats at him.

Broken Ice is grown old now, and his scars weigh heavily on him and his great failure as well. A year ago I passed through their lands. He would not speak with me, but one of his sept told me he speaks often of the ship and of his legacy. Last I heard, the sept had cut all communications. I fear he may be plotting some great deed to end his life. I hope only that he doesn't take the rest of us down in the process.

Normally, we'd be glad to let them get iced, but this was above and beyond. When Gaia's on the line I don't care who is standing next to you, you fight. So we did. Or they did, I suppose. It was before my time, really. In the end, he vanished, the Wyrmcomers proved to be ingrates, as everyone expected, and we decided some of our folk ought to hang around that caern to make sure they didn't go mucking it up.

As for the Ice King, some say he went back to Hell. Some say the Wyld itself destroyed him. Some say he got a handle on whatever the Wyld did to him and disappeared into the Umbra to begin plotting some real mischief. I don't rightly know, but I'll tell you this: I don't know anyone who has seen his dead body, nor anyone who was there and could tell me he was well and truly destroyed. These things have a way of coming back. I wouldn't be surprised if this one showed up again for the big finale.

After those messes, nobody had much stomach for big-time political wrestling and much as it galls me to say it, I think we might be getting somewhere as a result. There are more mixed-tribe packs on the West coast than anywhere else I've been. I'd even go so far as to say relations were damn near friendly in a few places where we share space with the Wyrmcomers. Oh, sure, there are tensions. Always are when Garou get together, no matter what the tribe. But it's nothing like you'd see in some other places I've been. Almost pleasant. Clearly the Apocalypse is close at hand.

### *East Coast*

We don't have a lot to do with the lands east of the Great Lakes. The Croatan traditionally held the majority of the coastal territories under their protection. And obviously, the East Coast was the first beachhead for the Wyrmbringers' invasion. Still, we do maintain a handful of caerns near the reservations where our Kinfolk live. As the scabs have spread, though, our numbers have dwindled. I can think of three septs that remain worth mentioning: The Sept of the Broken Waves, The Deep Snow Sept, and the Sept of Seven Trees. At most, they can count a few dozen Wendigo between them. But they persist — holding their protectorates against daily sorties from the Scar — vampires, Banes, Black Spiral Dancers. Everything that finds shelter in the corrupted environs of Urban Sprawl eventually spins its way out to assault our brothers.

Turns out, they've become some of the most practical Wendigo around, too. A lot of the hardliners won't even go out there nowadays 'cause of all the Wyrmcomers coming and going from our caerns. It's a matter of survival for our eastern brothers. Any port in a storm, any ally when the enemy's at the door.

### *Elsewhere*

We don't go far south of the northernmost row of states in any numbers, but there are a few roaming packs of note and a caern down in New Mexico I ought to mention, too.

For starters: The Sept of the Painted Sands. It's our southernmost caern and it's about as small as a sept gets. There

are a handful of Wendigo there keeping the place and keeping everyone else out, and I do mean everyone. Weird rumors come out of the place, I think there's some weird political struggle going on but I couldn't tell you what it was about. I have heard that some of the Elders have been talking about doing something about it. My guess is if the place was anything but a piddly little caern, they would have sent a couple packs in there already to sort the whole thing out. What I can't figure out, though, is why Wendigo would bother with a place so far south unless it had something serious going on. Take my advice, if you find yourself crossing into their bawn by mistake, cross back out in a hurry or get ready show your belly. The sort of Wendigo that'll be coming out to greet you aren't going to care if you're cousins from way back.

At any one time there are dozens of packs running around without any particular sept to call home. Most of them are fresh past their Rites of Passage looking to make a name or carve a place for themselves. They form, run and break up with the turning of the seasons. There are some, though, that make a go of it. The Nightrunners have been at it longest and they look it. They're some spooky sons-o'-bitches. Sin-eaters all. They've made a life of traveling to the sites where our ancestors died horribly and putting the ghosts of our dear departed Kin to rest. If you haven't met one, let me tell you — a Theurge that performs the Rite of the Sin-eater just once is weird enough. Your own Theurge might be able to tell you better, but they seem to take on little bits of the ghosts' behaviors and repeat them obsessively. Imagine a Theurge that's done it hundreds of times. They do good work. My uncle told me they came and worked the ritual for my great grandfather — he died at the Knee — and the old wolf went on to the Homeland. I guess somebody needs to do it. I'm just glad it isn't me.

The Buffalo Hunters work the other end of the rope. There isn't a pack out there that's better at tracking down First Changers and covering up the blood that almost always comes out of a cub's first shapechanging experience. I've heard rumors that their alpha, Joe Bigtoe, is looking for some sort of messiah come to save the Wendigo and push the whites back across the sea, but stories like that are a dime a dozen. I wouldn't put much stock in it if I were you.

And then there are the Icecutters. A meaner, more foul-tempered and violent bunch of werewolves you won't find outside of a Get moot. The only thing they enjoy more than showing up at a Wyrmcomer caern and picking a fight with anybody that can stand is diving headfirst into a nest of Wyrmspawn and killing until the cows come home. They're an ugly, evil, bloodthirsty bunch of wolves. I'm glad they're on our side.

## Canada

The greatest numbers of our tribe live in Canada. Here the First People find greater respect, though surely not what the least of us deserves, from the whites. Life is easier here as well — the Wyrmbringers live almost entirely on the southern borders. They are not fit to live in the north, but we and our Kin thrive.

### Fuck Tonto

The whites weigh us down with more stereotypes than there are birds in the sky. Drunken, stupid, ignorant and dirty are some of the easiest. Superstitious and primitive are right up there, too. Others you might not think are so bad lay even more heavily on our shoulders, pressing our feet into the clay that's taken the white man's soul away — noble, loyal, brave. What's wrong with being noble or loyal or brave, you ask? No no. You don't have to ask, really. It was a rhetorical question.

The problem with being labeled noble or loyal or brave is that when the Wyrmbringers say those things about one of their own, it means something entirely different from when they say it about one of us. When they say an Indian is noble or loyal or brave there's always this undertone of surprise. What they're really saying is "I never would have guessed an Indian could be so noble," or "I had a dog once that was loyal like that."

How many times have you seen a movie where the Indian is the hero and the white guy is his loyal/noble/brave companion? If you can name even one, I'll bet it was made by an Indian. *Dances with Wolves? Last of the Mohicans?* Two big 'Indian' movies and who's the hero? Goddamned white guy. Takes a white guy living our way to make it really work. The Wyrmbringers are so proud of us, as long as we're being noble, loyal and brave in the service of one of them. *The Outlaw Josey Wales* — Clint Eastwood saves some Indians and kills a bunch of Union Army scum. *McClintock* — John Wayne stands up for a bunch of Indians (their chief's crazy drunk every time you see him) and gets laughs by beating his wife with an iron shovel. The list is almost as long as the history of American film. Find a movie with an Indian in it and I'd bet you my best knife there's a white guy doing the Indian bit just as well somewhere in there.

Paranoid? Bullshit. You can smell Wyrm on them. Even those hippy idiots that dress up in beads and feathers and beat the hell out of their imitation deerskin spirit drums. Hell, *especially* them. You don't talk to the spirits in the living room of your five bedroom colonial with the two-car garage and the matching black and white Broncos. Get one of these suburban-Sioux out for a real *inipi* and he'll be looking for his white towel and bottled water inside an hour. One of these admiring whites tells you how inspired she was by *Thunderheart*, tell her to shove it up her ass sideways because you left your noble hat back at the goddamned tipi.

We have the run of the land apart from the few cities that dot the region. This is not to say we enjoy some northern werewolf utopia. We aren't alone in the woods by any means. The logging, chemical and mining companies maintain significant interests in the northern lands, and they defend their enclaves with a ferocity unmatched further south among more *civilized* environs. The same scarcity

of mortal law enforcement that grants us remarkable latitude in pursuing our agendas extends even further for our enemies. They are extensions of the will of the cities, and so bear a distinct advantage when the authorities do show up.

There are problems that come with the fortunes we find in Canada — the relatively good relations our Kin keep with the whites lull them into a false sense of belonging. They are more accepted in white society here, and they begin to lose the old ways so that they might fit in better. They are enticed to white ways by promises of wealth and comfort. Many of our Kin have thrown in their lot with the logging companies, or the oil companies. High pay and job security are weapons of the Wyrm as surely as toxic chemicals and power saws, and more dangerous for their insidious nature. Our people suffer in poverty; must our land suffer in their place for them to rise out of it?

## South America

Haven't we troubles enough at home? The Wendigo were never meant for the jungle. For Gaia's sake, the patron of our tribe is the spirit of the winter wind. What place has Great Wendigo in the steaming jungles of the Amazon basin? No, our place is here, in the north among the ice and snow protecting the blessed tundra from the predations of miners, oilmen and far worse. Why go looking for the Wyrm when it lies coiled just outside your door? We learned a harsh lesson when we moved to fill the gap left when Middle Brother left us. We reached beyond what wisdom would dictate with only the best of intentions and have suffered the loss of our ancestral lands and millions of our brothers and sisters in return. We must not make that mistake again.

But as truly as we are the children of Wendigo, we are Garou as well. We have a duty to protect Gaia, and right now, Gaia bleeds from deep wounds to the south. Some of our people do go south, against better council. We do not forbid them. It is not our way. They go, and many die, but some do not and return draped in glory and honor. Some also stay — The White Knife pack has made its home there for the past three years. Led by their alpha, an Ahroun called Icebiter, they have counted much coup against the forces of the Wyrm, and Wolverine, their totem, has grown strong with the blood of their enemies.

Some of our number join other packs, as well. Some find a place with Elder Brother, who has taken mates from among the Kin that live in the jungle. Others, brave or foolish souls, take up with packs of Wyrmcomers. These matches are rarely

## Nunavut

In 1999 the Canadian government, in the culmination of thirty years of negotiations with its native peoples, ceded control of portions of the Northwest Territories to the Inuit people. This grant permitted the founding of the territory of Nunavut, a territory comprising fully one-fifth of Canada's land area and with a government elected by and comprised of the Inuit people. In the years following the founding of the territory, the government has established all the trappings of a modern democratic state including an educational system and Departments of Public Works and Development. Nunavut has given the Inuit people a voice in the affairs of a North American nation.

The Wendigo are divided on the matter. Those that support the fledgling government point to the acknowledgement of native claims; to the acceptance of native self-rule; and the unprecedented opportunity for the preservation of native values inherent in a government of, for and by native peoples.

Nunavut's detractors say the government is a white man's sham, a farce. That the government of Nunavut is a puppet show of Indians in whiteface playing European. They say that those in power claim Nunavut is an unprecedented opportunity to preserve the traditions and values of our people, and yet the government has forsaken those very things by selling the right to rape the lands of their fathers and grandfathers — all in the name of political necessity. That in striving to prove that natives can govern as well as whites, the people of Nunavut have and will commit every sin against Gaia that the Wyrmbringers did, and worse.

Can our people have a place of their own, where our Kin may live without the burdens of poverty, joblessness, and despair that weigh so heavily on their shoulders elsewhere? Can our people live as well as the whites, and keep the traditions of our people alive?

The jury is still out, but one thing is for sure — things are changing.

**Horace Shares-The-Bone, Galliard of the Sacred Hoop:**

*We have a place, now. A foothold. A beachhead. My cousin stands in parliament and speaks our cause before the people of Canada. Nunavut is not yet fully formed! It is growing by leaps and bounds. Our people — our Kin — have a home. A home with schools, and roads, and hospitals. Today, we have reclaimed a great piece of what was lost. Tomorrow? Who can say? Our angry brothers say we have lost the war and have become our conquerors. I say we have won a great battle and taken a crucial step on the road to peaceful victory!*

**Winter's Teeth, Ahroun:**

*The Wyrmbringers give you their leavings and you call it a feast. You wear suits and make speeches and you think you have saved our people? The whites tell you 'You have won' and you believe them! Fool — you rule at their pleasure. You say 'We will build roads!' and 'We will create jobs!' and what you mean is 'We will become white like the invaders!'. It is not our land it is our land, so long as we use it as the whites demand. Dammit! It was never our land in the first place, much less any of that other nonsense. May the ice crack beneath you and drown your precious Nunavut in the sea. I will have none of it.*

long-lived, but are occasionally fruitful. Invariably, those that make the long trek to the battlegrounds of South America gain a great deal of glory. If nothing else, we take pride in the nobility of their sacrifice, though most would prefer to have live warriors here at home than dead heroes half a world away.

## Siberia

The tale of Siberia is a hard one, but not without its own glory. Long ago, we crossed the great bridge between this continent and that. Some say we came from Asia and went back there, some say we always lived here and were newcomers among the Yakut and the Chukchi who became our Kin. It matters very little which is true. For centuries we lived and prospered in the wilds of Siberia, until this last century. The Wyrm had great allies in the Soviets and sent hunters east with silver bullets in their rifles. Our people died, but we learned as well.

All that remains of the Wendigo there is a single, hidden caern, but the sept that keeps it is as hard as stone. Together, they weathered the terrible darkness that stretched across that land, even striking back against the Wyrm-creatures that dared threaten their territory with such ferocity as is rarely found among the most valiant Garou.

In the depths of the dark years, the Wyrmcomers came to our brothers in Siberia and asked their aid. Dutifully, the Wendigo gave their harried cousins shelter. We warmed with hope, that the Wyrmcomers would see the errors of their ways, but no sooner than the evil was defeated and the terrible cloud lifted from the land, than the Wyrmcomers went back to their old ways, worse even than before. Though our brothers and sisters were not surprised, they were greatly disappointed.

# The People

## Auspices

I have said it before, but it bears repeating. We are a people at war. You say the Apocalypse is coming. I say it is here and we fight it every day. The Wyrm's most potent weapon is deception. The Wyrmcomers believe they can still stave off the War of Ending, and this is the first victory for the Wyrm. When they realize the truth it will be too late. We will be dead and the Wyrm will smile and call them his children. We are at war for the fate of the entire world, and we are alone.

But there is more to war than fighting, and so Luna has shaped us according to her plan and granted us gifts that we

### The Sept of the Siberian Wilds and the Siberakh

The Baba Yaga discovered what we have always known — though we are not many, none may match our strength and tenacity. A single, lone sept of Wendigo stands in the lands of Siberia: The Sept of the Siberian Wilds. Twice, the Hag of Russia mounted attacks against it, thinking them vulnerable. Twice the Wendigo taught her better. When Baba Yaga woke and looked upon our people in Asia, she saw only how few and how isolated we were. What she did not see was the crucible that had driven all weakness from them as she slept. For ages the Sept of the Siberian Wilds withstood the assaults of countless of the Wyrm's brood — great storms of Wyrmspawn that spun out every few years from hidden nests and pits in China and Mongolia. Survival in such a place necessitated the purging of weakness, and the cultivation of not only strength and courage, but of cunning and wisdom as well. None had ever fought against her with so pure a blending of power and guile.

So, when she came against us, she found an enemy that went against everything she knew of Garou — we did not waste ourselves in battles we could not win. Nor did we fall to fighting amongst ourselves when battle came to us. We fought with our teeth and claws and our wits as well. We struck when she did not think we could. When she struck, we were not there. As her hand reached for our throats our claws were already opening her belly. In the end, it was as it could only be — we survived as we always had, and she was destroyed.

Those victories were not won without great cost. We were never many in number, and now we are even fewer. The nests of Wyrmlings that have ever been our enemies rise again and we struggle to field enough Garou to meet them. Much of the land once claimed under the sept's protection has been lost for lack of Wendigo to keep it.

Blood-on-the-Wind, once the leader of the sept and as mighty a warrior as the Wendigo have ever bred, was slain while traveling to meet with the representatives of the other tribes. Sakha Silver-Water, Blood-on-the-Wind's successor to the leadership of the sept, strove at first to build upon the new understanding that came after the defeat of the Baba Yaga and sought out closer contact with our cousins among the Garou, but strange tales came to us of the old alpha's death. Many felt that those with whom he'd gone to speak had killed him. Others, that Wendigo himself killed him for treating with enemies. Regardless of the tale one chooses to believe, Sakha Silver-Water has seen the wisdom of the old ways. We keep to ourselves now as we did for so long before. We gave succor to the Europeans once, in hopes that they had changed their ways. They have not, and we will not offer them the chance again.

One good thing has come of the Terror — the Siberakh have come to dwell among us. They too suffered a great many deaths at the hands of Baba Yaga's armies. The Europeans gave no thought to the Siberakh — they were too busy weeping for their lost caerns. We took them in and gave them a home among us. Most do not stay for long, but return here from their wanderings. We have much in common. Perhaps, in time, they will come to Wendigo and he to them. I, for one, would welcome them.

might serve our people's needs as befits our nature. Gaia has made each of us a beast of war, carved of blood and bone so sharp we might pierce the very scales of the Wyrm. Luna has made us more than simple warriors, that we might thwart the wiles of the Wyrm with cunning and wisdom. That we might root out its minions with keen insight and remember its tricks in the tales of our heroes. And she has given us a mighty fury that the Wyrm itself might recognize in us its own destroyer and know fear. So we are made, that we might meet the Wyrm on every field.

### Ragabash

There is little to laugh about in these dark days, but the Ragabash somehow find a way. Their tricks bear the mark of our dire times, though. More often than not the pranks of our Ragabash end up with someone dead. Fortunately, there are more than enough Wyrmbringers to draw their fire. We rarely need to worry about finding our graves as the butt of a joke. But tricks are not all *our* Ragabash are good for. As potent as the Ahroun are in open combat, our No-Moons are just as deadly when they stalk their prey. With an Ahroun you might at least count on some warning, if only a moment's worth. Should our Ragabash mark you for death, you will not know it until a heartbeat after her knife has pierced your heart.

### Theurge

Only Uktena knows the spirits of the Pure Lands better than we, and they have given their souls for that knowledge. Even they have no tongues for the spirits of the unbroken ice. The winter is our weapon. We know the names of the ice and snow. When we call the storm comes. Mighty things walk the wilds of the frozen north; things bound to our people by ancient pacts. They are potent allies and fearsome to our foes. The Yeti, the Hoary Bear, the Thing Beneath the Ice. They are cousins to our totem, friends to our people, death to all that name us enemy. Our Theurges know the songs to call them, to wake their rage and guide them to our foes. The Killing Rime, the Burning Ice and countless others are ours for the calling. Our foes fear to sleep in our lands. They know the very land rises against them at our call.

There are other things beneath the Pure Lands as well, and we know their names too: the Thousand Mouths of Famine, the Blunt Man, the Hanging Dog. Each lies bound in a magic grave, and Elder Brother watches over them. We watch over Elder Brother lest his curiosity lead him to wake our doom.

### Philodox

In these times, confined as we are in close quarters with enemies on every side, it would be all too easy to turn on each other in blind rage and weaken ourselves arguing over scraps of meat. The Philodox keeps our eyes on our enemies. The Philodox keeps the heart of the Litany, the body of our laws. Theirs is a heavy burden. Our treacherous cousins spit upon the Litany as it pleases them and yet we adhere to the letter of it for that is the way of honor. Can the Half-Moons be blamed if the injustice of the last five centuries drives them to greater leniency in matters of trivial transgression?

We trust the judgment of our Philodox, and they do not fail us. We have spent centuries cleansing our ranks of the stain of cannibalism. Who better to judge which eater of men or wolves can be reformed and which is irredeemable? The same goes for the killing of Wyrmcomers. Murder must not be countenanced, but if one of our own misjudges the fragility of one of the whites and kills them, what is that in the face of the many thousands of men women and children slain over the past five centuries? We are not soft, but neither are we needlessly harsh. Punishment and retribution are meted out as circumstances merit. Can the Wyrmcomers make that same claim? I think not.

### Galliard

They are our memory. If not for the Galliards the Song of Lends-His-Breath would be lost. The Tale of Stone Water would be forgotten. If not for them we would not know how Rabbit lost his tail. They hold our history, our wisdom, and our lore. Without them we are cut loose to drift on the winds of time without any root to bind us to our purpose. They are the warriors that defend our culture from the relentless juggernaut of white banality. Guardians of our history aside, the Galliards wield some of our most potent weapons as well. There are languages, ancient tongues that only live in a handful of our singers. They guard these words as they do their very hearts for they are the keys to the most potent spirits of the farthest north. There are admonitions that can break the very ice of the poles, but only if spoken in the proper tongue. There are words that break the spine of a great bear and songs that summon beasts out of time, but they are known only to those that speak the language of the

### An Ahroun By Any Other Name...

The Wendigo are one people, but the indigenous people from whom our Kinfolk come are many and varied as the leaves on the wind. From Shoshone to Lakota, Tlingit to Coeur D'Alene we are many people with many languages and many ways. Though when we receive the Change we are made one people with the Wendigo, we carry with us into our tribe the ways of our Kinfolk as well for they should be honored and not forgotten. The Wendigo do not lean on any single tribe for auspice names. We use the true names from Gaia's tongue. I, who was born on the Badlands of the Dakotas to Miniconjou Sioux could not rightly claim the name of an Inuit warrior, could I? Nor could an Athabaskan Galliard relate the tales of the Shoshone, could she? No — and to attempt such would be an insult to those peoples. Wendigo is what we all share, and the Change, so out of respect we use those names that have been given to the things of our heritage by those who share it. Though some might call an Ahroun by another name, she is still an Ahroun and rather than slight one tribe to honor another, we call her so.

our ancient ancestors. We have lost many already to the whites and their English. I pray that we lose no more.

## Ahroun

Cold, merciless, unrelenting. As Great Wendigo is, so are we. The Ahroun are his treasured children, closest to him in their rage and their power. They are deadly, every one. The Hungry Wind teaches us 'Waste no breath or you will find yourself short when breath is most needed'. The Wendigo do not act frivolously. When they strike, it is to kill. When they speak, it is because their words are needed and each one important. This is our way and we are born to it. In battle, our Ahroun are cold, calculating, and ruthlessly efficient. No attack is made that does not draw blood. Our warriors do not waste their strength in vain displays. The dead that fall beneath their knives speak loudly enough of their strength and glory.

Still — gestures are a part of war. The cunning warrior attacks mind and body. Neither can act without the other. Kill an enemy's courage and the death of his body is a forgone conclusion. Our Ahroun learned this lesson long ago and have many ways of stripping away the strength of their enemy's spirit before ever attacking his flesh. Counting Coup, the Death of Many Needles, the Bitter Song. Each strikes at the heart of an enemy not through his flesh, but through his mind. Counting Coup — striking at the enemy and deliberately doing no harm — shows the foe his efforts are contemptible, his struggles futile. His life, and death, is ours to choose. When an Ahroun metes out the Death of Many Needles she strikes shallowly and retreats again and again until the enemy bleeds from a hundred wounds. In the end, when the needle pierces his heart, the enemy has already died and only his flesh remains to be ended. The Bitter Song is as potent as any spear, and yet no blow is ever struck. The Ahroun merely speaks, cutting at the enemy with the icy blade of his scorn. Most lose their water long before the warrior describes their imminent death, and then it's all over but the bleeding. These are but a few of the weapons a Wendigo Ahroun wields in battle. Our weapons are as many as the fish in the sea. The Wyrmcomers make war on the bodies of their enemies. We make war on their souls. In this way we have always been the stronger.

## Breeds

Our numbers are much diminished from what they were before the Wyrmcomers set foot on our shores, but we are strong yet — strong enough. Still, every Wendigo is precious for the lack of others. We strive to keep our blood pure, in honor of fallen Middle Brother, and out of respect for our ancestors. Though it be difficult, we must take care in choosing our mates or dilute our strength with the weakness of our enemies.

## Homid

Though it stirs my rage to say it, it's not difficult to find our homid Kinfolk. Look on any map of North America for

the word 'Reservation' and chances are good you'll find Wendigo blood in that place. Many know you for what you are, others though, do not. Speak first with the elders of that place before seeking a mate. They know and can point you to others that will lend their blood to yours and make for us strong warriors.

But also keep in mind: What is easy for us is easier still for the Wyrm. Living on the reservation makes easy targets of our Kin. Alcohol and drugs are a disease among our people, and those that seek to exploit their 'special status' by building casinos on tribal land plunder their spirits in the name of financial gain. So be vigilant and cautious in your choice of breeding partners if you seek among the reservations. The blood of Wendigo must be nurtured properly lest it wither and die for lack of proper care.

### Lupus

Once wolves roamed the entire western hemisphere. Once our Kin were but a howl away. Now, we must compete with the Red Talons for breeding rights. We have compassion for the Talons, but we require mates just as much as they do. We're better off than Uktena — those wolves that survived the Wyrmcomers' purges generally did so by moving north, but we are still in no great shape. The Americans in Alaska still hold state-sanctioned hunts, white ranchers kill our Kin from Alberta to Kansas with only a nudge and a wink from the authorities that are 'protecting' the species.

So, if you've the opportunity to mate with a wolf, take it. But be careful — don't horn in on any amorous Red Talons. If you do get in that kind of dispute, call in a Half-Moon as soon as possible. The Talons have long memories and have been known to nurse grudges for generations.

### Metis

Garou shall not mate with Garou. That's what the law says. Truth is, it happens sometimes. We deal with those that break the Litany as befits their crime. The law says little about what to do with the progeny of such a forbidden union. There is one tenet that is relevant to the malformed metis: Do not suffer thy people to tend thy sickness. If the creature is capable of survival on its own, so much the better for everyone. If not — so much the better for everyone if they don't. Occasionally the Children of Gaia shelter the weaker metis. Unwise of them say I, but it is not given to me to meddle in their affairs. Those that prove themselves of use to the tribe prosper as they may. They are given no more favor than any other Wendigo, nor less. All metis must prove themselves worthy of respect. All metis must bear the burden of their heritage, for good or ill. In the end, we need every warrior we can get — if it's not a liability, it's an asset. I ask you this: if the Apocalypse comes tomorrow, what does it matter that the warrior we have today can't breed? None — it's as simple as that.

### Camps

The Wendigo are few in number and their people tightly knit. They could not survive the political rifts in which some

#### Miscegenation

It's a dirty word, I know. But then again — it's a dirty world out there and there are certain realities we have to face. The coming of the Europeans was the death knell for millions of our people. Where once there lived ten million or more, from Tlingit to Maya, Salish to Seneca, now there are but a fraction remaining. We are the Pure Ones. We take pride in the fact that our lineage can be traced thousands of years through hundreds of grandmothers. But it gets harder and harder every year to keep our blood free of the blood of our enemies.

What's more, we're not the only ones that discriminate. We have our totem to think of as well. Wendigo knows his own. There is no guessing who will be adopted by our patron, no formula for who is acceptable and who is not, but we believe that he prefers indigenous blood to white. Those that do not meet his standards are not taken into our tribe. It's as simple as that.

There are few of us now that know how important it is to keep our blood from mixing with the Wyrmbringers. Most new Wendigo are born to Kinfolk parents, many of whom have fallen away from the old ways and out of touch with their heritage. Some go willingly, willfully even, seeking out the Europeans for their lifestyle — seduced by their easy comfort and the enticement of cheap, tawdry pleasures. They marry outside the tribe out of ignorance or rebellion, and yet they still carry the blood of Wendigo in their veins. In these days, can we refuse a child that comes to his blood by just one parent? What about those whose grandparents fell away from our ways so long ago? Hardly, I say. We need every hand these days, and that's the hard truth.

Honestly — it's not about the blood. We don't deal in halves, and quarters and eighths, nor does Great Wendigo himself. That's a white man's game. What matters is your life. Are you following the ways of Gaia? Holding to our values? There are plenty of Indians out there these days that are only red on the outside. Inside they're as white as snow. And there's Indians I know look just like white folks, but live as red as blood. Chances are if you're living the way of Gaia, your parents or your grandparents are teaching you. You fall further from the tree than that and get the Change, somebody else is going to claim you anyways. Keep it to yourself though — there's plenty of elders that'll take your ears off if they hear you talking about it. And come to think of it — try to keep your pants on around those eager white folk. We don't need to deny the problem, but there's no call to contribute to it, either.

other tribes indulge or they would weaken to the point of collapse. And yet the Wendigo are part human, and anywhere a human goes, politics cannot be far behind. The camps among the Wendigo are few in number and small in membership, but they do exist and they do exert some influence on the tribe. Not a one, though, may lay claim to the right to speak for the Wendigo as a whole. For all that we are few, we are diverse as well. Lupus and homid, Lakota and Cheyenne. There will never be a day when we agree on everything.

## The Warpath

From the day the first of the Wyrmbringers set foot on North American soil there have been Pure Ones that sought to drive them back over the sea by force. For five hundred years they have preached war and for five hundred years they have carried it out in large ways and in small ways. Just as Luna waxes and wanes with the passing nights, so too does the influence of the Warpath. They flourished in the 1800s as Red Cloud and Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull led our Kinfolk against the whites; so did Big Thunder and Looksfar lead the Wendigo.

The Warpath has seen a renewed dedication to the cause in recent years as the young grow tired of the 'show' Indians that put on paint for the white folks and dance pretty at "authentic" powwows. The Warpath gives them direction, purpose. The Warpath gives them a target for their rage. When the Wendigo fight the Wyrmcomers, chances are good one of the Warpath is involved.

If "Wooden Indians" (the Warpath's name for those Kinfolk that look for acceptance from whites) rub the Warpath the wrong way, "White Indians" — those that seek *integration* with whites — give the Garou of the Warpath apoplectic fits. There can be no accommodation for the Warpath. Tribal casinos and tourist shows are considered some of the direst insults to their pride, doubly so that they come from people of their own blood. Though they have not yet fallen so low as to attack their own Kin, tempers grow shorter by the year and the Wendigo have no shortage of rage.

**Walking Bird speaks for the Warpath:**

*We are a people at war. We live in enemy territory. Every day our conquerors come to the lands they have fenced in for us, their reservations, and take pictures of us and speak of us with pity and contempt for they think we do not know we are conquered. I say they do not know we are freer than they could ever hope to be, but they will. One day, one day soon they will know and they will weep for their children as we push them back into the sea.*

## The Secret Hoop

These are dire times, and dire times call for dire measures. You seem solid enough. Still — don't breathe a word of this to anyone — not your packmates, not your grandma, not anyone. Understand?

We could do it. We could drive the whites from the Americas. I know because I've heard them plan it. Yeah, plan it. You kidding me? We're at war here. Have been for five hundred years. Do you honestly think in all that time we haven't thought about just how, exactly, we could go about getting the Wyrmbringers out of the Pure Lands? The Warpath has a plan — a dozen of them, in fact. Maybe more. Same with the Ghost Dance. They have the means. They have the will. All that keeps them from it is a lack of consensus... and us.

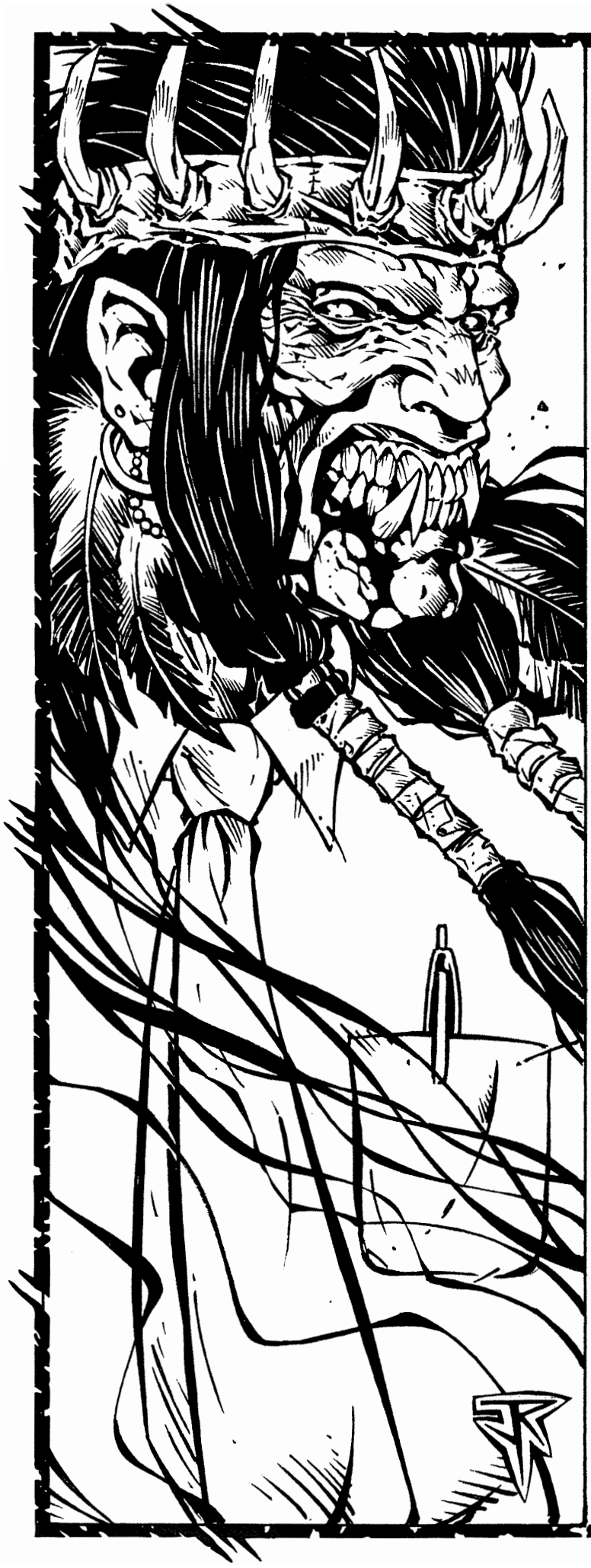
Yeah that's right — I said 'us'. Just follow me here. What happens if we find a way to kill every white man, woman and child west of the Atlantic? Say, a bunch of the Warpath goes and gets themselves a nuclear silo or three and launches missiles at Washington, New York, and Los Angeles? Who would be with us? The Talons. Probably Uktena though they'd hem and haw about it. Maybe we could get the Furies, too. At best that makes four tribes against the combined strength of the other eight, and make no mistake they would gladly put aside their differences to eradicate us then. It would be all-out war and the Wyrm would waste no time taking advantage of our distraction. Congratulations on reclaiming the Pure Lands, here's your Apocalypse, hope you like it.

The Ghost Dance and the Warpath have been arguing since they began. They argue still, but it's not because they disagree — they argue because that's what they've always done. If they ever sat down and talked it out, they'd figure out they're not that far from each other. Then it'd all be over but the killing.

So we keep them arguing, we don't let them talk. Every one of us holds a dozen strings, each string pinned to a different Wendigo. Any time one of the Warpath gets too close with a member of the Ghost Dance, we give a little tug — a whispered word, a well-placed rumor, whatever it takes to keep them from getting cozy.

We've been doing this for a very long time. Too long, some say. We got so good at it we damn near blew it straight to hell a few years ago. We got cocky and started preaching inclusion with the thought that we'd drawn our Kin's minds far enough from their thoughts of initiating Apocalypse that we could start working on getting them thinking about something else entirely. We were wrong. Instead of showing them what was wrong with their way of thinking, we just pissed them off and damn near gave them cause to unite — this time against us.

So we've backed off, quieted down. We went back to playing the secret game with our brothers, but it may have been too late. We're getting old, and our numbers dwindle every day. It gets harder and harder to find new Garou to hold the strings. Very soon now, unless a miracle happens, there won't be enough to keep the war from starting. Gaia help us all if that happens, because I don't know that we'll be able to help ourselves.



## The Sacred Hoop

The Hoop has been a potent force among the tribe since the late Sixties when they vied with the Warpath for leadership. The fight was never won, nor lost. It never is, but the Hoop did not suffer quite so harshly as their war-hungry kin. Their message of inclusion, education, and reverence for all spirits white or red reached some few Wyrmbringers that sought to fill their empty hearts. They held powwows and drumming circles. They wrote books on shamanism and Indian medicine. The Hoop rode the wave of New Age fascination with the 'primitive' and the fleeting phenomenon of white guilt into a strange and unfamiliar (though occasionally profitable) ascendance.

This fascination waned with the 1990s as many of the younger generation looked on their elders with contempt. They sneered as their elders danced for white tour groups and taught the Wyrmbringers a thin and starveling version of Native spirituality. But the Hoop goes on. Their membership has grown older, their numbers fewer, but they are all the more dedicated to inclusion and acceptance of all cultures for being the rarer. They are a quiet breed, but everybody knows one.

The founding of Nunavut has given the camp a surge of energy in a time when they were largely drifting on the momentum of the previous decades. Though the Ghost Dance can claim the first share of glory for establishing the native state, the Hoop have been its champions ever since. All the more reason for the Warpath to deride the fledgling government.

**Thomas Opens the Way speaks for the Sacred Hoop:**

*Gaia has made all peoples, red and white, black and yellow. Each has strengths. Each can learn from the other. There is a greater enemy than the whites and it threatens us all. Only together can we hope to face the Apocalypse and emerge victorious, Division is the Wyrm's tool. We must unite. Teach the other tribes to live with their Kin as we do, teach their Kin to live with the land as we do. In this way we will strike at the Wyrm and conquer it.*

## The Ghost Dance

The Dance traces its roots to the Kinfolk movement started by a Paiute holy man named Wovoka. Wovoka taught that by living rightly and dancing the Ghost Dance, the Indian peoples would bring about a new world. The Indian dead would come back to life and bring with them the old ways and the buffalo, and the white people would be destroyed. Many Indians came to follow Wovoka's teachings from the southwest tribes up through to the Plains Indians, including Sitting Bull of the Hunkpapas himself. But for all their dancing, the world was not made again, and in December of 1890, the dream of the Ghost Dance among our Kin died with three hundred and fifty men, women and children under the guns of the U.S. Army at Wounded Knee.

The Wendigo did not forget the dream, though. Together with some few Uktena, the Ghost Dance was born anew among the Garou peoples. Throughout the last century, the Garou of the Ghost Dance have worked to preserve the ways of our people and to strengthen the spirits of our Kinfolk. It is their hope that

one day the dance will succeed and the world will be returned to the wonder of the days before the whites came to our shores.

Until recently the Ghost Dance consisted entirely of traditionalists, perpetuating the dogma of the previous generation and carrying it unsullied into the future. The 1980s saw all that change. In those days, a great prophet called White Bull, son of Kicking Bull, a disciple of Wovoka himself, led the Ghost Dance. In the summer of 1982 he had a vision and traveled to South Dakota in search of a savior that he said would at last realize Wovoka's dream and drive the whites from the Pure Lands. He led the youths of the reservation in the Sun Dance in hopes of revealing the savior. The rumors of what happened are as numerous as the stars in the sky, but one thing is certain. When the ceremony was finished, White Bull was dead and the supposed savior had cut his hair and gone away to white man's school. Many of the elders mourned the death of their leader and the betrayal of one of their own. The Ghost Dance was in disarray for several years as the elders struggled amongst themselves for leadership of the camp. Eventually, though, the savior White Bull came seeking became a man and returned to his people with a new way of fighting the whites. Many of the younger generations joined him and named him Wovoka reborn. The elders only shook their heads at the folly of youth, that they would follow an Indian so steeped in the white man's world. They were further galled that this savior was not even Garou, but Kinfolk. His followers paid them little heed. They had found a new vision and the elders could follow or be left behind.

A new style of Ghost Dancer arose — one that looked to remove the whites from Indian lands by more practical means — litigation and shrewd negotiation. No more deerskin ghost shirts, these dancers wore tailored suits and made their pleas not to the spirits, but to the courts. They take great pride in having secured the government of Nunavut a place at the Canadian parliamentary table. It, they say, is the first beachhead in the new war for North America. The older generation, unsurprisingly, has taken poorly to the younger Garou's interpretation of Wovoka's vision. Many have grown bitter at being laid aside. Up until now disagreements have been held in check, but there is a storm brewing — one that may well change the face of the camp forever.

**Gerald Singer speaks for the Ghost Dance:**

*For a hundred years you have danced and still the white man whittles away at the meager lands that remain to us. It is time for a new Ghost Dance. The whites did not conquer us with guns, they did it with laws. Knives do not change laws, only words well spoken and minds well trained. For too long we have clung to a past that cannot aid us. The time has come to fight for* now, *and I am the one that has the weapons we need.*

## The Litany

### Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

All you have to do is look on one of them to know that the metis are an affront to nature. They are twisted from the moment that they are conceived. Just as we keep our blood pure of the Wyrmcomers' taint, so we keep our ranks pure of the stink of the metis.

Still, mistakes happen from time to time. And in those very rare cases, we give the cursed progeny far more than any other tribe might. At the very least, a Wendigo metis certainly isn't going to be white. Our metis are kept well and given a place among our people, but they are not coddled. Wendigo is not a merciful spirit, nor are his people soft with indulgence. It is the fortunate creature that dies in Gaia's defense. Many of our metis find honor in this way despite the unfortunate circumstances of their birth and Wendigo is made stronger for it.

### Combat the Wyrm Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

None are stronger than Wendigo. None fiercer in defense of our Mother. We were made for this and we, of all tribes, know our purpose, our nature, and ourselves. How could we be lax in this, our duty, if all those things are true? We cannot. We are not. We will never be.

Be mindful as well — the Wyrm is everywhere. It is not hindered in the least by boundaries of law or tradition or blood. Just take a walk around the reservation some time — its touch is everywhere. It is our good fortune that or Kin are more resistant to its touch — a truer testament to the rightness of our ways there never was — but even so, the Wyrm does find its way in from time to time. It true as well that, because we lived so closely with our Kinfolk for so very long, and shared so many of our ways with them, they are more likely to submit and to benefit from the cleansing rituals our Theurges perform. If you come upon an Indian who has succumbed to the Wyrm and will not be cleansed, there is only one thing left to you. We do not kill our Kin needlessly, there are too few of us to let those that might be saved wither for lack of effort. But if they cannot or will not be saved, then death is all that is left to them. For most it is a mercy. For some — justice. Regardless, it is what we must do. If we cannot keep our own people free of the Wyrm's touch, then we do not deserve to live ourselves.

### Respect the Territory of Another

This is a joke. For thousands of years we held these lands. We prospered. Our Kin prospered. The land was not called Pure for nothing. Under our guardianship, the peoples of North America learned to live *with* the land. We learned from the mistakes of the Impergium and our peoples were the better for it. The land was better. Gaia grew and flourished, game was plentiful, the spirits of the land were thick as flies in summer. And then they came. The whites. *They* broke the Litany. *They* turned their backs on the traditions of our people, pushed us from our protectorates and plunged the Pure Lands into the waiting teeth of the Wyrm.

All of these lands are our territory. We will come and go as we please. If we give those that dwell on our lands notice of our passing, they should count themselves lucky. They are trespassers in our territory and deserve no more respect than the poaching coyote come to rob the wolf's den.

### Accept an Honorable Surrender

Our numbers are too few to waste the lives of strong warriors on petty disputes. There is no glory in painting your spear in the blood of a brother. With the foe standing outside our door there is no grievance so great Wendigo must kill itself to find satisfaction.

The Wyrmcomers, though, hold pride too close to their hearts and wisdom too far. Do not seek their death, but if they are so foolish as to think they can make false surrender, educate them. If it means they must die, then at least they can do so knowing they can be a lesson to the rest of their tribe.

### Submission to Those of Higher Station

This hardly needs to be said. It has been our way since Gaia turned us out on this land and gave to us our people. We have always listened to the counsels of our elders. Their wisdom guides us in all things. We are well acquainted with our strength, and in war we let our strongest lead. It is obvious to anyone who knows herself — this is as it should be.

### The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

The Wyrmcomers do not understand this law. They think that, because they are strongest, it is given to them to take as they will and leave those beneath them to fight for what scraps remain. So far have they fallen from the path of Earth. Yes, to the leader goes the first share — but not to hoard for himself. It is the duty of the leader to provide for his tribe. The wise leader sees that all are fed according to their needs. This is the right way, our way.

### Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

We do not eat of men. No Garou with an inch of sense would do so, but the Wyrmcomers point to Great Wendigo and say 'See — their own totem eats of human flesh! So must they!' It is a bogey tale born of fear. Fear of our strength. Fear of our spirit. Fear of the connection to the land they cannot break, though five hundred years they have tried. Their fear is rightly placed, but not because we indulge in the appetites of the Wyrm. Give them no fodder for their fairy tales. Make no meals of men.

### Respect Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

How else did we and our Kinfolk grow so close? We hold to the same traditions, call to the same spirits. We taught them to live with the land. We taught them to live rightly, to revere the Earth and Her spirits, great and small. It is our duty to protect those beneath us, even if we must protect them from themselves. What greater show of respect could there be?

### The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

The Kinfolk of the Wyrmcomers do not know them. They gibber and moan at the very sight of their Garou cousins. We always lived close to our Kin, and chose strong peoples from the start — strong in body and in mind. They fear us, as well they should, for Gaia has made us great and terrible to match our purpose; but our Kin (or those, at least, that have not given in to the ways of the whites) do not deny us when their fear has left them. In their hearts, they know, Great Wendigo looks after them and keeps from them a thing more terrible than any one of us.

### Wendigo and Cannibalism

Some make apologies for Great Wendigo. They mince words and work a white man's magic to make the totem of our tribe seem — friendlier. I'll do no such thing. Great Wendigo is as he is described. Terrible, cold, and more full of rage than the greatest of his children. The Wyrmcomers name him 'cannibal' because they fear the power he takes. They know there is power in their enemies and they fear it. Fear it so much that they point their fingers at those that do have courage enough to take it and say 'cannibal' and 'man-eater'. Once, before the Wyrm's reach grew so long, the greatest of us did as Great Wendigo and ate of the hearts of our enemies and they were made stronger. But the Wyrm is a wily bastard. It has poisoned the hearts of our enemies so that, even in death, their very blood would strike at us, turn in our bellies and thrust knives into our innards. Even so, there are those that know the ways of taking strength from our enemies and turning it against them.

We don't eat humans, not if we can help it, for a number of reasons. First — we never did, not for food. Not even Great Wendigo himself sits down at table to a meal of manroast. He only eats the heart, we hardly need more. Second — they taste awful. Most of what the average human eats these days comes out of a laboratory instead of the field or farm. Even things that start out relatively wholesome are so ruthlessly *treated*: with radiation, chemical preservatives, flavorings and colorings, and dubious flavor *enhancements* there isn't enough of the original food to be identified with anything less powerful than a goddamned electron microscope. These things don't just go in and come out again. They hang around leaving the meat tainted with the taste of chemical Armageddon. Nutritionally speaking, human meat is worth shit. Less in fact. They're secondary consumers. Not even worth running down if there's anything else around to eat at all. Third, as I believe I've already mentioned, if humans get eaten anywhere near Wendigo territory, all the other tribes look at *us* first. As though the Bone Gnawers, Red Talons, and renegades of every tribe don't occasionally gnaw manflesh. We keep clean because we're the first to be accused. In any case, it's against the Litany. We all agreed long ago that man was off the menu, and the Wendigo at least have some inkling of how to keep our word.

### Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Wendigo teaches strength in all things. Strength in body, strength in spirit. Wendigo teaches us to rely on ourselves. To take from the tribe when one cannot give in return is not our way — it is the way of the Wyrmcomers and we will have none of it. The greatest of us go out on the ice, when it is time. And if he has lived rightly, Wendigo himself runs down from the sky to eat his heart and return the strength of his spirit to the people. Death is part of life. Only a fool or a white man would fight against Gaia's plan. It is not our way.

### The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

A leader that knows she must prove her strength is a leader that keeps herself strong, in all things. To do otherwise is foolishness. No one wolf knows every watering hole.

### The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

Idiocy and madness. Only the Wyrmcomers would turn their hatchets on their own when the Wyrm is at the door. We are made to fight for Gaia. All other disputes must fall aside when our duty, our sacred purpose, calls us to battle.

This is one of the Silver Fangs' favorite drums. They'll beat it all day long if you let them. They go on and on about the legacy of their line, the authority of their blood. Their blood isn't what's going to kill the fomor on my doorstep. The Wendigo need no kings — a king a thousand miles away doesn't know the land I run every day. He doesn't know the spirits that roam the Umbra of my home. Our leaders *lead* us. They don't sit on fancy chairs in fancy rooms whining because we won't heel at their call. The Fangs expect us to acknowledge their claims when they've made careers of ignoring ours. Where was the Litany when they were stealing our lands? Hypocrites — don't waste your breath arguing with them. They are not our leaders, we are. Challenging them is our duty. It is they who should be showing *us* their bellies.

### Ye Shall Take No Action That Causes a Caern to Be Violated

This is our greatest grievance against the Wyrmcomers. This is their greatest crime. Let all else fall by the wayside — the theft of our lands, the decimation of our Kinfolk, the insults made to our honor and our pride. That their coming has brought the desecration of countless numbers of Gaia's most sacred places is unforgivable. Some among them press for cooperation and offer recompense. *How?* I ask them. How can you make amends for the Caern of the Little Stone, paved under forty acres of parking lot? Or the Tall Water Caern, stripped away by white miners digging for tin. They cannot, and so we may never forgive them.

This is our greatest task and their most terrible sin. For the crimes we have suffered alone we would drive them into the sea. But those who would cause or permit the desecration of Gaia's holy places, we can offer nothing but cold, cold death.

## The Other Tribes

Long ago, before the land was broken, we lived among the other tribes as brothers and cousins. Those were the days of legends and heroes. But Gaia foresaw what we could not know — that the Wyrm had touched Her favored children and planted the seeds of rot and corruption deep in their hearts. She split the world, then, and chose three tribes to live apart from the others. We were given guardianship of the Pure Lands and charged with the task of cleansing it of the Wyrm. Gaia chose well. We did as She bade and for thousands of years we lived in harmony with all that dwelled among the Pure Lands. We forgot our cousins across the vast waters, but they did not forget us. The touch of the Wyrm festered in their hearts and they knew jealousy for the lives they guessed we lived. When they first came across the ocean we greeted them as kin once lost and found again. They came as conquerors, determined to carve recompense for the slight they thought was given them when Gaia chose us instead of them. Everyone knows what happened next. We learned quickly that the Wyrmcomers had lost what grace they had when last we'd known them and we have not forgotten to this day.

### Black Furies

They rob themselves of half their strength. No men? At all? Only a Wyrmcomer would come up with an idea like that. Madness. Still, they're better than most. They care better for our lands than any of the others. We have, on occasion, come to their aid and permitted them to assist us in our easier hunts, and there's something to be said for their hatred of the Get. Generally, you can trust them. But they're still not Wendigo. Their ways are not ours.

### Bone Gnawers

Pathetic, disgusting, and an utter embarrassment to our Breed. Their only saving grace is that they are what they are out of misfortune rather than intent. They and their Kin live in squalor and poverty by unspoken decree of the white majority. Our Kinfolk suffer under similar conditions. The reservations are, to use a white man's words, Third World nations nestled in the midst of the wealthiest country in the world. The difference is that we keep to our ways despite the evils visited upon us. The Rats just roll over and take it. They have let themselves become contemptible. Give them only what they deserve.

### Children of Gaia

They at least have stones enough to feel guilt for what was done to us. Some of our brothers got in thick with them in the Sixties. We can thank them for a thousand tourist traps selling 'authentic Indian beadwork and rugs' to yuppies in their SUVs. I'll give them this much: Their efforts have helped many of our Kin keep from starving to death for lack of cash. I'm not sure I like the price we paid for it, though. Casinos on every reservation, our Kin in gaudy costumes dancing for the pleasure of over-fed white people. I wonder sometimes if an honorable death might not be better.

### No Accounting For Taste

It seems in recent years other totems have moved in on Great Wendigo's people. Lately, there have been a number of Garou born to Kinfolk traditionally regarded as Wendigo. And yet, when these Garou get the First Change, they wind up in Rat's brood, or Pegasus's.

Wendigo himself doesn't seem particularly concerned. His tribe is another matter entirely. Reactions among Wendigo run the gamut from righteous outrage to complete apathy. Some among the Sacred Hoop even have the balls to point to these Garou and claim a bizarre sort of victory. Evidence, they say, that integration is all in Gaia's plan and that the whites are becoming red before our very eyes. Hogwash, I say. But then, what do I know?

Who exactly was the first Indigenous Shadow Lord? We may never know, but considering the state in which most of our Kinfolk live these days, I'm sure you'll have ample opportunity to meet more like him.

### Fianna

We hate them. They are a boil on the ass of the Pure Lands, and we are the knife to lance it. They come into our lands, corrupt our people with whiskey and disease, and make out like they've done us a favor! Arrogant, drunken fools. Theirs must be a hard lesson. Take every opportunity to collect the debt of blood they owe us. There should be lakes of it before we will be satisfied.

### Get of Fenris

These we hate most of all. They know only strength and have no use for wisdom. They are arrogant, stupid and brutal. They would kill their way through a dozen Garou if they thought precious glory lay on the other side. Warn them once, and only once. Then show them *our* strength.

### Glass Walkers

Traitors to their blood. They forsake everything Gaia has given them and consort with the Weaver — the enemy. Fortunately for them, our paths rarely cross. Ignore them. If you must speak with them, say no more than is necessary. They are worthy only of scorn; be certain they do not lack for it.

### Red Talons

We are brothers. We run the same woods, hunt the same caribou and know the same pains. Even as our people were hunted nearly to extinction, so are the Talons every day, even now. Since Uktena sullied their blood with that of the Wyrmcomers, the Talons have been our closest allies, but be mindful of their tempers. Their anger rivals that of Great Wendigo himself. They have our respect, and our concern as well. Their strength is great, but they sacrifice much of it by not breeding with humans. Such pride is a devious tool of the Wyrm. We are werewolves — both man AND wolf. Without the blood of men, the Talons will one day be wolves only and their strength will be lost to us. We hope that they will see this on their own, but it's not our business to tell them how to conduct their affairs.

### Shadow Lords

They're Wyrmcomers, what the hell more can you say? I'll give them this much: At least they're honest about being lying sons of bitches. The honesty, of course, ends right there because, well, they're lying sons of bitches. They've also got a good eye for strength, and a better one for weakness. Don't ever turn your back on them. Don't ever trust them, even when they tell you they're lying. They're almost as devious as the fucking Leeches.

### Silent Striders

Of all the tribes that came over the sea, only the Striders did not take our caerns for their own. Be careful, though. More often than not they bring bad news, and I wouldn't count on them to hang around to help deal with it. Some of them wear the stink of the grave about them, as well. Watch those closely.

### Silver Fangs

Once they were all that they claim to be — noble, strong, brave. They were the best of us and they led the Garou as they ought. But that was a very long time ago. When the world was split and the Pure Lands were separated from the Old World, things changed. The once-mighty Silver Fangs have grown old. Their fangs have dulled and their spirits have waned. Like a toothless old wolf demanding meat when he can't hunt for himself, they live on old glory. I have only one question for them: What have you done lately?

They've forgotten what they are. They point to their fathers and say 'Because he was chief, I should be too.' That is not our way. It is not the Garou way. And it sure as hell isn't the way of strength. They came to our caerns and drove

### A New Brotherhood

Once we were one of three — Little Brother to Croatan and Uktena. Croatan is dead, Uktena might as well be. There are some who point to the Red Talons and the Siberakh and say 'Here are the seeds of our new brotherhood.' I say they've spent too long in the sweat lodge. When last the Three Brothers stood together we counted thousands among our number. We were each a tribe unto ourselves. The Siberakh are so few as to barely constitute a family. A few dozen at their most numerous, and likely far fewer now since the terror of the '90s. The Talons are more numerous, but not greatly so — and I suspect they would not take kindly to the patronization of a tribe so thick with homid as we. No — what was is gone and will not be again. We must take solace in the hope for vengeance, there will be no new brothers for us.

us out, killed our Kin and called it 'progress'. They point to the Litany when it serves them and ignore it when it doesn't. They demand respect and deserve only scorn. Show them what real strength is.

> ### *King Albrecht of the Silver Fangs*
>
> If the stories are true, he actually listens to someone other than himself. Even we have heard the songs of his deeds. Perhaps the Fangs have at last found the honor and strength that was lost so long ago. I will not hold my breath, though. Too long have they demanded respect without ever earning it. If this one is different I welcome him, but I'll believe it when I see it.

### *Stargazers*

Come on, say it with me: We're at war here! Leave navel gazing to the god damned humans. Honestly, if we were made for quiet contemplation Gaia would have made us of men and caribou. Rumination is for cattle. We are man and wolf. The least of us is a beast of war. To withdraw when the battle is so hard pressed is foolishness at best, cowardice worthy of death at worst. Remind them of that when they come again to cry that their precious retreats are under siege.

### *Uktena*

Elder Brother has lost his way in black paths and bitter secrets better left undiscovered. Once there were three tribes of Pure Ones. Croatan gave their lives for Gaia. Uktena gave their souls to darkness. Now there is only Wendigo. Our brothers have given up their pride and stooped to miscegenation to keep their numbers up, but they only dilute their strength with tainted blood. Even so — half a white man is better than a whole one.

## *The Changing Breeds*

### *Nuwisha*

Coyote is an old acquaintance of Wendigo and his Kin. We know him as half wise man, half fool. It's just too bad the second half is the one that picked his children.

Don't get me wrong. The Nuwisha know a whole lot about a whole lot. But they only ever tell you half of what you need to know, if they tell you anything at all. And every damn thing is funny to them. They sit on the graves of our dead and laugh their fool asses off. We don't have time for that kind of thing. We are at war. The Wyrm isn't in it for a lark. When the coyotes have something useful to say, listen carefully. Mind when they start mocking, though. And keep an eye out for tricks. The minute a Nuwisha gets it in his head that he's in charge and the wolves are running hind leg to him, teach him why he'll never be alpha.

### *Gurahl*

Keep your distance. It's not hard to avoid the bears nowadays. There were never many of them, and these days there are even fewer. If one approaches you, be wary and respectful. Listen to what they have to say. They are as close to the Earth as we are, and wiser than you might think. But never forget who you are. What you are. If you must fight one, be sure your pack is with you. Bring friends, if you have any. Do not engage them on the open ice. They are Gaia's strongest, but even the strong will fall before the cunning.

### *Bastet*

Pah. Cats. The werecougars are so few an elder could go his whole life and never see one. The cougars are hardy, but no match for Wendigo. If you come across one in his territory, be mindful of your manners — cornered cats and all that. The werelynxes don't speak with anyone but Uktena and they dabble too deeply in things best left alone. Both are jealous, treacherous, and prone to whining about the mistreatment by their betters. If nothing else, they generally come from Indian stock so we can count at least that much in common, but don't think that buys you a friend. Use them for what they know, but do not bargain with them. Honor is not a thing they hold in high regard.

### *Corax*

Old Man Raven. He and Coyote have a lot in common, though Raven in an inch wiser and a foot less fool. Still, they laugh more than I'd like. They aren't particularly useful in a fight, but they've always got juicy bits of news. I just wish they'd bring it up a little sooner. It's probably wise to cut them some slack. They start getting too uppity, though — remind them why we make the kill and they pick over the corpses. War is no place for fools who haven't the presence of mind to know when to make cracks and when to make tracks.

## *The Others*

### *Vampires*

Kill them. No, I don't think you understand. If you see one, kill it. Get your packmates, cousins, neighbors and every dog on the rez and tear the damned thing limb from limb. Then stake it out somewhere under the open sky as far from any trees or buildings as you can get and let the sun burn the damned cadaver to ash. Don't wait. Don't talk. Don't spare a single breath to issue your pithy, righteous indictment of its foul, Wyrm-ridden flesh. Let the Rage carry you to Crinos and pry its skull from its shoulders. Some of them will try and convince you they're not bad. They'll show you how they, too, can become a wolf and how they, too, hate the loggers and the miners and the oilmen. It's nice of them to say so. You can tell their remains how much you appreciate it after you've torn their heads off.

### *Mages*

We are not the only ones of that know the secret ways of the Spirit World. There are others of the First Peoples that have awakened their spirits to the greater vistas of Gaia. These holy men and shamans walk the spirit paths in the old way. They keep the ancient pacts and give proper reverence

to Gaia. They are great allies in a time when enemies surround us on every side.

There are others as well. Sorcerers and witches that have no reverence for the spirit or Gaia at all and only force their will on the world to their own ends. Avoid them. If you cannot avoid them, kill them quickly and leave, for they always have allies. There are those, also, that ally themselves directly with the Wyrm. Call your pack and destroy them utterly. They are an abomination to all that we are.

### Ghosts

Since the coming of the Wyrmbringers we have grown far too familiar with these wayward souls. The Knee is thick with them. Before the coming of the Wyrmbringers they were few and far between. Our people accepted death as a part of life and passed on to the lands of their ancestors happily to meet with those that had gone before. Then so many were killed as the whites spread across the land, so many that suffered early, ignominious death — death with neither glory nor honor — that they remained, tied to the world by their pain and by the lives denied them by the Wyrmbringers' evil. Pity them, but know them for what they are: spirits steeped in the taint of the Wyrm. Sometimes you can aid them — lead them toward their proper place with our people. But if you cannot, destroy them. If you cannot offer redemption, at least you can grant release.

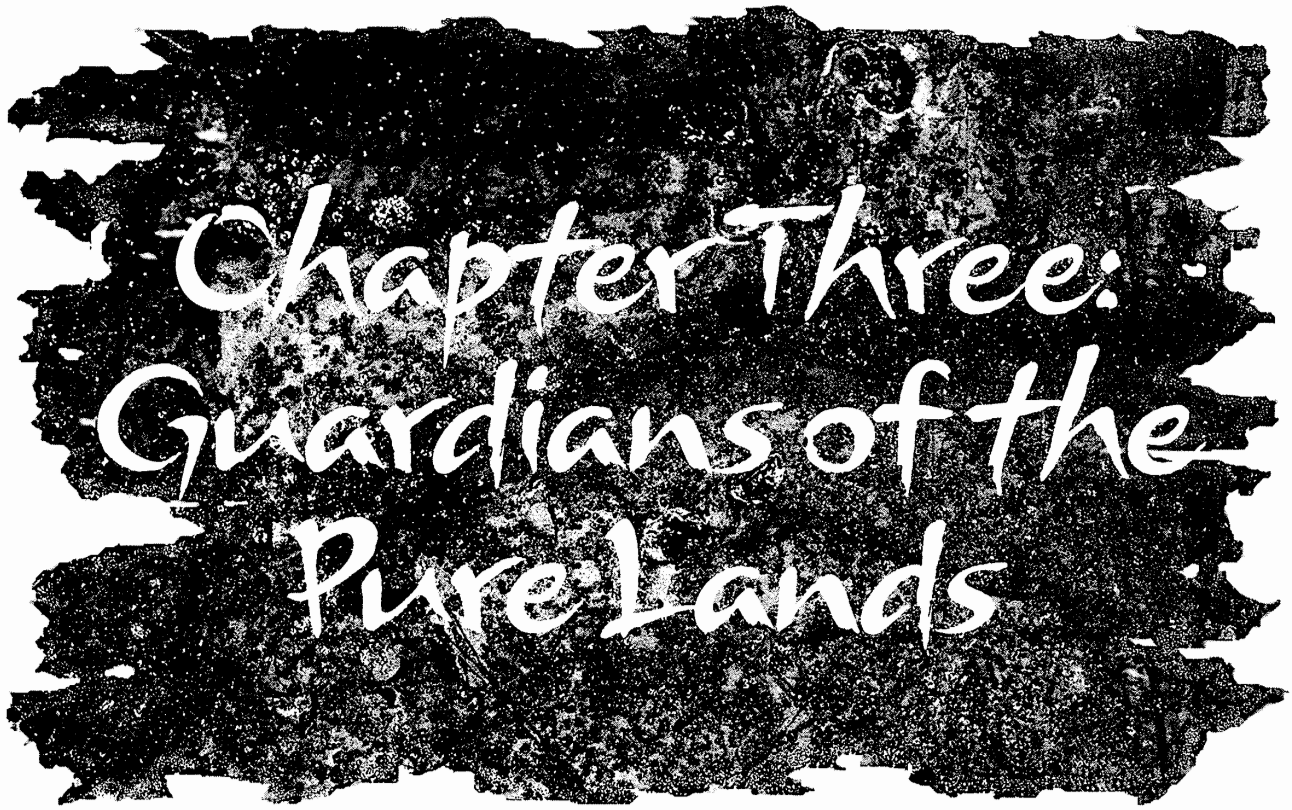
### Changelings

Ever have these creatures plagued our Kin. In recent years there has been a strange movement among the whites to romanticize the nunnehi, but we know them for what they are. They are drinkers of the soul. They lure our people into their hunting holes and steal our people's dreams to feed their madness. Do not be tempted by their beauty or their lies; they conceal cold, bleak hearts without mercy or mortal feeling. If you are tricked into a bargain with them, tread carefully. Many have traded their souls for a bit of bone or beads all unknowing.

### Stranger Things

There have been strange tales since the Eye of the Wyrm opened — tales of corpses walking the night and spirits made flesh. We do not yet know the truth of these things, but we do not need to know more than whether they are with us or against us. Ask your pack's Theurge. If it smells like the Wyrm, it probably is of the Wyrm. Don't wait for it to explain itself. Let your claws and teeth do the talking. If they were worthy allies, they would make themselves known to us before we stumble upon them.

BRIDGES 03



# Chapter Three: Guardians of the Pure Lands

*I see winter coming to the land that has not known true winter or the emptiness of the dark times. Ice covers every heart. I see a people eating and consuming as if trying to fill an endless hole inside them. These strangers are far more savage than the coldest winds. Winter has come. The prey is fled and we are without shelter.*

— White Bear, poet of the Tlingit

## Tribal Weakness

Other Garou call us many things.

Aloof. Wise. Unforgiving. Proud. Bitter. Cold. Honest. Noble.

But as we cannot truly understand their ways, they cannot truly understand ours. Out of Gaia's necessity, we are all different. It is the only way Gaia can insure our survival.

And as with all Gaia's creatures, only the most worthy endure.

It is clear that the spirit of Great Wendigo knows well the ways of survival.

Great Wendigo bestowed upon us his gifts, allowing us to freely roam a land where others can barely draw breath, lest their strength be sucked from their flesh. This land is our element, our haven and our defense, in its very nature. And this coldest essence of Gaia has served Great Wendigo as a klaive, carving us, sculpting us into purity. It perfected us, over endless winters. One by one, the weakest have been winnowed out: by snow, by frost, by wind, by the corruption of the Wyrm, by the snares of the Weaver.

And as the tool of Gaia was used to shape us, so our souls echo Her nature, in every sinew and bone. No other tribe senses as deeply the heartbeat of Gaia. As the Wheel of the Seasons turns under Gaia's hand, our moods wax and wane, our deeds shading themselves to Her desires.

**Spring**

In the thawing time, when creakings rise from beneath waking ice, we howl and rut, released at last from watchfulness. We throw all caution to the winds. The spring sometimes overwhelms us with wildness, fills our senses to bursting with the growing of scent and sound.

**System:** A Wendigo adds +1 to the difficulty of all Willpower rolls during the spring.

**Summer**

When the brightness of Gaia's sun melts even the snow, we are called to fight harder, to drive out any that may invade our territory. The folly of summer often leads the Wyrmbringers to venture where they do not belong, and with the warmth of Wendigo's blood in our veins, we defend ourselves and our land to the death.

**System:** A Wendigo reduces frenzy difficulties by 1 during the summer.

**Autumn**

As the world falls towards sleep, we too ready ourselves, calming our blood and making ready for Her deepest embrace, securing the survival of our Kin. Now is not a time for change, but for precaution and preparation, and we return all things to their natural order.

**System:** A Wendigo adds +1 difficulty to change forms during the autumn.

**Winter**

When Gaia's snow blankets us, we bank our fury, growing more formidable with each winter's silence, knowing that Great Wendigo has chosen this time for our fullest potency. Woe to any enemy who dares attack us now. The fangs of the raw wind bite and snap, and we watch from our caerns and laugh at the cringing whelps who cannot withstand the harshest power of Gaia."

**System:** A Wendigo reduces Soak difficulties by 1 during the winter.

## *Turns of the Wheel*

Unseasonable weather effects can trigger the Wendigo tribal weakness, which naturally can be a blessing or a curse. An out-of-season onset of the weakness indicates that the weather change is not just a short-term freak storm or oddity, but something longer lasting or mystically powerful. Almost always, this is a warning that the change does not stem from the will of Gaia, but from some other power or spirit who is tampering with the natural cycle. A sudden spring-like thaw in the depths of winter, especially when brought about by a servant of the Wyrm or the Wyld, can elicit the Spring weakness in a Wendigo's Willpower. Similarly, a suspect ice storm in the middle of July can also strengthen a Wendigo's Soak capabilities just as a natural winter would. Generally, if Gaia's other creatures are affected by the alteration in the natural weather patterns, Wendigo are affected as well. If trees start blooming and birds start building nests in the depths of January, Wendigo find it hard to resist behaving accordingly.

Unusual weather conditions tend to most strongly affect those Wendigo with low Willpower pools. The Storyteller may require that a Wendigo character roll her Willpower against the difficulty equal to the number of unseasonable days that have passed. If she fails this check, she loses the effect of Gaia's natural season, and takes on the weakness or strength of the unnatural season instead. When the abnormal weather has passed, the Storyteller may allow the character to return to her usual state, along with the rest of nature.

## *Tribal Gifts*

Little Brother has guarded his Gifts carefully over time, passing them down through generations as treasured possessions. The knowledge of Wendigo, of Gaia, of the ones who have gone before — all of it is a vital key to the perseverance of our tribe, guiding us and sheltering us so that we may continue to fight and to live. All Wendigo should offer deep gratitude with each use of a Gift, and take care to preserve the purity of the Gifts they are given, handing teachings down to future generations without change or adulteration. Some of the other Garou tribes have allowed their lore to become compromised by the madness of the Wyrm, by giving in to the incessant wearing away of the Weaver, letting meanings become garbled and diminishing the power of the spirits. Do not betray the spirit of Little Brother, the spirit of Gaia, the essence of the Garou.

• **Nose-to-Tail (Level One)** — As a wolf curls into a ball to keep warm, tucking her snout beneath her bushy tail, curving her spine inward to capture body heat, so the Garou may make herself resistant to cold. The Gift is more effective if the Garou is in Crinos, Hispo, or Lupus form, but can be used in Homid or Glabro form in *extremis*. An ancestor-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System:** The player rolls Stamina + Survival. The difficulty of keeping warm depends upon the severity of the cold; sub-freezing night only presents a difficulty of 6 (and few proud Wendigo would bother using a Gift to resist such a trifle), while a full-blown ice storm is difficulty 9. The character should physically assume the nose-to-tail position, or curl up, to activate the Gift, but once it has taken effect, she may move about normally. The difficulty increases by 2 for Garou in Homid or Glabro form. The power lasts for a scene, and does not protect the Wendigo from cold-based attacks or spirit abilities, but rather only ambient cold temperatures.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By spending a Physical Trait and assuming the titular position, the Wendigo becomes immune to the negative effects of cold weather for the remainder of the scene. Note that the character need not remain in the position for the entire duration, only to enact the Gift itself. If used in Homid or Glabro form, the Gift costs an additional Physical Trait.

• **Lift-Your-Leg (Level One)** — A Garou may mark her territory using a spot of her blood, urine, or saliva, and invoking her totem or ancestral spirit. The mark she leaves is identifiable as her own personal sigil, generally a unique variation of the totem's sign, and causes no damage to the surface it is inscribed upon. This marking of territory fades after an entire cycle of Luna has passed. A wolf-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player spends a point of Gnosis. Garou are able to see the mark without further effort until it fades a month later. Others with knowledge of the supernatural can identify the mark by making a Perception + Enigmas roll, causing the scent of the sigil to rise, and the inscription to become visible. Note that the mark does not convey knowledge of the character's identity unless the viewer is familiar with his scent or his mark.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait, the Wendigo may leave a distinctive marker that all Garou or beings with supernatural senses are immediately aware of; humans may or may not notice, depending on how the marker is made. This symbol is always the same and identifiable as the user's by any who know it. A prominent description tag or card can be used to indicate this Gift's use.

• **Ice Echo (Level One)** — Werewolves with this Gift can conjure a perfect duplicate reflection of themselves, an image that is completely identical to the eye and ear. The Wendigo can control the image easily, giving it voice and guiding its motion, as if she is regarding her own reflection in a sheet of ice. An ancestor-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System**: A character with this Gift may spend a point of Gnosis to summon the Ice Echo, which lasts for the remainder of the scene or until the werewolf dismisses it. The Echo sounds and moves exactly like the Garou, as well as taking on an exact mirror image of her current appearance. However, it does not give off scent or heat, and is intangible, making it only useful for confusing the casual observer. Another werewolf within fifty feet of the Echo, or downwind of it, may notice that it has no scent, or may notice that the Echo is a mirror image, if they have met the Wendigo before. Any such attempts to reveal the Ice Echo for what it is are checked by making a Perception + Enigmas roll against a difficulty of the Wendigo's Gnosis.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait, the Wendigo summons a mirror image of himself, which looks and sounds exactly like the original. However, it is intangible and gives off no scent or heat, allowing Garou observers a free retest to determine its illusory nature. The Wendigo must actively focus on manipulating the image, which imposes a two-Trait concentration penalty on all other actions. Suspicious observers may make a Mental test (retest *Enigmas*) to realize what they are really looking at.

• **Scent of the Man-Eater (Level Two)** — The Litany states purely and clearly that Garou shall not eat the flesh of humans or wolves. Despite the reputation of their totem spirit, Wendigo truly revile cannibalism as one of the most horrible violations of the Litany and of the ways of Gaia. This Gift allows a werewolf to sense if another Garou is guilty of this depraved act, by scenting the stain of human or lupine blood on the target's spirit. An ancestor-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player rolls Perception + Primal-Urge, at a difficulty of 6. If successful, the character can detect whether or not a Garou has eaten a human or a wolf since the last full moon. With two successes, she can detect how recently; with three or more successes, she can tell if it is a habit with the Garou in question, or only a shameful aberration.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. With a successful Mental test (retest *Primal-Urge*), the Wendigo can determine if a target has eaten a human or wolf since the last full moon. With the expenditure of a Gnosis Trait, the Wendigo can also learn if this is a habit, or simply a shameful lapse.

• **Salmon Swim (Level Two)** — A Garou with this Gift is able to swim as easily as a fish, or even walk on the surface of the water as if it were land. Salmon Swim works only on freshwater bodies, not on the oceans, but it works as well on a lake or pond as it does a river. The Gift does not work within a swimming pool or other purely artificial container of fresh water. This Gift is taught by a salmon-spirit.

**System**: The player spends one Gnosis and rolls Dexterity + Athletics (difficulty 7). For each success, the character can move freely on or under the surface of the water for one turn. Additionally, during this period, the Garou can use the effects of the lupus Gift: Leap of the Kangaroo, so long as he begins and ends his leap in a sizable body of fresh water.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait, the Wendigo may act without penalty underwater for the

rest of the scene, or even walk (not run) across a body of water for one turn per Physical Trait they are willing to spend. The Wendigo can also jump as though using the Gift *Leap of the Kangaroo*, provided the above conditions are met. This Gift only functions in freshwater bodies, and it does not function with swimming pools or other purely artificial freshwater containers.

• **Devouring Rime (Level Two)** — A Garou with this Gift can touch something living and cause it to become covered with ice. Slowly radiating outward from the point of contact, a shimmering coat of ice crawls over the target's body, freezing every muscle it touches into motionlessness. A jaggling of Great Wendigo teaches this Gift.

**System**: The character must be within physical reach of the target, and must be able to touch the target's bare skin, flesh, or fur. When he does so, the player spends one Willpower point to create a quickly-growing layer of ice over the target's body. The target must spend a point of Rage to resist the devouring coat of ice before the next round, or she becomes frozen and immobile for the rest of scene. The ice itself behaves naturally under all external physical changes; for example, it melts beneath a sudden blast of heat, and it can be chipped away (carefully) by anyone assisting the target.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By touching a target's bare skin or fur (a Physical test if they resist), the Wendigo may spend a Willpower Trait to create a layer of ice over most of the target's body. Unless the target spends a Rage Trait, activates a similar speed-related power or defeats the ice in a test of her Physical Traits against the Wendigo's, she is rendered nearly immobile for the rest of the scene. She may only move one step every other turn, she receives the Negative Trait *Slow* x2, and cannot initiate any aggressive tests, though she may still defend herself. The ice melts normally under the appropriate conditions, though any attempts by the target to chip it away on her own are utterly ineffective.

• **Tourniquet (Level Two)** — A werewolf with this Gift may use it to drastically reduce any amount of her own bleeding, specifically blood loss that she experiences as a result of combat. A bloody wound taken in a duel or in battle by a klaive, blade, fang or claw can be staunched swiftly with a whisper of gratitude to the spirits. Tourniquet does not heal, numb or close the wound, but simply keeps it from bleeding further. Wendigo consider it very bad form to use this Gift to stem bleeding caused by self-inflicted wounds, causing the loss of Honor Renown if its use is known. Accordingly, Wendigo may not use this Gift while attempting to complete a rite or other ritual that requires any check of Stamina. A hawk-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player spends one Willpower point and rolls Strength + Survival. This gift converts Lethal wounds into Bashing wounds, and does not repair Bashing damage on its own. The more successes she rolls, the more bleeding she can staunch, at the ratio of 1 success to 2 Health Levels converted.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By spending a Willpower Trait, the Wendigo may spend Strength-related Physical Traits to convert lethal damage to bashing damage on a one-for-one basis. This does not require an action, but the Wendigo must be conscious to use this Gift; it does not activate automatically. In addition, this Gift instantly halts blood loss; this does not guarantee that the Wendigo's condition cannot worsen by other means, merely that bleeding to death is no longer a concern. This Gift cannot be used on others.

• **Icicle-Hide (Level Three)** — This Gift allows a character to transmute herself, and any clothing or unliving objects that she is touching, into a crystalline creature of thick, impenetrable ice. As the Wendigo's form grows suddenly transparent and metamorphoses into a rippling mobile statue, she truly takes on the essence of ice; as a result, she should avoid coming near any fire or source of heat, lest she find herself melting. Her body absorbs blows as solidly as any block of ice. The frozen Garou can still move, watch, listen, and use Gifts, but appears cold and unliving to standard and infrared observation. This Gift is taught by a polar bear-spirit.

**System**: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Subterfuge. While in this ice-form, the character takes twice the damage from any heat-based attack, but is immune to cold damage (whether from the ambient temperature or from cold-based attacks). She also adds an additional point of lethal soak per success rolled. This Gift lasts for one scene, or until the werewolf wills herself to thaw. The freezing transformation is immediate, but the thawing procedure requires an entire turn.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait and making a Physical test (retest *Subterfuge*), the Wendigo may transform herself and the gear she carries into living ice, allowing her to ignore all cold-based damage. This includes any cold-related supernatural attacks. She also ignores the first level of bashing damage from any attack, as it glances off her icy hide. However, she suffers an additional level of damage from any fire-based attacks while in this icy state. This Gift lasts for one scene, or until the Wendigo

chooses to end the Gift; regardless, "thawing out" takes a full turn, and the Wendigo is still immune/vulnerable until the end of that turn.

• **Strength of Pine (Level Three)** — This Gift allows a character to ground herself in the presence of Gaia, spiritually as well as physically. If the character is struck by lightning or electricity, she remains unharmed by it for that turn of combat; she also becomes resistant to physical attacks, regenerating herself as long as she does not uproot herself from the touch of Gaia. An earth-spirit and a lightning elemental jointly teach this Gift.

**System**: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Gnosis + Survival. The difficulty of the grounding varies depending on the physical location of the character: 9 if the Garou is surrounded by water or touching metal; 7 if she is not standing on or touching the earth, 5 if a piece of earth or earth-fetish is carried on the character's person. Any physical damage inflicted on the grounded werewolf takes effect, but is then healed at the next turn, provided she does not move from her grounding-spot.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait and making a Gnosis test against a difficulty based on the user's current connection to the living earth, the Wendigo may create a "grounding-spot" that greatly increases his durability. This Gift cannot be used on artificial surfaces, and attempting to use it while in contact with metal or a large body of water requires an extra Gnosis Trait. While in this grounding-spot (no wider across than his Gnosis in feet), the Wendigo is immune to lightning or electrical damage. In addition, any physical damage inflicted on the Wendigo while he is "grounded" takes effect, but if the Wendigo survives to the next turn, all damage received the previous turn is instantly healed, making him extremely hard to kill while in his chosen spot. This Gift lasts for a number of turns equal to the Wendigo's Gnosis rating; he may leave the grounding spot and return to it during that time, but once the duration expires this Gift must be used again.

• **Whiteout (Level Three)** — This Gift allows a Garou to transform the area around her into a blinding whiteout, rendering it utterly featureless and dangerously disorienting. Any characters within the reach of the spell are enclosed within a frightening, snowy blizzard-filled dome, which deadens all scents, mutes all sounds with the roar of wind, and blinds all types of vision. The Gifted character's senses are untouched by these effects, although she remains within the whiteout. Similarly, other Wendigo are unaffected by the power of this Gift. A bear-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player spends a point of Gnosis, and rolls Manipulation + Survival. The diameter of the dome covered by the whiteout varies, depending on the total successes of this roll, multiplied by five feet. For example, if the player rolls 9 successes, the area of the whiteout is a circle 45 feet wide. All non-Wendigo characters within this area lose one point of Willpower and one die from all Perception-based pools for the rest of the scene; when they emerge the Perception penalty disappears but the Willpower point is gone until it is regained in the usual fashion.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. To active this Gift, the Wendigo must spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Social test (retest *Survival*). The difficulty depends on the local weather conditions; calling the Gift in the midst of a snowstorm or out of darkened sky is relatively easy, but calling it on a warm, sunny afternoon is near impossible. This Gift cannot be used indoors. If successful, the Wendigo creates an dizzying haze of swirling snow and ice emanating out from her in a number of paces equal to her Gnosis + Willpower in every direction. Non-Wendigo caught in this sudden storm suffer a two-Trait penalty on all tests involving vision while inside, and immediately lose a Willpower Trait as the storm saps away their resolve. This Gift lasts for a number of turns equal to the Wendigo's Willpower rating or until she chooses to end it, whichever comes first.

• **Shelter of Needles (Level Four)** — As the Strength of the Pine grounds a single Garou, the protective umbrella of the Pine's branches may be extended to shield any Garou, human or Gaian creature in the surrounding area. It also disables anything electrically powered beneath its canopy for that turn, as all the power is grounded and funneled towards Gaia. A pine-spirit teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Willpower once, at the difficulty of 3+ the highest Stamina of the other living creatures in the surrounding area. If the roll is a success, those creatures are sheltered from electrical shock and physical damage, in the same manner as Strength of Pine. The distance between the Garou and the furthest creature from her determines the size of the canopy. For example, if the Garou rolls successfully to protect several allies, the furthest of which is 100 feet away from her, all creatures within 100 feet can take advantage of the Shelter. If a sheltered creature moves from its grounding-spot, it alone loses the protection of the Gift. However, the Gifted Wendigo may move about freely once the Gift's effects are established.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait and making a Willpower test against the number of allies to be protected plus three, the Wendigo can extend the same protection from electricity and physical damage that *Strength of Pine* provides to a number of allies within her range. The Wendigo may extend her protection as far away as her Gnosis + Willpower ratings in paces. Once established, this protection lasts for a number of turns equal to the Wendigo's Gnosis rating, plus one additional turn per Willpower Trait she is willing to spend. Those protected must not move from their grounding-spot or they immediately forfeit their protection for the duration. The Wendigo may move freely once the Gift has been established, however. This Gift does not affect the Wendigo herself, though she is free to use *Strength of Pine* to protect herself.

• **Bark of Willow (Level Four)** — Unlike Resist Pain, which allows a character to ignore pain through force of will, but still feel it, this Gift allows the Wendigo to numb herself to pain completely, enabling her to endure pain for much longer periods of time, even days. This causes the character to be unable to judge the severity of her wounds or fatigue, and may lead her to continue on unwisely, causing herself further damage during combat while frightening her enemy with her seeming imperviousness. If the pain inflicted upon the Garou is not combative, i.e., she is undergoing a surgical operation or needs to cross a wall of flames, she may concentrate her will to keep from unwittingly furthering the damage to herself, and to bolster the confidence and courage of any Garou aiding her. This Gift is taught by a snake-spirit.

**System**: The player spends a point of Gnosis, after which any sense of pain or physical discomfort fades entirely, and the character no longer takes wound penalties. The length of the Gift's pain-numbing effects lasts for a number of days equal to a roll of Stamina + Primal-Urge. The Storyteller should hide the character's wound levels from him while this Gift is active. If the character needs to assess how badly damaged she is during this time, she must make an additional roll of Wits + Primal-Urge, at difficulty 7, although characters with the Medicine knowledge can use it to diagnose wound levels normally.

A Wendigo who nonchalantly carries severe wounds around is intimidating to his foes. Any character who wishes to attack a wounded Wendigo who is using Bark of Willow must first make a Manipulation + Intimidation roll, at the difficulty of the Garou's Willpower. If the opponent fails that roll, she does not lose any actions, but she finds herself unable to attack the Gifted werewolf.

This Gift may not be used while the Garou is attempting to complete a rite that requires any check of Stamina.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait, the Wendigo becomes numb to pain, effectively ignoring all wound penalties for the rest of the scene. During this time, the Wendigo must make a Mental test (retest *Medicine*) to determine how badly injured he is; it is entirely possible to be mortally wounded and not know it until the character drops over dead. On the positive side, facing a character obviously bearing grievous wounds without complaint is highly unnerving; opponents must defeat the Wendigo in a Social test (retest *Intimidation*) to strike first, though they may defend themselves, and should the Wendigo strike them they are able to retaliate normally.

• **Last Stand (Level Four)** — By summoning her determination and calling to the spirit of Gaia, a Garou may make herself steadfast and invulnerable. The strength of the Earth wells up through her feet, and the ground itself guards her against the approach of any who wish her harm. Only after all foes have been vanquished should the Wendigo move from her rooted spot, else she loses her connection with Gaia. An earth elemental teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player rolls Willpower at a difficulty of 8. For each success, the character can add an additional die to all Physical dice pools. Additionally, anyone attacking the Wendigo who also comes in contact with the earth is unable to surprise her, no matter what direction they may come from. If her foe, however, is airborne, floating, or otherwise not touching the ground, the Garou is vulnerable to surprise, although she does not lose the extra dice added to her Physical pool. If the Wendigo moves from her position, the effects of the Gift are lost. A Garou using Last Stand is immune to the Gift: The Falling Touch.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. Activating this Gift requires a Willpower Trait and a Willpower test against difficulty six. If successful, the Wendigo immediately gains a number of bonus Physical Traits equal to her Willpower rating, on top of any other Traits gained from shapechanging and the like. Furthermore, the Wendigo cannot be surprised by enemies touching the earth, and cannot be moved from her position short of massive supernatural strength (or her own volition). Moving more than a foot or two from the spot the Gift was activated on ends this Gift immediately. The Wendigo is likewise immune to the Gift: *The Falling Touch*.

• **Wsitiplaju's Bow (Level Four)** — The Wendigo with this Gift can loose any arrow from her bow and unerringly hit her target, no matter where she stands, as long as there is a path through the air. The Gift sends the arrow traveling like a bird through any available space, diving over or under obstacles and around corners to reach its mark. However, Wsitiplaju's Bow does not enchant the arrow used, and the arrow cannot pass through any barrier that a normal arrow could not pierce. The spirit of an ancestor with great skill at Archery teaches this Gift.

**System**: The player rolls Perception + Archery against a difficulty of 8. The wielder of the Gift must form in her mind a picture of the target and its general location before letting loose the arrow; the target must be within standard range of the bow, regardless of the use of the Gift. This Gift works normally with a talen or fetish arrow.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait and making a Mental test (retest *Archery*) against a difficulty of seven Traits, the Wendigo can fire an arrow that tracks its target without fail up to its maximum range. Provided there is a path through the air, it reaches the target. Those targeted by arrows fired with this Gift cannot *Dodge* the attack or bid Dexterity-related Traits in defense, and the Wendigo receives a free retest on the *Archery* challenge regardless. Note that the arrow itself does not have any innate power to bypass armor or inflict additional damage, and can potentially be stopped by any barrier that would block a normal arrow.

• **Balance of Wormwood (Level Five)** — With this Gift, a character can learn to aid another Garou who has succumbed to the service of the Wyrm, and guard them from the Destroyer's influence. Because Great Wendigo treasures the purity of his Tribe, he has conferred this Gift upon his children, to give them greater power to continue the fight against the Wyrm. Like a taste of wormwood, which brings clarity to the mind, two Garou learn join their spirits together beneath the cleansing, eternal winds of Wendigo's spirit. With this Gift, depending upon each other, they may resist the attraction of the Wyrm that drives werewolves into unspeakable acts and mindless vile savagery. An avatar of Great Wendigo teaches this Gift.

**System**: The target character must already have fallen into the service of the Wyrm, by walking the Black Spiral or through other means. The Garou using this Gift must spend a point of Gnosis and make a Willpower + Manipulation roll against her target's Willpower. If she succeeds, the target character may resist the horrific urges that the Wyrm brings for the remainder of the scene. This may be enough to allow the fallen Garou to attempt the long road back to Gaia's graces, but those who are long fallen or far from

Gaia's grace may need much more than a simple application of this Gift. If the Gifted werewolf fails, her own current frenzy difficulty decreases by one, and she may be unable to avoid falling into the Thrall of the Wyrm.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. This Gift may only be used on those Garou actively in service to the Wyrm, and requires the Wendigo to spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Willpower test with his target. If successful, the target regains their free will and is pulled from the Wyrm's horrific embrace for the remainder of the scene, and may well choose to begin the difficult road to redemption at this time. This Gift may be used multiple times over a period of time to help ease some of the afflicted being's suffering, but ultimately it cannot cleanse the target itself — they must do that on their own.

## Rites

*Ivalu Ghost Fingers of the Stony Ledge Caern speaks:*

"Garou are always asking me what it's like to be a ritemaster. All it really means is that I've been taught a lot of rituals. It means I listen and I remember when I'm told a story. If I don't understand what's being taught to me, I ask. If I still don't understand it, I'm not ready to. Gaia makes it easy for Garou to know what's beyond them. I trust Her to use me for Her benefit, for the benefit of Wendigo, and for the benefit of my sept. Most of the time, when I'm performing, or guiding a sept through a rite, I'm not absolutely sure what is going to happen. I give myself up to the knowledge. I know what it feels like to me, but I can't tell other Garou how to do it. There isn't a secret formula or incantation that unlocks the rest of mysticism. You can't magically make magic work.

"Most of the time, when I give out this explanation — which I've done more times than I can count — werewolves get upset. They want things to be predictable, under control. They want it to be about fighting and winning, not surrender. They want to believe, like humans do, that they are protected somehow by noble, lonely, singular greater beings with superpowers and special toys. Sure, there is a recipe for opening a caern. There are all sorts of methods, and techniques, and prescriptions for songs and scars and klaives and fetishes. There are things you always do the same way when performing a rite. But that repetition, those objects or those words or those howls, they aren't what makes the rite work. The ritual exists to remind everyone how power feels, to help to draw the spirit world closer, to bind the tribe together, to maintain the bond between Wendigo and Gaia. I'm a traditionalist, at least in this sense. The sacred power belongs to the tribe and to the Land, not to a single Garou.

"There wouldn't be much point to a ritemaster who could just make magic happen without bothering to perform a rite."

### Rites of Punishment

#### Rite of Counting Coup

Level Two

At the new moon, the ritemaster must carve a wooden rod or wand, preferably taken from the trunk of an ash tree or a pine tree. The rod must be the length of her own forearm, from tip of the elbow to tip of the longest claw. Into the rod, the ritemaster must carve a message of punishment, detailing either with symbols or words the transgressions of the Garou to be punished. Three eagle feathers are sometimes tied to the end of the rod, using a strip of leather or sinew. The ritemaster may keep this rod, or award it to someone who has been wronged by the werewolf in question. To complete the rite, she only needs to tap the target Garou on the shoulder or head with the rod. The taking of this coup triggers deep submission and remorse in the punished Garou, lessening their Renown, an effect that is not relieved until the next new moon.

**System**: The ritemaster must make the standard Charisma + Rituals rolls at a difficulty of 7. The act of counting coup must take place in public. If the punished Garou is guilty, the amount of Honor Renown she loses increases by one point for every 5 witnesses. Similarly, the amount of Honor Renown awarded to the coup-giver and/or the ritemaster increases by one point for every 5 witnesses. However, if the Garou is not guilty of the deeds that have been inscribed onto the wand, it breaks when she takes the coup, and the ritemaster and the wielder of the wand suffer a loss of 1 point of Honor Renown and 1 point of Wisdom Renown.

**MET**: *Basic* Rite. A standard Social test (retest *Rituals*) is required to perform this rite. In addition, the ritemaster must construct a coup stick as described above, which can only be wielded effectively by the ritemaster or someone who believes they have been wronged by the target of the rite. A wielder may only count coup with the stick in public, in front of witnesses. To count coup, the wielder should approach the target, announce "Counting Coup" and *describe* how they lightly tap the offender's head or shoulders with the coup stick; the strike *cannot* cause damage or be used to deliver any other effect. If the subject is guilty, he suffers loss of Honor Renown as described above; likewise, if he is innocent, the wand breaks, and the ritemaster and the wielder suffer the above penal-

ties. Note: A Physical test (retest *Rituals*) is required to touch a target with a coup stick if he resists, though it should be noted that most Wendigo see attempting to avoid the coup stick as base cowardice, not to mention an admission of guilt as well. After all, if the target is innocent, he will be vindicated, and since the strike deals no damage, what harm is there?

### *Summon the Tupilaq*

Level Five

"The ritemaster collected the bones of a bunch of different animals: bear, seal, fish, walrus, horse, deer. Since the totem of Yellow Fang's pack was Wisagatcaq, the ritemaster added the bones of a jaybird's wings. Then he bound the pile of bones together, with sinew and fresh intestines, tying knots in an order I didn't understand, singing in a language none of us knew. He laid the entire thing onto the whole skin of a wolf that'd died of natural causes, and sewed the wolf skin shut with a needle of bone. With his bare hands, he dug a grave into the earth of the caern, which scared the piss out of anyone who hadn't already wet themselves. And then he just... threw the bundle into it. The rest of us put a rock on top of the grave and said Yellow Fang's name. We covered it up fast. Nobody wanted to see the empty wolf skin, lying there in the ground.

"The wrath of Great Wendigo rose, then. I could barely believe what I was seeing. I saw the curling of ice-smoke seeping out of the jumble of rocks, making the bloody heap underneath twitch, shudder, and finally crawl to its feet. With a horrifying, halting jerk, the thing awoke — its skin was lurching and shuddering around, but I could tell the bones inside it were knitting together somehow. The abomination scrabbled to get its balance and then started off southward, unstoppably plowing through the snow, leaving an incredibly corrupt stench in its wake. I think we all threw up then, even the ritemaster. The Tupilaq was on the Hunt.

"Two days later, Jini Grey-Cloud found what was left of Yellow Fang, outside the cave where he had been hiding. The Tupilaq must have dragged him out. Jini never could bring herself to tell me what she saw. She told us she left him there for the crows."

— from the writings of Theodore Sha-wun-uk, Wendigo wildlife conservationist

**System:** The ritemaster must ascertain, through the successful completion of another Rite of Punishment of lower level, that the traitor Garou is worthy of death. Because of the horrible nature of this rite, it is generally reserved only for those who commit the worst offenses, such as eating the flesh of humans or wolves, openly ignoring an honorable surrender, or

damaging or destroying a caern. The Tupilaq is summoned by assembling a group of accusers, each of whom offer their own knowledge of the traitor's transgressions during the rite, either aloud or silently. The ritemaster must make a Charisma + Rituals roll, as usual, and all other participants in the rite must spend a point of Gnosis to contribute to the rite. Once the Tupilaq has been unleashed, nothing keeps it from killing its quarry.

### The Tupilaq

This spirit is a remorseless, unstoppable predator, completely single-minded in its pursuit of the wretch that has been selected as its prey. It obeys the desires of Great Wendigo and Gaia alone, who decide if the targeted Garou has gone astray from the pack and the tribe, beyond any redemption or forgiveness. The Tupilaq always wears the shambling skin of a wolf, but the jumbles of bones inside it are never Garou, signifying the complete alienation of its target. Everything about the Spirit is repulsive, from the vile stink it leaves in its wake, to the blank spaces behind its empty eyeholes.

The Tupilaq does not suffer a loss of Essence if it fails its Tracking or Disorient rolls.

Willpower 10, Rage 7, Gnosis 10, Essence 24

**Charms**: Tracking, Materialize, Airt Sense, Disorient

## Rites of Death

### Rite of Remembrance

Level One

To perform this rite, the werewolves in mourning for a dead Garou gather in solemnity. Occasionally, human Kinfolk are invited to join, if they were particularly close to the departed Garou, or of her bloodline. Everyone in attendance at the rite should bring with them an object or item: one that belonged to the deceased, was given to them by the deceased, or commemorates something about her life and deeds. Then, during the rite, each participant should step forward and display the item, relating its story. The objects are often collected into a medicine bundle, or stored in a ritually carved box or chest, although what is done with the items varies from tribe to tribe. The items and the sadness all should be sacrificed, regardless. The box can be burnt, sending the collected smoke of all the memories onto the wind, into the next world along with the spirit of the dead Garou; or the box can be buried for a period of time (usually a lunar year) until the pain of mourning has lessened, then unearthed to signify the continuance of life, before being destroyed. The place where the box is buried is considered sacred, like a caern, for the duration of its interment.

**System**: The ritemaster indicates who is to tell their story, usually in order of rank, from lowest to highest. Enemies of the deceased Garou have been known to attend a Rite of Remembrance. Unlike a simple Gathering for the Departed, which sometimes can make a connection to the spirit world through the power of released emotion, this is a rite performed chiefly to aid in the grieving of the living, and does not influence the spirits of the dead or any other ancestor-spirits. At the Storyteller's discretion, this rite may improve the Renown of the dead Garou; a particularly good story may also give the teller a point of Wisdom Renown as well, especially if she is a Galliard.

### Rite of the Sin-Eater

Level Two

Performing this rite allows the ritemaster to take into herself, literally, the outstanding issues or sins of a restless spirit or ghost. She does this by meditating and summoning the spirit, binding it into a prepared piece of food, and eating it. She then calls out the name of the ghost and chants aloud the essence of the unsolved matter, declaring that she has taken the matter upon herself to settle. The ritemaster is then compelled to right whatever wrongs keep the ghost from passing on peacefully. Only when the matter is resolved can the spirit find its way to its deserved next life in the afterworld. Since the ghost in question usually brings itself to someone's attention through its unquiet nature, it is much easier for a mystic to summon it. However, depending on how unsettled the spirit is, it may be conversely much more difficult to coerce it to cooperate with the rite, admit that it cannot solve the problem itself, and allow itself to be bound and consumed. Often other trusted kin of the spirit attend this ceremony and help the ritemaster to convince the ghost that the rite can help it.

**System**: The ritemaster does not need to pierce the Gauntlet or enter the Umbra, as in most Mystic rites such as the Rite of Summoning, but she does need to spend a point of Gnosis in order to contact the spirit. The Storyteller should determine ahead of time what crime or sin has kept the ghost from passing on to the lands of its ancestors, and what clues this rite might provide the sin-eater to aid it. To bind the ghost to the piece of food, she must successfully make a Charisma + Intimidation roll against the difficulty of the ghost's Willpower. Once the binding has been achieved and the ritemaster has consumed the food, she makes a Charisma + Rituals roll against the difficulty of the ghost's Rage. The more successes she rolls, the easier it

is for her to absolve the sin or find the source of the problem and solve it, restoring all things to their natural balance.

**MET**: *Basic* Rite. In addition to the standard test to perform the rite, the ritemaster must also make a Social test (retest *Intimidation*) against the ghost's Willpower + Rage (or Angst, if using **Oblivion**). Actually resolving the sin is left to roleplaying, though with an additional Social test (retest *Rituals*), discovering the nature of the actions that need to be taken can be made slightly easier.

### Rite of Nightshade

Level Four

The Garou participating in this rite must all partake of a carefully brewed tea that contains a considerable amount of a particular narcotic, usually including nightshade as one of the ingredients. This sends all who drink it into a state of Reaching — piercing the Gauntlet and allowing the Near Umbra to become more accessible — that generally lasts for at least three days. The ritemaster and the participants must then focus their attention upon a particular object that is placed at the center of a ritual circle. The ritemaster calls upon Wendigo ancestor-spirits, asking them to tell the story of the object, from its birth until the current time. In this way, the rite can chain together a history of whoever touched the object, what the object was used for, or what it saw, heard, or experienced. If the object is the focus of a very powerful emotion or meaningful event, the ancestor-spirits are more likely to retrieve and share more of their memories.

**System**: Anyone drinking the poisonous nightshade tea automatically spends a point of Gnosis and loses a Health Level. The ritual participants must spend at least 6 Gnosis point to discover any useful information about the object. The success of the rite is dependent on the Gauntlet rating of the place where the rite is being performed. The ritemaster must match this number with an extended test of Charisma + Rituals. If she does not make this roll, she may spend a point of Health and a point of Gnosis to add an additional success. As the rite continues, the ritemaster may make one roll on this extended test every hour.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Rite. After consuming the tea and spending the requisite Traits, the ritemaster makes a series of Social tests (retest *Rituals*) equal to his *Rituals* rating, plus one additional test per *Rituals* level or Willpower Trait he is willing to spend. The difficulty of these tests is equal to the local Gauntlet rating. Only once a number of these tests equal to the Gauntlet rating have been won is the rite successful and the information surrounding the item imparted (usually by the Narrator). This series of tests may be attempted once per hour until the rite is successful or the ritemaster fails every test in a series, in which case the rite is considered a failure and cannot be attempted again that session. Note that each additional series costs an additional Gnosis Trait and an additional Health Level, neither of which can be regained or regenerated until the rite is completed.

## Caern Rites

### Rite of the Fire Dance

Level Two

To renew the power residing in a caern of Healing, werewolves may perform this rite, which counteracts the effects of pain and allows the cooling powers of a Water elemental or other spirit to rise further to the surface. The ritemaster should prepare a layer of burning coals, wood chips, peat, moss, or caribou droppings. The participating werewolves then dance upon the fire, howling and capering, proudly declaring their imperviousness to the searing heat. Sometimes the dancers smear their paws or feet with layers of white clay, if such can be had, to prevent burns and blisters. They can also chew the leaves of several herbs known to reduce pain. Only these worldly natural gifts of Gaia, such as plants, animals, earth, or wind, may be used to protect a dancer from being burned. Mystical aids only drain more power, and so a fire dancer should never use another Gift, fetish, talen, or other rite to guard her from the fire. Wendigo believe that they should enact this rite on the night of the 13th full moon of each year.

**System**: A fire dancer must roll her Stamina + Rituals successfully to take part in the rite without damaging herself. Together all the dancers must spend more combined Gnosis than five times the current level of the caern, in order to refresh the caern's power. The completion of this rite also earns a dancer a point of Glory Renown. It is considered particularly good luck if the ritemaster cannot keep the fires lit once the rite has begun.

**MET**: *Basic* Rite. Every fire dancer must succeed at a Physical test (retest *Rituals*) against a difficulty of twelve Traits in order to participate without being injured. Failure means that the dancer suffers a level of aggravated fire damage. Note that due to the magic of the rite only one test must be made for the duration of the rite regardless of the heat of the fire, unless it requires a particularly long time to complete.

## Rites of Renown

### Rite of the Great Bear

Level Three

The Great Bear is one of the most easily identifiable constellations; ever-present over the frozen horizon, it serves as a constant reminder of the power of the North and the Sacred Pole. Stories have given it different forms and names — a reindeer, a coffin, a dipper, a chariot for kings, a spurned maiden — but in most legends told by Gaia's people, it takes the shape of the Bear. One of the oldest legends tells of three stars, the bright spirits of three brave warriors. Throughout the year they pursued their prey, a pure white bear bigger than all three men put together. When autumn came, their spears finally found their target, and the blood of the Great Bear dripped down from the heavens, to turn the leaves of all the trees red as he died.

This rite celebrates the fierce and determined spirits of these three Star-Hunters, by sending three brave new avatars back into pursuit of a single target of the ritemaster's choice. For the Rite of the Great Hunt, a sept or a ritemaster is usually sent a vision from Gaia, indicating a worthy victim or sacrifice. In order to add to this rite a hunt for the Great Bear, the Spirit of Great Wendigo conveys his own, separate message and target, but to the ritemaster alone. A ritemaster must be confident in her bond with Gaia and Great Wendigo, and also confident that her septmates are willing to trust her vision and risk shame to achieve even greater glory. Although Gaia has been known to sacrifice one of the Garou as the quarry for Her rite, Great Wendigo never chooses one of his children as the target. Usually the prey of each hunt is different, but tend to possess some mystical bond or connection that may not become evident until both rites are completed.

**System:** This is a seasonal rite, and should be incorporated into the Rite of the Great Hunt, which is traditionally performed at Midsummer. The Rite of the Great Bear cannot be completed unless the Rite of the Great Hunt is successful. The hunt for the Great Bear, however, lasts longer than a day, and must be completed by the autumnal equinox. If the Star-Hunters have not captured and killed their quarry by this time, the shame becomes truly damaging. Any points of Glory Renown earned by a character for the completion of the Great Hunt are totally lost. However, if the hunt for the Great Bear is finished successfully, the gain of Glory for each character participating in the rite rises another three points — once for each of the three Bear Hunters.

### Rite of the Vipers

Level Four

Two enemies agree to meet within the bounds of a neutral caern. A magical circle is inscribed by a

neutral ritemaster, surrounding the caern. Once the circle is closed, the foes may neither leave the circle nor fight each other until they have completed their part of the rite — the carving of two sacred knives, from a common piece of ivory tusk or bone. They may bring no tools, but only use the sharpness of their claws. Together, they must crouch and work, side by side like kin, controlling their Rage and their form. The two foes must dedicate themselves without rest, food, or aid, to the creation of their weapon, the instrument of their vengeance. Once a knife is perfected, to the pleasure of Gaia, its edge bursts into an unmistakable glow of cold blue light. The creator of that knife may then attack her foe as she desires. The slower Garou, if she can survive the first blow, may not depart the magic circle or defend herself until her knife is finished and found satisfying to Gaia. Usually this rite ends with the death of one of the two rivals; because of this, the performing of this rite is naturally discouraged, because any loss of Garou life brings the Apocalypse one step closer.

**System**: For every hour that passes within the circle, each Garou must make a Rage roll of increasing difficulty, beginning at 4. They each must also roll Crafts + Ritual against each other, to indicate how well the knife is being carved. If either opponent should fall into frenzy before completing her task, the rite is considered to have been violated. The ritemaster may then either dissolve the boundary circle, allowing external interference or aid, or she may keep the circle closed and simply allow the non-frenzied Garou to fight back in her own defense, without finishing the carving of the knife. As in all duels, the ritemaster is considered to be the Master of the Challenge. Any Garou that is wounded must make a check not to frenzy. If the latter situation is chosen, it's considered proper for the victor to finish the carving her knife in thanks to Gaia, after her foe has been defeated. If the ritemaster wishes, additional Renown may be awarded to the victor, depending on the beauty or quality of the knife, which then is usually worn openly with pride. The knife thereafter is ready to be enchanted as a fetish, with a particular affinity for spirits with high Rage.

**MET**: *Advanced* Rite. Every scene that they are confined together, the participants must make a Rage test to avoid frenzy, beginning at difficulty four and increasing by one Trait per scene. Those who fall into frenzy before finishing their knife are considered to have violated the rite, and the ritemaster may choose to either dissolve the barrier or simply allow the non-frenzied Garou to fight back without finishing his knife. Wounded Garou must test to avoid frenzy as normal. In addition, each scene both participants must make a Physical test (retest *Crafts* or *Rituals*) to determine the progress of their blade; a number of successful tests equal to 7 - (each ritualist's *Crafts* or *Rituals* rating, whichever is higher) is necessary before the blade can be considered complete. Blades crafted during this ritual make natural fetishes.

## Rites of Accord

### Song of the Longest Night

Level One

Even the wild spirit of Great Wendigo grows weary, after eons of battle against the ever-encroaching madness of the Wyrm and the Weaver. His cold fury, like all sources of Gaia's might, needs renewal and respite in order that he continue to guide and guard his children. In gratitude for the blessings he grants his tribe, for the enduring strength he lends them, once every year, Wendigo's children offer to him the gift of rest. On the longest night of the winter, all Wendigo gather respectfully at their closest caern, or simply in a place of safety with their pack. Upon the setting of the sun and the rise of Luna, the Garou join their voices together in a howling lullaby, serenading Wendigo into his only night of sleep. The sound of these gentle, sustained and soothing howls allows him to rest in the bosom of Gaia, replenishing himself from the uncorrupted and chaotic fount of the Wyld. Meanwhile, Wendigo's children remain quiet and awake, keeping a vigil through darkness, protecting their Kinfolk and themselves. On Midwinter morning, when the sun rises, the Garou waken Great Wendigo with a howl of welcome and joy akin to the Cry of Elation, welcoming him back with pride and singing the glories of the coming year. Then the partying begins; all should rejoice with feasting, merrymaking, brawling, and reveling in their bonds to each other and to Great Wendigo. Often Galliards regale their Kin with stories of exceptional bravery, gratitude and wisdom. Camp celebrations have been known to last for several days. Usually all activities and travel come to a stop on the Longest Night, and it is considered a damnable crime to perform any rites or use any Gifts that would need Wendigo's attention or participation. Wendigo himself deals with the foolish Garou who wakes him before dawn immediately and severely, if other werewolves don't get to her first. Interrupting Great Wendigo's sleep may endanger the lives and spirits of the entire tribe — nobody knows for sure what horrible things may happen, though, because so far no one has been quite that stupid.

**System**: In addition to the usual roll of Charisma + Rituals made by the ritemaster at a difficulty level of

6, in order to mark the beginning of the rite, every participating Garou has the option of spending a point of Gnosis, as their personal offering of energy to aid in Great Wendigo's rejuvenation. Whether Wendigo returns the favor later remains at the Storyteller's discretion.

### *Rite of the Heavy Heart*

Level Three

This rite is generally performed after the completion of any rite where a Garou is killed for her transgressions, in an attempt to restore Gaia's balance to the tribe. For example, the rite's ameliorating effects are cast upon a pack or sept after the conclusion of the Hunt of a cannibal Garou, the Rite of the Vipers, Gaia's Vengeful Teeth, or the Summoning of the Tupilaq. The participants chant to Gaia and Great Wendigo their regret for the killing of a brother or sister; regardless of the fact that she deserved to die, the loss of a Garou life is not a thing to celebrate. No matter how difficult it may be, each werewolf at the rite should recite something redeeming, worthwhile, or memorable about the dead Garou. The ritemaster and the participants then declare to the spirits their sorrow that they were unable to lead the traitor back from her offending path, and request that Gaia bear the traitor's spirit into the afterlife of the ancestors with forgiveness and relief from shame.

**System**: The ritemaster spends one point of Gnosis to awaken an untouched talen of Gaia, symbolizing the purity that is sought, and then makes a Charisma + Rituals roll at a difficulty 8. All participants in the rite also spend one point of Gnosis. Finally, at a difficulty of the Storyteller's discretion, each participant should roll their Charisma + Empathy, in order to manage a sincere offering-tale for the redemption of the traitor Garou's spirit.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Rite. In addition to the standard test to perform the rite and the necessary Gnosis expenditure, those speaking on behalf of the treacherous Garou have the option of making a Social test (retest *Empathy*; packmates or relatives receive an automatic retest) in order to manage a suitably sincere and moving offering. The Narrator is encouraged to offer additional retests or even waive the need for a test entirely if the roleplaying surrounding this rite is exceptionally good, particularly if the rite involves another player's character.

### *Rite of the Second Birth*

Level Five

This rarest of ceremonies is performed in order to absolve a cannibal Garou of their sin and remove the taint of their actions, at the cost of all their Rank and Renown. Because of the difficulty in completing this rite, and the ghastly nature of the situation itself, it is seldom finished, always performed in utter secrecy, and even more seldom discussed. Many ritemasters have argued that the risk of redeeming a cannibal can never be outweighed by the cannibal's usefulness to the pack or tribe. It is generally decided, in a secret Council of the Second Birth, that the Garou in question possesses an ability or asset that is absolutely vital to the survival of the tribe. Only when this Council has come to this conclusion will the rite be prepared. The details of the rite itself are simple in contrast to the politics surrounding it. At the full moon, the cannibal Garou is brought blindfolded, bound and gagged, to the center of a concealed earthen circle. If the circle is discovered by anyone outside the rite's council, the area is considered polluted and the rite fails. This ritual area must have been purified and consecrated to Gaia nightly over the course of one entire lunar month, using the Rite of Cleansing, the smoke of burnt birch or willow branches, and copious amounts of blood from two different ritemasters. One of the ritemasters howls the transgressions of the cannibal Garou in a Curse of Ignominy, standing at the westernmost point of the circle, reviling the villain's deeds with discordant disdain. Simultaneously, the other ritemaster performs a Howl of Introduction from the easternmost point, reciting the new identity that the Garou will assume, assigning all the committed sins to the previous, vile persona. Both howls must end precisely at the same time. At this moment, the target of the rite, for all intents and purposes, has his Wyrm taint torn out by the hand of Gaia. Note that this taint remains a coherent spirit-thing in the nearby Umbra: it may evaporate, manifest as a spirit of some kind, or affix itself to another target, as befits the Storyteller's needs. Whether or not this reborn Garou (always an Ahroun) still possesses the very powers and Gifts that made him so valuable is an entirely different risk undertaken by the Council.

**MET**: *Advanced* Rite. Due to this rite's inherently dramatic and potentially contentious results, it is highly recommended that at least the Spirit Keeper and preferably the Storyteller be present to adjudicate the rite and its results. They are also encouraged to make this rite as mysterious, haunting and memorable as possible, and to emphasize the story value of this rite over simple in-game mechanics. As the rite's success or failure is determined entirely by the will of Gaia (a.k.a. the Storyteller), players should accept and understand that the rite's outcome is completely in the Storyteller's hands before undertaking it.

## Mystic Rites

### Rite of the Sun Dance

Level Two

A worthy Wendigo can make contact with the spirit-world without the use of drugs or smoke, driving herself into a state of Reaching simply by enduring pain. At the center of the caern or Glade, the participants must carve and erect a wooden totem pole, decorating it with long straps of rawhide or caribou skin. At the top of the pole, a caribou skull should be affixed, facing northwards. At the end of each strap hangs a sharpened hook, sometimes made of silver. At sunrise, the ritemaster, or the Garou who will undergo the rite, allows the hooks to be fastened into her flesh. Once the hooks are secured, the participants encourage the werewolf with a Howl of Introduction, announcing her intentions to Helios and the spirit world. Then they depart, leaving her alone, and the Sun Dance begins. Frequently, the Garou also cuts or otherwise mutilates herself repeatedly for a maximum amount of pain, offering up her blood in sacrifice to Gaia and Great Wendigo. The Dance usually lasts until the werewolf rips free of the hooks or otherwise collapses, although the longer she can continue through the pain and blood loss, the more power she can draw to herself.

**System**: The ritemaster or the invoking Garou makes a Charisma + Rituals roll to announce the rite to the Umbra. She then makes a Gnosis roll, and any successes above the single one required add to the effectiveness of the rite, which endows the Garou with increased blessings of Helios. Whenever the sun shines upon her, for the remainder of the month, she is guarded by mystic spirits of Helios, the power level of the summoned spirit constrained by the difficulty level of the rite, as determined by the Storyteller (as in the Rite of Summoning):

| Spirit Type | Difficulty |
|---|---|
| Gaffling | 4 |
| Jaggling | 5 |
| Avatar | 6 |
| Incarna | 8-9 |
| Avatar of Helios | 10 |

Additionally, Garou who fully take part in this rite may gain a point of Glory Renown, as well as an additional die to Social dice pools when interacting with any of Helios's brood.

### Rite of Deliverance

Level Three

Like the Gift of Wormwood's Balance, this rite is performed so that Garou close to each other in a pack may depend upon each other to defeat the poison of the Wyrm. However, the spirit of Great Wendigo can bestow an even greater strength upon the bonds among his tribe. During this rite, the ritemaster may learn to combat Derangements that another Wendigo close to her may possess — even the Derangements of a metis, although she must be of Wendigo blood. The two Wendigo must belong to the same pack, and both the characters must have fought together in a battle where the werewolf's Derangement has taken hold and caused a defeat to their pack or sept. A controlled situation is set up, preferably with the target Garou's knowledge, to cause her to become Deranged. At her side, offering complete trust, the ritemaster as deliverer guides them both through the ritual, fully sharing in and enduring the effects of this Derangement alongside her, forging a link between them through the Umbra. Through this bond, the deliverer forces her will upon the Derangement, subduing it herself, and then lends courage and support, aiding the Deranged character to do the same. When the effect of the Derangement has been mastered, the two linked Garou both complete the ritual by calling upon the spirits of Gaia and Great Wendigo and offering thanks.

**System**: The rite itself begins with the triggering of the Derangement. The ritemaster then spends a point of Gnosis and makes a Wisdom + Empathy roll against her target's Willpower, to share the Derangement. Finally, the ritemaster must then make a successful Willpower roll of her own (difficulty 5) to gain enough control to complete the rite. For every failure, the difficulty rises by one point. If she succeeds, the target character may resist her Derangement for the next lunar month. If the rite should fail, then the ritemaster absorbs the target's Derangement, instead, for the same period of time.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Rite. In addition to the standard test to perform the rite, the ritemaster must either prompt or wait for the target's Derangement to trigger. At this time, he may make a test of his Wisdom + *Empathy* rating against the target's Willpower; if successful, he now shares the target's Derangement. This Derangement is gained in its most active state, and both participants should roleplay the behavior accordingly. Immediately afterward, the ritemaster must then make a Willpower test against five Traits in order to regain enough self-control to finish the rite. Each failure on this test increases the difficulty by one Trait, and the ritemaster may only make a number of such Willpower tests equal to his Willpower rating before the rite fails and he suffers the target's Derangement for one full lunar month. If the ritemaster succeeds, however, the

ritemaster immediately shakes off the madness entirely, and the target may resist her Derangement without spending Willpower for one full lunar month.

### *Rite of Luna's Answer*

Level Five

This is one of the few ceremonies that Wendigo hide from their Kinfolk, and it is never undertaken lightly. Galliards say that the rite has been passed down through the generations, from Grandmother Luna, for Garou alone, so that they may speak to Luna in times of need. When great trials and questions plague the tribe, the Elders meet in council and choose a Theurge to lead a moon dance. A sacred vessel is crafted in a fashion befitting the nature of the question, and purified in preparation to contain a great spirit. The Theurge and a chosen pack of dancers begin the dance by passing into the Umbra and choosing a moon path to follow. As they run down the path, they howl and sing of the troubles of their people, letting their cries for help echo through the Umbra. If Luna favors their prayers and judges that her aid is needed, she sends a Lune to appear and test their strength. The Theurge chosen to lead the rite must then count coup on the spirit, using the ritually-prepared vessel in place of the customary wand. The Theurge and the Lune test their wills against each other. The longer the battle, the more pleased Luna is, and the more auspicious the answer received. Should the Theurge overcome the Lune spirit, it submits utterly and passes into the vessel, where it remains until the next spring, when the fetish shatters with the first cracking of the ice. Should the Lune overcome the Theurge instead, the Lune escapes, and the Theurge's spirit is bound inside the vessel to dwell there so long as it remains whole. The vessel, upon first being lifted, speaks whatever answer Luna has seen fit to grant, directly into the heart of the holder.

**System**: This rite is performed similarly to the Rite of Counting Coup and the Rite of the Moon Dance; the Theurge ritemaster must roll Charisma + Rituals at a difficulty determined by the Willpower (8) + Rage of the summoned Lune. A Theurge that completes this rite earns a point of Renown for every success she rolls past the Lune's Willpower + Rage. This rite may take place at any time during the lunar cycle, but the Elders must determine the time, depending on the talent of their Theurge and the seriousness of the trouble. If the rite is performed during the new moon, the Lune puts up less of a fight, and is most easily subdued, ensuring the success of the ceremony and a solution, although it is not Luna's most powerful or pleasant answer. Conversely, at the full moon, Luna herself can exert more of her energy and good will to aid the Wendigo with their problem, and the Lune will similarly be at its strongest and most difficult to defeat.

**MET**: *Advanced* Rite. To enact this rite, the Theurge must make a Social test (retest *Rituals*) against the combined Willpower + Rage of the summoned Lune. In addition, the Lune adds up to five Traits to this total based on the current phase of the moon when the rite is performed, from one Trait during the new moon up to a full five Traits for the full moon. If successful, the Theurge gains one Renown Trait plus an additional Renown Trait for each additional Trait the Lune had due to the phase of the moon. This rite can only be performed at the behest of the Elders, and the quality or pleasantness of the answer depends on the phase of the moon: new moon Lunes are easier to defeat, but also highly evasive and unpleasant, while Lunes of the full moon are powerful and tough but equally forthright and helpful when defeated.

## *Camp Gifts and Rites*

These Gifts and rites are taught within a specific Wendigo camp; as local, focused lore, they are usually only shared with other camps within the Wendigo, and are not generally shown to other Garou.

### *Ghost Dance*

• **Virgin Snow (Level Two)**—Nunavut, to many Wendigo, remains a symbol of hope and preserved purity among Garou and Kinfolk alike. The Ghost Dance has always trusted in the power that tradition holds, and it reveres the perfect and simple ways that have been imparted from generation to generation. This Gift rewards any Garou who chooses to follow the path of the old ways rather than take a modern or Wyrmcomer shortcut. An ancestor-spirit teaches this Gift to the Camp of the Ghost Dance in Nunavut.

**System**: The player spends one Gnosis point, and then rolls Intelligence + Rituals at a difficulty of 6. If she succeeds, she may add one point to any ability roll she needs to make; she must be offered a choice between a human or Wyrmcomer way, and a Garou or Kinfolk way, both applicable to the same Ability — and consciously choose the Garou way. For example, a Wendigo who refuses penicillin, and chooses to fight an infection with a time-tested poultice of herbs and roots, can add a point to her Medicine knowledge; a werewolf who leaves behind a nylon backpack, GPS, and freeze-dried food before a journey can add a point to her Survival skill . Similarly, a Garou who decides to travel on foot or by sled, instead of in a car or a snowmobile, can add a point to her Drive skill.

**MET**: *Basic* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait and making a Mental test against a difficulty of five Traits, the Wendigo may gain temporary Ability levels related to areas where he refused to rely on anything other than traditional Garou ways. (See above.) Each use of this Gift adds only one Ability level, and while it can be used multiple times, no more than one level of a single Ability can be gained at a time. However, a Garou may temporarily rise above five levels in an Ability through use of this Gift. This Gift lasts until the duration of the task involved is complete or until the end of the session, whichever comes first.

### *Sacred Hoop*

• **Claw-to-Thumb (Level One)** — So that the gap of purpose and harmony between the Wendigo and the Kinfolk that follow them may not widen further over the years, all those lupus who come to the Sacred Hoop camp can be taught to understand the human mindset. Those who were raised with humans and are intimate with homid thought processes can teach Garou how to accurately sense what a human desires, and can equate it to its lupine equivalent, if there is one. A dog-spirit teaches this Gift, as she is able to feel the needs and languages of both human and wolf.

**System**: This Gift works as the Silver Fangs Gift: Empathy, except that the Wendigo learns to better observe and understand the wishes and emotions of humans and Kinfolk, not of other Garou.

• **Firewater's Quench (Level Three)** — Myeengun's Lodge is a part of the Sacred Hoop dedicated to sharing the lore of wolves with the Wendigo tribe and their human Kinfolk and allies. Many homids and humans, out of poverty, misfortune, or boredom, fall into dangerous and destructive habits, habits that wolves regard as Man's peculiar weakness — huffing gasoline, drinking too much liquor, becoming dependent upon drugs that poison his body and mind. Wolves rarely fall into these traps, and they have aided many within their camp with their lupine ways, helping them to drive the desire for these vile substances out of their blood and their spirit. Myeengun, an ancestor-spirit who was born a human but became a wolf, teaches this Gift to his followers.

**System**: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Primal-Urge. For each success, no deliberately-ingested intoxicant works on the character for a single day.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Gift. By spending a Gnosis Trait, the Wendigo becomes immune to all deliberately-ingested intoxicants for a number of days equal to his Willpower rating.

### *Rite of the Sacred Hoop: Black Blood of Gaia*

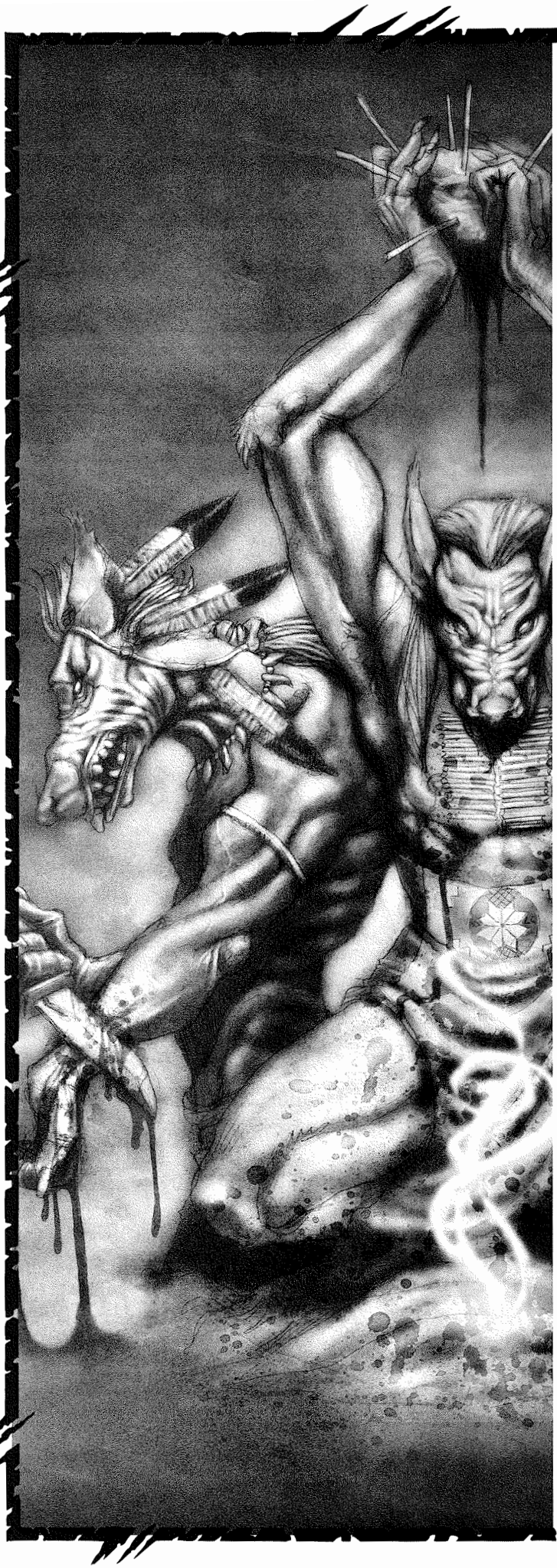
Level Three

The Wyrmcomers' hunger for oil has destroyed and desecrated many of Wendigo's lands, driving his people from their homes, tearing apart the bones and blood of Mother Gaia. If a cunning Garou discovers where an oil well has been sunk, or if she sees surveying or drilling happening in her territory, she may use this Gift to alert Gaia, and ask elementals of the Earth to aid Her in redirecting the flow of the oil elsewhere, blocking it, or stopping it altogether. The ritemaster and participants hunt and kill a large animal, usually a caribou or deer, and the ritemaster tears the heart from the animal. She intones blessings upon Gaia and the sacred lands, while clenching the heart in her claws. She squeezes all the blood from the organ onto the ground, offering it to be absorbed by the Earth in sacrifice. Then the ritemaster and all other able participants of the ritual cut themselves and proffer their blood as well, giving their strength in exchange for the great forces that must be put to work beneath the surface of the Earth. Some Garou have bled themselves to death during this ritual, in an effort to offer the ultimate strength of their spirits, as well as their blood, to preserve the lands of Gaia from being despoiled.

**System**: The ritemaster rolls Charisma + Rituals to determine the success of the ritual, at a difficulty of 7. If she succeeds, she and every participant spend at least one point of Gnosis, and one Health Level in blood. The sum of the pooled Gnosis, in addition to the Ritemaster's extra success dice, measures how thoroughly the oil has been held back.

| **Desired Result** | **# of Successes** |
|---|---|
| Drilling equipment damaged by strata shift | 5 |
| Oil volume becomes irregular | 6 |
| Oil volume slows to a trickle | 7 |
| Oil stops completely, redrilling fails | 8 |
| Oil in surrounding acres disappears | 9 |
| Oil well spouts blood instead of oil | 10 |

**MET**: *Intermediate* Rite. In additional to succeeding on the standard activation test, the ritemaster and any others participating must each spend at least a Gnosis Trait and a Health Level; more Gnosis Traits can be spent if desired, but each additional Gnosis Trait requires a corresponding Health Level. Health Levels sacrificed during this rite do not begin to regenerate until a full hour afterward, at which time the Garou begins healing normally. Storytellers should base the results of this rite on the chart offered above,



using the number of Gnosis Traits spent in place of the number of successes.

### *Warpath Rite: Twitch of the Idlak*

Level Four

The Warpath have preserved this method of hunting seals and put it to a unique use. The idlak, a tool used by arctic Kinfolk for many years, is created out of a delicate feather tied to a long thin sliver of wood or bone. A hunter sticks this tool into a breathing hole in the ice; when a seal swims to the hole and surfaces for breath, it makes the idlak flutter and tremble. Similarly, this rite allows a Wendigo to pierce the Gauntlet with a fetish idlak, capturing a friendly spirit or Gaffling inside its slender form. This sets an alarm that makes it unnecessary for a Garou to peek through to the Umbra and thereby leave her Earthly back defenseless. Any Bane, or any other dangerous spirits that belong to the Weaver or the Wyrm, may draw near the idlak's place in the Penumbra without noticing it. If the vile spirits pass too closely, or cross the Gauntlet by Materializing, the Gaffling sends a warning by setting the idlak in motion, both physically and spiritually. When it is triggered, it enables the Garou who planted it to track the spirit's manifestation, or helps her to cross quickly into the Penumbra to follow the spirit's tracks and to engage in battle with it.

**System**: The player spends at least two points of Gnosis when planting the idlak, and then rolls Gnosis + Perception. The number of successes the player rolls, or the number of additional Gnosis points spent, determines any additional Gnosis levels for the Gaffling. The spirit senses any thinning or puncture made in the Gauntlet, or the approach of any Bane or hostile spirit nearby in the Penumbra, and makes the idlak shake visibly in the Realm. It also calls mentally to the Garou who bound it into the idlak, alerting her that danger is near.

**MET**: *Intermediate* Rite. In addition to the standard test to perform the rite, the ritemaster must spend at least two Gnosis Traits to plant the idlak. The idlak Gaffling created then receives a number of additional Gnosis Traits equal to the ritemaster's Gnosis, plus an additional Trait for each Gnosis Trait that is spent during the rite. Any time the Gauntlet thins or is punctured, or a Bane or similar hostile spirit enters the nearby Penumbra, the idlak begins shaking visibly, and the Spirit Keeper should alert the Garou that planted the idlak that danger is nearby.

## *Tribal Renown*

The Wendigo are, of course, unique among the twelve tribes of the Garou Nation. There are many

ways in which they differ from their brethren, but there are certain characteristic mannerisms that mark the Wendigo for extraordinary Renown and admiration from all werewolves, even from their enemies.

**Glory**: It is said that Wendigo are capable of the coldest and most murderous Rages on the face of Gaia, and their kills are famous for their gory, blood-soaked and gruesome qualities. Many an enemy and Wyrmbringer find the macabre and monstrous ways in which a Wendigo dispatches their minions disturbing, once their pawns are delivered back to them — turned inside out, strangled with their own tails, having gnawed off their own flesh to the bone, or sliced precisely, reassembled and frozen, only to collapse as they melt. The ghastly and shocking methods of slaughter created by a cold-hearted and furious Wendigo are said to be unequaled by any other Garou.

Warlike Garou in tribes such as the Shadow Lords, the Get of Fenris, and the Black Furies are more likely to award a Wendigo Glory for a uniquely horrifying kill.

**Honor**: Many Garou admire the Wendigo's dedication to the destruction of the Wyrm, even if they do not undertake such thorough cleansing measures themselves. Such single-minded purpose, a noble devotion that has survived so long, deserves to be treated with Honor — even if other tribes believe that it is a waste of time or a mistake, with other foes closer to hand.

Stubborn and idealistic Garou in tribes such as the Bone Gnawers, the Silent Striders, some Fianna, and even the Glass Walkers honor a Wendigo's wholehearted commitment to defeating the Wyrm.

**Wisdom**: Preserving the habitat and the bloodlines of wolf Kin has always been a priority among the Wendigo; only in the lands belonging to Wendigo are wolves still able to hunt, run wild and breed freely, out of the reach of white man's "civilization." In comparison to the proportion of wolves living outside of Wendigo lands, other tribes' wolf Kin suffer severely, rare and tiny packs forced to hide themselves out of fear, constantly on the move to avoid capture, or trapped like prisoners within the bounds of "preserves." Many other Garou, regardless of what they otherwise think of their cold brethren, know that the survival of wolf Kin is heavily dependent upon the Wendigo Tribe.

Tribes such as the Red Talons, the Silver Fangs, the Uktena, and the Children of Gaia quickly recognize the Wisdom of a Wendigo who fights to preserve the freedom of wolf Kin.

## Fetishes and Talens

*"A fetish provides strength drawn simply from the basis of its true nature, given to it by Gaia. Any other power imbued within a fetish or amulet, any talisman or charm, is only built upon this foundation. Stone cannot feel pain. Clay cushions and camouflages. Rabbit's paws help her leap farther. Eel can find the trickiest escape. Even the trees gift us with their own differences; the bough of a dogwood, supple and strong, can fashion a bow, and the bark of a cedar can protect against fire. Only once you understand the soul of a fetish can it link you to Gaia's power."*

— Ivalu Ghost Fingers, from the Stony Ledge Caern

### Fetishes

#### Nogunqaaq and Hunqunqaaq, the Spear and Mask of Destiny

Level Five, Gnosis 8, Unique

Nogunqaaq's vicious point can thrust with deadly might through all Tellurian planes — the Underworld, Earth, the Gauntlet, the Penumbra, the Near Realms, the Membrane, and the Deep Umbra —

#### Creating Fetish Scars

A Garou mystic can bind a spirit into the hardened flesh of a scar itself, instead of into a prepared object. The binding of a spirit within the scar of a Garou takes additional effort, and as such is even more rare than the creation of a fetish object. The Rite of the Fetish must be completed regardless, with the scarred flesh purified in the same manner; cleansing it with earth, water, flame, or wind. The spirit can be bound more easily, however, if the scar is created through an action the spirit understands and would be honored by. A spirit of death, war, pain, or of a warlike ancestor can be coerced into a battle scar; the scars from an attacking bird's talons may serve to flatter and convince the binding of a raven- or falcon-spirit. Just as with the Rite of Binding, spirits can be bound temporarily to create a talen instead of a fetish, and if the Rite fails, the spirit may be angered and cause damage not only to the ritemaster, but to the scarred flesh as well.

The difficulty to create a fetish scar is increased by 2, to a maximum of 10, because a Garou's spirit is so strong that few spirits can easily coexist within his flesh.

wounding whatever lies in its path, in any place, reality or manifestation. Nogunqaaq's tip is made of moon-drenched silver, its shaft a rippling pole of ice with lightning trapped within its depths. Seeing through the slitted wooden eyes of Itungunqaaq lets you glimpse your foe's thoughts and movements as they ripple through the planes. Nearly always, an enemy's thoughts change before his flesh shifts, or calls upon spirits who can be seen, warning the wearer of Itungunqaaq of attack, defense or gambit before matter is even set into motion.

Most well-informed Theurges and ritemasters know that Nogunqaaq was last seen in 1896, in the hands of a wily Yukon Ragabash by the name of Hammerpants. In the midst of the Klondike Gold Rush, Hammerpants won the spear in a poker game from a Wyrmcomer in Dawson City, by the name of Joppe Humber. Hammerpants' local Wendigo friends in Moosehide were, naturally, dubious that the spear was actually Nogunqaaq. Hammerpants proceeded to demonstrate its use to them with frightening effect, stabbing through reality and releasing several troublesome Jagglings and a particularly nasty Vortex from the Deep Umbra. After the fires were put out, he claimed that he had no idea how Humber had come by the precious Spear of Destiny, but that he fully intended to take it with him to Nunavut and give it to the ritemasters there, since he could trust no one else but himself. Unfortunately, the day after he left, an avalanche buried Chilkoot Pass in a hundred feet of snow, apparently swallowing up Hammerpants and Nogunqaaq with him. Since Itungunqaaq the Mask only comes when Nogunqaaq calls it, both fetishes are effectively lost for the time being.

### Ghost Dance Shirt

Level Five, Gnosis 7

These fabled war-shirts are sewn of flexible hide or seal intestine, and decorated, armor-like, with intricate breastplates. These breastplates are threaded together with sinew, constructed with elaborate rows of long tubular hairpipe beads, made of shells, bone, reeds, and sometimes glass or other metals. The tailor performs the Rite of the Fetish during the shirt's construction. Howling and singing prayers to the spirit of the wearer's choice, exhorting it with every dip of the needle, the tailor convinces the spirit to enter into the growing network of threads and beads. The Ghost Dance Shirt generally has a symbol of the spirit incorporated into its pattern as an additional enticement, and it is only declared finished when the spirit has been successfully bound. Once the wearer activates the shirt, the spirit protects her completely from any non-magical, ranged projectile damage, such as crossbow bolts, arrows, bullets, shrapnel, thrown rocks, or sling pellets. Regular edged attacks or bashing attacks in close combat still hurt the Wendigo normally. If a Ghost Dance Shirt is worn outside of combat, it gradually saps the wearer's Wits, at a cost of one point per day; the bound spirit becomes so eager to deflect damage that it tries to put itself into harm's way to make the situation possible. A character that reaches Wits 0 in this fashion frenzies at the slightest inconvenience or provocation.

**MET**: A Garou wearing an activated Ghost Dance Shirt is completely immune to all non-magical, ranged projectile attacks, and receives a free retest against all magical attacks of that nature. Close combat attacks still affect the wearer normally. The breastplate counts as one level or armor against close combat attacks, but continues to function even after this protection has been lost, provided it is repaired immediately after battle. If the Wendigo wears the shirt outside of battle, it gradually saps Willpower Traits at the rate of one per scene, until the wearer reaches zero Willpower Traits; at this point, the wearer must test to avoid frenzy at even the slightest problems or provocations.

### Qallunaat, Tearer of the Veil

Level Four, Gnosis 7, Unique

Legends tell that when the spear Qallunaat is thrown, its bone tip whistles through the air like Wendigo's screaming wind, doing sonic damage to all creatures that are neither Garou nor Kinfolk. The sound of Qallunaat flying through the air incites Delirium as it rips through the Veil on its way to its target, sending most humans to their knees with paralyzing fear. There is considerable debate as to whether all Kinfolk who carry Garou blood are immune to the sound of Qallunaat, if it only spares those of Wendigo blood. Some stories even say that non-Kin humans who are members of Native American tribes are also safe from the effects of its scream, despite their usual vulnerability to the Delirium. Since Qallunaat has not been found within the living memory of any Wendigo, the debate will likely last for quite a long time.

**MET**: Should Qallunaat be found and used again, when activated and hurled it causes all non-Kinfolk humans within three steps of its flight path to suffer the Delirium from its piercing wail. Otherwise, it is treated as a normal spear for purposes of Traits and damage; likewise, it does not inspire any particular reaction if used in close combat.

### The Ulu of Armagnatsaaq Chiff-That-Watts

Level Four, Gnosis 6, Unique

Lost even beyond the remembrance of most ancestor spirits, this curved bone knife was a gift to

Chill-That-Waits from Luna herself, aiding Chill-That-Waits in defeating the great monster Luumajuuq. The haft, tang and edge of the Ulu were one, created from a single piece of silvery bone, shaped to instantly and intimately fit the grip of its wielder, ever sharp and completely unbreakable. Bound within the crescent-shaped blade, it is told, was the righteous spirit of a Lune, dedicated to shedding her purifying light into any corrupted darkness. Some believe that the fetish knife contained, instead, an immortalized war-spirit that fought for Luna with extraordinary skill and fury. Or, perhaps, the two spirits were entwined together. Whatever power was confined within this woman's knife, though, allowed Arnaguatsaaq to fight the Ice-Breaker and the monstrous bird Aipaloovik with the strength of ten. The *Song of Chill-That-Waits* says that when Luna is ready to aid Wendigo in a battle of vital importance to Garou, she will cause the Ulu to rise from its hiding place, and allow it to fall into the hands of her chosen, the mightiest female warrior worthy to follow in Chill-That-Waits' paw prints. Rumor has it that the Ulu has recently been found, which most elders consider to be a bad omen for the immediate future.

### *Cedar Bowl*

Level Four, Gnosis 6

A carefully fashioned bowl of cedar wood, as perfectly round as the full moon, cradles the spirit of several bound water elementals. The rim of the bowl is bound with a flat ribbon of copper, and the sigil that binds the spirits is etched into the bottom of the bowl and also filled with poured veins of copper. The bowl itself is utterly indestructible and fireproof. When the bowl is activated, by filling it with water and dragging a wet fingernail or claw around the rim in a complete circle, it lets out a penetrating ringing chime that is carried by the wind. The bound water elementals then rise and cause all sources of fire within hearing of the ringing or sight of the bowl to be completely extinguished. The holder of the bowl may spend additional points of Gnosis to encourage a wind-spirit to carry the sound further and further, making it possible to put out fires from considerable distances away. Each point of Gnosis expended doubles the original distance that the sound carries; for example, the chime may ordinarily be heard 150 feet away on a still day, but can be heard 600 feet away with the spending of 2 more points of Gnosis.

**MET**: This fetish functions as described above, save that its base range becomes fifteen steps during **Mind's Eye Theatre** play.

### *Wendigo Shield*

Level Four, Gnosis Variable

Heating a prepared piece of buffalo hide until it hardens to the thickness of an inch creates this signature fetish of a Wendigo warrior. The hide is then stretched over a frame of whalebone or antler for sturdiness, and decorated as the Wendigo sees fit. Usually buffalo shields are adorned with an assortment of furs, scalps, and other relics of the warrior's vanquished foes. A shield may have several war-spirits bound to it, and some shields can even be home to the ancestor-spirits of the honorably defeated, who have chosen to aid the Garou who conquered them nobly in combat.

Any Wendigo Shield adds 1 point to its wielder's Intimidation skill, and increases her soak by an amount equal to half its Gnosis. War-spirits are attracted to fearsomely decorated Wendigo Shields, with successes on a Dexterity + Crafts roll increasing the likelihood of attracting a powerful war spirit into the shield. However, an excessively decorated shield is cumbersome to wield, and costs the Garou who carries it a point of Dexterity. Treasured shields are often used by Theurges in divination rituals before battle. These kinds of fetish shields can also be set up outside a dwelling, opposite the door, in order to guard the warrior within from spirit attacks to his blind side. There are even stories of shields that, when unveiled, drive off the enemy without even a single blow being struck.

**MET**: Wendigo shields are treated as normal shields, with the following additional benefits: First, the owner receives a free *Intimidating* Trait as well as a level of *Intimidation* when wielding the shield, even if this takes them over their normal Trait limits. Second, once per combat, with a loud war whoop, the shield may completely absorb the damage from a single attack, provided the total levels of damage do not exceed half the shield's Gnosis. Any levels beyond that amount are dealt directly to the wielder. Lastly, if the shield is home to particularly fierce ancestor- or war-spirits (Storyteller's discretion, based on the shield's construction), the wearer may attempt to frighten off foes the first time they catch sight of the shield up close, by spending a Gnosis Trait and making a Social test (retest *Intimidation*). Success means that the opponent must immediately flee the Wendigo's presence, though they can defend themselves normally and even attack other enemies they meet along the way. The Wendigo may only use the shield to frighten off an opponent once per combat, and any foe that resists the shield's power is immune to this effect forever after.

### *Partridge Wing*

Level Three, Gnosis 7

This fetish is made from the wing of a partridge bird, its feathers all completely unbroken and strangely white as snow. The joint of the wing has a golden ring fastened through it, and hangs from a long golden chain. To activate the fetish, a werewolf must concentrate upon a memory that she wishes to remove from her mind, and then swing the partridge wing around herself counter-clockwise three times, letting the tips of the feathers brush in a circle around her on the ground. Memories of another human or Garou can also be swept away in a similar fashion, by dragging the feathers by the chain in a circle around them. This fetish is rarely used on Garou and should never be used without permission, but has come in very handy for restoring Delirious humans to their calmer states.

**MET**: Most of the time this fetish's use is voluntary, and therefore requires little adjudication, but should it be brought to use against an unwilling target, the target may resist with a test of her Willpower against the fetish's Gnosis.

### *War Whistle*

Level Two, Gnosis 5

Crafted from the leg-bone of an eagle or other hunting bird, and usually decorated with porcupine quills or bright dangling feathers, a war-whistle contains a bound war-spirit of ferocious bloodthirstiness. Awarded by the Elders to a chosen battle-leader or war chief before the fighting begins, this fetish only awakens when its bearer blows it with icy Rage in his heart. The shrill, piercing shriek of the whistle carries over the battleground, summoning all the leader's allies to the fight; it also allows the user to immediately roll Charisma + Intimidation to intimidate all foes on the battlefield. The Wendigo using a War Whistle may add 2 dice to his Intimidation dice pool for this purpose.

**MET**: When activated, the Wendigo may use this fetish to make a Social test (retest *Intimidation*) against his enemies; those defeated are two Traits down on all tests against the Wendigo and his allies. This fetish may only be activated once per conflict, and multiple whistles in use at once are not cumulative.

### *Wild Rice*

Level One, Gnosis 5

This fetish created with wild rice can mystically heighten fertility, increasing a female Garou's chances to conceive and continue the Wendigo bloodline. Stalks of the rice can be gathered into a small bundle, braided together, and bound with a thread or leather thong soaked in her menstrual blood; or the ripened kernels of rice can be shaken free of the stalks and gathered into a small pouch, tied around the werewolf's neck with the same blood-soaked thread. Then the werewolf who wishes to conceive must bind a spirit of one of her female ancestors, an earth spirit, or another fertility spirit into the fetish. While it is activated, the Garou should not remove it from her person, especially not during sexual congress. The exact game effects are left to the Storyteller's discretion as to what is appropriate for her chronicle.

### *Wendigo Dagger*

Level One, Gnosis 6

Most Wendigo blade fetishes are carved from walrus tusks or other bone, impervious to changes in temperature, and frequently have a spirit bound within them by performing the Rite of the Fetish upon its first blooding. Wendigo blades are practical, razor-sharp, and not usually elaborate, although their hafts are often wrapped with a decorative thong or woven quill-pattern. The taste of fresh blood on a Wendigo dagger generally serves to awaken the bound spirit inside.

## *Talens*

### *Moon Iglu*

Gnosis 8

This talen is a miniature ceramic vial with a Lune spirit bound inside. When a traveling Wendigo needs to provide shelter for one who cannot endure the harsh elements of ice and snow and wind, or if she needs to rest while being pursued and cannot stay awake to guard herself, she may build an iglu and then open this vial within the iglu's crawlspace. The freed Lune fills the iglu with warmth and the peaceful glow of moonlight, visible from outside, while solidifying the thickness of the iglu's walls to the hardness of diamonds. The spirit then stands guard over whatever is sheltered inside the iglu, allowing no entry or exit without the consent of the Wendigo that released it. When the sun rises, the Lune returns to the Umbra and the iglu resumes its natural state.

### *Snow Goggles*

Gnosis 6

Fashioned out of hide, bone or wood, these goggles are practical equipment for any Garou or Kinfolk traveling long distances through the snow. With slits carved or holes poked through the goggles, which are tied behind the head with a thong or sinew, the glare of sun over snow is diminished considerably, preventing snow-blindness and keeping one from becoming lost or dazed in a featureless landscape. Usually, a Wendigo asks the aid of a sharp-eyed animal spirit, a

spirit of snow or ice, or a spirit with the Tracking Charm, and with its consent binds it into the goggles for the duration of her journey. A character wearing Snow Goggles cannot be blinded.

### *Ice Arrowheads*

Gnosis 4

These arrowheads are made of translucent, needle-sharp chips of ice, frozen tightly to their shafts. Spirits of ice and water easily empower these fragile weapons, which melt away after embedding themselves in the body of their targets. To create these arrowheads, a copper mold is made and water poured into it, or chips are carefully carved and honed with other pieces of ice used as tools. Only once the arrowheads are completely sharpened should the spirits be bound to these talens. Ice Arrowheads do an additional Health Level of damage against fire-spirits and those of Helios's brood.

### *Wind Snorkel*

Gnosis 3

Created from a flexible, hollow reed or bone antler, this talen binds a willing air elemental spirit. If a Garou needs to swim underwater, burrow through the earth, or venture anywhere that she ordinarily cannot breathe, she can use this peculiar talen. Fitting the end of the tube into her mouth or muzzle, the Wendigo can suck enough air through it to keep herself alive and moving onward on her journey, for as long as necessary.

## *Totems and Allies*

### *Totems*

*"You don't choose a totem. Remember this, and it will never call you its disobedient Child. Your totem spirit has chosen you, as well as all those Garou destined to become your packmates, and all of your ancestors who have followed the same spirit before you. You are chosen for a purpose, and you should consider yourself lucky if you ever figure out why. Who can explain the reasoning of a Bear, of a Raven, of a Raccoon? Only one of its kin. That's what a pack really is — kin within kin. In your pack, guided by your totem spirit, you will find your focus, your cause for being, and figure out the gift of yourself, to give back to Gaia and to Wendigo. Never underestimate a totem spirit, especially one that isn't yours."*

— Ivalu Ghost Fingers, from the Stony Ledge Caern

### *Dolphin*

**Background Cost**: 5

**Traits**: Mischievous, social and playful, Dolphin learns quickly, cares deeply for her family, and brings joy to all who know her. Children of Dolphin are particularly resistant to the debilitating pull of depression, by adding two points to their Willpower pool against falling into Harano. Dolphin can also influence other Garou, Kinfolk, and spirits with her cheerfulness and determination, by subtracting three points from any difficulty roll involving Charisma + Empathy (as the Children of Gaia gift Spirit Friend).

**Ban**: Dolphin only asks that her children do their best to nurture, teach and protect young pups or babies. Frequently the most dedicated Mentors have Dolphin as their totem.

**MET**: Dolphin's children receive a free retest on all challenges to resist falling into Harano, as well as a free *Empathetic* Trait.

### *Moose*

**Background Cost**: 4

**Traits**: Moose's antlers are his weapons, growing larger during the cold of winter. Moose does battle with the clashing of his antlers, conquering and sometimes killing his rivals with the force of bone against bone. Moose grants his packs two dots of Melee; each member also may receive a temporary point of Strength when engaged in a direct challenge with a competitor, if the confrontation is over a question of mating or desire.

**Ban**: Moose is a headstrong, heedless creature - and often difficult to turn from his chosen goal. Children of Moose must spend a point of Willpower to deviate from a predetermined course of action.

**MET**: Children of Moose receive two free levels of *Melee*, and a free *Brawny* Trait when engaged in a direct competition with another over a matter of mating or desire.

### *Caribou*

**Background Cost**: 4

**Traits**: Caribou provides for both man and wolf, in the bounty of her flesh, the strength of her sinew, the warmth of her fur and the soundness of her bones. Not a piece of Caribou should ever be wasted, the entirety of her body sacrificed to continuing the life of Gaia's creatures. Caribou can give a +2 to Survival rolls, aiding a pack or a Garou in finding shelter, food, tracks, or safety.

**Ban**: Caribou requires that her children must never harm a baby human or animal, a defenseless child, or a pregnant creature.

**MET**: Caribou's followers receive a free retest on all *Survival* tests, provided they carry some small piece of Caribou with them.

### *Sturgeon*

**Background Cost**: 4

**Traits**: Sturgeon has an uncommonly long life span, sometimes lasting nearly 100 years. Because of this longevity, Sturgeon can often help a werewolf in contacting ancestor-spirits, using the strength of his memory to bridge the Umbral distance between living and dead. Sturgeon can subtract 2 from the difficulty of using the Ancestors Background, and may also subtract 1 point from the difficulty of learning any similar rite or Gift from an ancestor-spirit, whether that ancestor's totem is Sturgeon or not. Sturgeon may be able to answer very old questions, but they are seldom speedy with their responses. Don't rush a Sturgeon, or you will get nothing at all.

**Ban**: Sturgeon is extremely sensitive to anything that taints Gaia, because he carries the effects of toxins with him throughout his long life. Children of Sturgeon are exhaustively dedicated to considering all possible options and priorities in the interest of maintaining purity, something other Wendigo find infuriating. Followers of Sturgeon that have the Ancestors Background sometimes find themselves unexpectedly visited by other Sturgeon ancestors, most of whom who feel the need to add their own opinions to the weighing of any decision.

**MET**: Sturgeon grants followers a free retest on all tests related to dealing with ancestor spirits in a positive way, including the *Ancestors* Background.

### *Rabbit*

**Background Cost**: 3

**Traits**: Rabbit changes her fur to blend into her surroundings; a brown or dun-colored pelt lets her merge into the landscape of leaves, dirt, or twigs, her coat paling to white when winter brings snow. A pack member may call upon the Gift of Camouflage, and in addition, members of the pack increase their Alertness by 1.

**Ban**: Rabbit also chooses to run, more often than not. Each pack member must spend a point of Willpower to avoid turning and fleeing any surprise or sudden confrontation that she is not expecting. Unlike the effects of Fox frenzy, the fleeing child of Rabbit does not attack to clear her path, but simply tries to escape.

**MET**: Rabbit gives her children the Gift: *Camouflage*, as well as a free *Alert* Trait. However, they must spend a Willpower Trait to avoid fleeing if Surprised or otherwise confronted with a sudden confrontation they were not expecting.

### *Goose*

**Background Cost**: 3

**Traits**: Goose is a seasoned traveler, her strong pinions making it possible for her to cover great distances more swiftly and easily; moon bridges between caerns are often opened with Goose's aid; a ritemaster with Goose as her totem may lessen the difficulty level of establishing a moon bridge by 1. Goose can increase the distance a Lupus-form Garou can travel, by adding 1 die to the Stamina + Athletics roll the long-running werewolf must make, at difficulty 4, for each hour of travel.

**Ban**: Goose tends to be rather noisy, chatty and social in conversation with her kin. More than one child of Goose together necessitates a -1 penalty to all Stealth rolls. Goose totems are, obviously, rather rare and probably embarrassing among the Wendigo.

**MET**: Goose grants followers a free retest on all *Athletics* tests related to traveling long distances, provided they are in Lupus form at the time, and also puts ritemasters two Traits up on all attempts to establish a moon bridge. However, when more than one follower of Goose is present, each follower suffers a one-Trait penalty to all *Stealth* tests due to their incessant need for chatter.

### *Porcupine*

**Background Cost**: 3

**Traits**: Porcupine carries her defenses with her, quills bristling to sink under the skin of any who are foolish enough to attack her. She is generally mild-mannered and sometimes overly blasé, but her spiky quills go a long way towards frightening off any casual foe. When attacked, she lowers her head stubbornly and lashes out with her tail, sending hooked barbs to embed themselves deeply into her opponent's flesh. Each member of a Porcupine pack gains one dot of Intimidation and Melee.

**Ban**: Children of Porcupine tend to find romantic situations difficult, but other than that, they have few limitations.

**MET**: Porcupine packs receive a free level of *Intimidation* and *Melee*.

### *Beaver*

**Background Cost**: 2

**Traits**: Beaver is the architect of Gaia, gifted with innate knowledge of the spirits of water and wood. He knows how to create a balance, building a haven for all creatures with his dams and their purifying floods, while his house shelters himself and his children. Beaver adds a die to all Craft skill rolls, and an additional die to Science knowledge pools.

**Ban**: Beavers unfortunately find practical jokes uncommonly amusing. Followers of Beaver find it hard to pass up the chance to play a joke on someone, and at the Storyteller's discretion must spend Willpower if they think of a particularly hilarious joke that they feel they shouldn't perform.

**MET**: Beaver's able children receive a free level of the *Crafts* Ability (often woodworking, but not always), and are two Traits up on all tests involving the *Science* Ability as well.

### Allies

#### Avatar of Great Wendigo

When Great Wendigo makes his avatar appear, usually within the Umbra, he often takes the form of a wolf. His snow-white fur glows with a vivid bluish aura so pure it seems nearly ultraviolet. Wendigo's eyes glitter like burning shards of ice, his fangs dripping like icicles from a powerful, thick muzzle. Where his paws would be, there is only flame — freezing, blue-black flame that scorches the ground where he treads, searing with bitter cold. Great Wendigo has a well-known taste for blood, and can run at electrifying speeds, hunting down his prey with arrow-like precision and leaving only freezing wind in his wake. The Avatar of Great Wendigo does not always show himself in his entirety, sometimes making himself known only by a trace of blue fire, or black paw-marks burnt into impenetrable ice. He sometimes manifests to signal his favor, even when he is not specifically summoned, when a rite or Gift calls upon his greatness.

Willpower 8, Rage 10, Gnosis 6, Essence: 32

**Charms**: Blast (Ice), Create Wind, Freeze, Materialize, Tracking

#### Aurora

The giant and capricious spirit of the Aurora shows herself only in the coldest of skies, proudly displaying her glory in showers of brilliant color. In the silence of the arctic night, the Aurora can be heard to whisper and howl to Wendigo's children, sometimes chiding them, sometimes teasing, and sometimes inviting them to join in a Moon Dance with her. Brave Garou who whistle back to the Aurora can flatter and entice her to come closer, and then encourage her to relay messages to other living spirits or creatures within the Umbra. Tales also say that disobedient werewolves that anger the Aurora are beheaded, and that when she dances, she is playing games with the other spirits, using an unfortunate Garou's head as the ball.

Willpower 4, Rage 3, Gnosis 10, Essence 22

**Charms**: Peek, Create Wind, Control Electrical Systems, Materialize

## Backgrounds

Wendigo may not purchase a the Contacts or Resources Backgrounds — it is unlikely a beginning character knows anyone in ordinary human society, or at least, anyone that would be of use to them in accomplishing a goal. Similarly, new Wendigo have to earn their way into personal wealth or worldly possessions, if they are foolish enough to desire it. A Wendigo generally does not welcome any interference from outsiders, or charity. Nor would she be easily convinced that money, toys, or belongings could give her freedom and not fear becoming mired in the polluted, greedy, corrupt white man's world. Most Wendigo would rather use the Background powers they already have, the only things that remain pure to them and that have remained within control of the tribe, to help them in situations where Contacts or Resources might ordinarily be used.

### Allies and Kinfolk

A Wendigo's Allies are likely to be her Kinfolk, or at least human friends and members of her Native American tribe. A Wendigo active in Native politics or the preservation of Native culture should be able to find allies easily among Kinfolk and Natives, and a Wendigo living in a remote area should also be able to make contact with wolves and lupus Garou. One of these allies may be able to provide Contacts or Resources that the Wendigo would not be able to use on her own.

### Ancestors

An ancestor-spirit is usually willing to aid a Wendigo in sharing information, learning and knowledge. A Galliard or Theurge ancestor often especially dedicates herself, even after death, to guarding the lore and lives of her endangered people, and will do anything in her power to ensure this tradition continues. A gift of knowledge can be just as valuable as money, and is much more easily traded. Also, ancestor-spirits are generally more open-minded to a Wendigo's request for obscure or valuable knowledge than a human Contact would be, because of the ties of kinship and blood. For more practical, day-to-day information, however, consulting a human ally is naturally more sensible.

### Mentor

Just as an ancestor-spirit seeks to perpetuate the Wendigo bloodline, a Mentor devotes herself in life to sharing the heritage she already has gained. Becoming a Mentor and choosing a student Adren is a serious statement, signifying that the Mentor is a powerful

enough elder Garou to begin passing on vital knowledge, and that the young Garou is ready and capable of learning and carrying on the traditions. Because these traditions are so important to the Wendigo's continued survival, sometimes the birth of a Mentor-Adren relationship is celebrated officially by the entire sept. Only in the passing on of the Litany and their ways can the Wendigo sustain and persevere in their purity.

### Pure Breed

The Wendigo purity is a closely-guarded treasure, any pollution fought off with claw and fang. A Wendigo victorious in battle is considered a triumph for all Wendigo, and will be encouraged to breed and share her bloodline and her deeds for the sake of her Kin. A Pure-Bred Wendigo becomes an even brighter triumph for the entire tribe's survival, and as such is even more revered by pack and sept alike than she would be in the rest of Garou society. The rarest of the rare, a Wendigo Pure-Breed will never forget who she is, and what she must become.

The Pure-Bred Wendigo usually has obvious physical attributes that proclaim her as such, no matter her form. Most often she will have eyes of an unusual piercing blue-violet that can be seen to glow in the darkness, especially when she is enraged. Others have pure white hair or fur, without stain or streak, which cannot be dyed and somehow never stays dirty for long. Some even have claws or fingernails of an extraordinary silver color that appears almost icy. When shifting from one form to another, the distinctive, proud carriage and angular facial features of a Pure-Bred Wendigo remain peculiarly consistent; she is immediately recognizable as herself, no matter what form she takes. In Crinos form, however, at the height of her Rage, a Pure-Breed's entire body glows with a faint, ultraviolet aura, much like that of the Avatar of Great Wendigo.

## Merits and Flaws

### Merits

#### Camouflage (2 point Merit)

You're Garou, all right, but something about you makes it hard for anyone to tell what tribe you belong to, or even what auspice you were born under. You are still bound to the traditions and rules of your moon phase and your kin, but you're damned good at blending in with any gathering in Garou society. If you're presented with a situation where it would be in your best interest, or the best interest of someone close to you, to pretend to another tribe or auspice, you can add one die to your Charisma attribute or to your Etiquette skill.

**MET**: You receive a free retest on all Social tests involving pretending to be another tribe or auspice.

### Flaws

#### Drama Queen (3 point Flaw)

You just can't resist drawing attention to yourself. No matter what, something always has to be going wrong — preferably something that is someone else's fault, and especially a problem that you just can't seem to solve, no matter what. The more people that know about you and your problems, the better. You're never satisfied if everything's going smoothly, and you're not above making up things that aren't exactly true to get people on your side. Anyone who clues in to your habits is just being unfair and cruel, especially since you already have so many other things to worry about. Whenever the focus of events isn't on you, or has departed from a matter you're involved in, you lose a point of Willpower. If a scene involves a different character (especially one you dislike) earning Renown or successfully rolling Leadership or Performance, you must make a roll to keep from frenzying.

## The First People

We have consorted with native tribes throughout North America. Here is a sampling of the traditional lives of some of our Kin.

### Alaska

**Inuit, Aleut, and Athapaskan**

They hunted polar bear, caribou, walrus, seal, musk ox, and whales. They also fished for salmon, cod, and Arctic char. Their tools and adornments were made from bone and skins, gifts of the animals they hunted. Naughty Inuit children were warned to beware or the spirit of the dreaded man-eating monster, Bakbakwalanooksiwae ("cannibal at the north end of the world") would come for them, and sometimes we did.

### The Northwest Coast

**Iñupiaq, Yup'ik Inuit, Alutiq (Aleuts), Haida, Tlingit, Gwich'in Tsimshian, and Chinook.**

The people along the Northwest Coast were some of the greatest artists among the First People. Like most natives, copper was the only metal known to them in pre-contact times. They made beautiful, useful objects including masks, feasting utensils, houses and canoes out of the cedar woods of their homeland. They wove colorful cloth and carved totem poles to celebrate their ancestors and spirit allies. Their handicrafts and generous ways impressed Drake when he landed briefly in the mid-1500s. It was along the Northwest Coast that the potlatch was

practiced, showing the tribes' emphasis not on ownership but rather generosity as a measure of status. They subsisted on fish, shellfish and sea mammals.

### Canada

**Inuit, Tsimshian, Tlingit, Eyak, Kwakiutl, Nootka, and Haida.**

Unlike those who lived in the plains, the Inuit people had no chiefs. Instead, the camp leader was the oldest, most experience hunter in the group. In addition to the camp leader, there was the shaman who was the wise man and healer for the camp. The people were lead by these two as they moved with the seasons and with the prey. Camps were usually made up of extended families and each had traditional summer and winter hunting grounds. Yes, hunting parties would shelter in an *iglu*, or snow house, and they held winter celebrations in *qaggiq* (a giant snow house), but they did not have 100 or 1000 words for "snow" (*aput*). Only ignorant Wyrmbringers call the people of the Arctic "Eskimo," or believe such lies. The generation that can remember the true Inuit way of life are now old grandfathers and grandmothers, but they are treasures. Imagine how old those of the plains would have to be to remember living in their traditional ways.

### Greenland

**Kitaamiut, Tunumiut and the Inughuit (or Polar Inuit).**

Unlike the rest of our lands, those in Greenland met the Wyrmbringers long ago. They had extensive contact with the Vikings who came and colonized until the Middle Ages when the First People of Greenland finally saw the last of the North Men. Also, unlike the Pure Lands, Greenland has few exploitable resources, allowing it to be spared from the worst of the Wyrmbringer invasions. By the 20th Century they would have some of the only pollution-free land, water and air left on the planet. Though Greenland is a possession of the Danish crown, Greenland came under "home rule" in 1979. It is a government and parliamentary representation made up of native peoples, not unlike the Canadian territory of Nunavut created in 1999.

### Siberia

**Chukchi, Saami, Inuit, Yakut and Nenets.**

These fishermen and hunters lived in clans with hereditary leaders. Their neighbors to the south were horse riders and herders. Some of the Siberian First People learned to herd reindeer around the time of the Middle Ages. This change caused them to adjust their ways, becoming nomads who lived in reindeer skin tents and moved from northern tundra pastures in summer to the more protected sub-Arctic taiga in winter while following their herds. Further adjustment to their ways came when they encountered and began to trade with English whalers and Russian hunters.

In a way, those in Siberia have been more protected from the "modern world" than other Arctic peoples, but this also means that they have had to cope with the onslaught of Wymbringer culture condensed down into the last hundred years and brought to them on the iron tracks of the Trans-Siberian railroad.

### The Great Plains of North America

**Comanche, Ute, Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Cree, Schitsu'umsh (Coeur d'Alene), Arapaho, Sioux (Dakota, Lakota, Oglala), Omaha, Ojibwe (Chippewa), and Kiowa.**

They hunted buffalo, deer, bear and small mammals. They also planted crops such as corn, beans, melons and squash in rich soil that the Wyrmbringers would eventually take for themselves. Wyrmbringers have a hard time remembering that these nations thrived for a long time before the introduction of horses or glass beads. It is these people who have been the faceless, war-like Indians in Wyrmbringer "westerns" for a hundred years, wearing crude war paint and whooping from horseback while brandishing rifles. Had they historically ever possessed so many weapons, perhaps they would have not been driven from the prairies.

The Wyrmbringers also forget that many of these nations were true political entities, with great rivalries, wars and treaties of their own. Much later, these nations were the birthplace of some of the greatest warriors in the fight for the Pure Lands.

### Native Northern Tribes

This is by no means an exhaustive list, but the tribes found in these geographical areas, where there are frequently harsh winters (or at least cold and snow), may serve as character backgrounds or provide a guide for research into Wendigo packs, rituals, and history.

**Great Plains**

Arapaho, Assiniboine, Blackfoot (Siksika), Blood (Alberta Blackfoot/Kainai), Carrier (Wet'suwet'en), Cheyenne, Comanche (Numunuu), Cree, Crow, Gros Ventre Montana (Atsina/Ah-ah-nee-nin), Gros Ventre Dakota (Hidatsa), Mandan, Omaha, Paiute, Piegan (Montana Blackfoot), Plains Apache, Plains Cree, Plains Ojibwe, Quapaw, Sarcee/Sarsi, Dakota (Santee), Lakota (Teton), Schitsu'umsh (Coeur d'Alene), Yankton (Nakota), Sutai, Ute

**Great Lakes**

Algonquin, Ojibwe (Chippewa), Great Lakes Sioux, Huron (Wendat), Illinois, Kickapoo, Kiowa, Menominee, Miami, Ottawa, Potawatomi, Sauk Fox (Mesquaki), Winnebago

**Subarctic/Northwest**

Coastal Aleut (Alutiiq), Babine, Bear Lake, Beaver (Dunne-za), Bella Bella (Heiltsuk), Bella Coola (Nuxalk), Beothuk, Carrier, Chilcotin, Chinook, Chipewyan, Cree, Misstassini Cree, Swampy Cree, Tete De Boule Cree, Westernwood Cree, Dogrib, Eyak, Haida, Han, Hare, Ingalik (Deg Het'an), Inupiat, Inuvialuit (Western Canada), Kaska, Koyukon, Kutchin (Gwich'in/Tshimshian/Loucheaux), Kwakiutl, Metis, Montagnais (Innu), Mountain, Naskapi (Innu), Nuu-chah-nulth, Sekani, Skokomish, Slavey, Swinomish, Tagish, Tahltan, Tanaina (Dena'ina), Tanana, Tlingit, Tsetsaut, Tsimshian, Tutchone, Upper Koyukon, Upper Tanana, Yellowknife, Yup'ik

**Arctic/Inuit**

Aleutian Islanders (Unangax), Aivilirmiut, Baffin Island, Caribou, Chukchi, Chugachigmiut, Copper, East Greenlanders (Ammassalik), Inughuit (Polar) , Itivimiut, Kaialigamiut, Kaniagmiut, Kigiktagmiut, Kitaamiut, Kinugmiut, Kogmiut, Kuskokwag, MacKenzie, Magemiut, Malemiut (Malamute), Nenets, Netsilik, Noatagmiult Kopagmiut, Nunatagmiut, Nushagamiut, Ogulmiut, Point Barrow, Polar (Thule), Saami, Sukininmiut, Tahagmiut, Togagamiut, Tunumiut, Tunrit (vanished), Yakut, West Greenlanders

## Naming Conventions and Appearance

### Pedigree Names

A Pure-Bred Garou descended from a notable or noble ancestor, whether the ancestor be human or Garou, is often named in a manner to honor this ancestor. Most Garou are likely to introduce themselves formally by listing their own personal deeds and duels after the giving of their name. A Wendigo's name may be a literal combination, or other derivation, of the names of several members of her family or tribe, even if she is not Pure-Bred. She can even be given a name that refers to a particular ancestor's most famous deeds or lasting wishes, using evocative words or images. These pedigreed names often have a sense of humor or other emotion in them, and can be unexpectedly poetic. Although Wendigo with this sort of elaborate name provide a short version for the sake of convenience, they are proud of their full names, and use them in their entirety for rituals or any situation of importance. A Pure-Bred Wendigo is almost certain to have one of these pedigreed names.

Some examples of pedigree Garou names:

The metis Coals-Well-Tended-In-Winter, daughter of Pure-Vein-Of-Rubies and Bear-Sleeps-In-Winter

Butterfly-Lands-On-Tail, son of Silver-Tail-Held-High and the Kinfolk Cara Fragile-Wings

Diane Whirlwind-of-Claws, daughter of Kinfolk Denis Ta-he Browning and Una Crazy Jump Gosheven, granddaughter of He-lush-ka, Ruiner of Lies

Ivalu Ghost Fingers, daughter of Neenagay Ghost Hatchet and Kinfolk Albert Patient Bison, descendant of The White Bison Waits To Return To His People

Star-Eye Never Shivers, son of Hannah Black Jacket, daughter of Frederick Asayiq Hide-Thicker-Than-Ice and descendant of Arnaguatsaaq Chill-That-Waits

### Native American Names

Other Wendigo names are chosen from more mundane sources, such as elements of Gaia's nature, totem animals, or symbolic words taken from human Native American legends and languages. In many of these tribes, the Garou tradition survives in that a person may have a common name by which he is called when among strangers, an additional name that his pack may know, and sometimes even a personal and private name that only those closest to her may use. Additional names can also be earned from battle deeds, completion of rituals, or other important events — in this, the Garou tradition is clearly mirrored by some human Indigenous traditions.

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# Chapter Four: Winter's Teeth

*What treaty that the white man ever made with us has he kept? Not one. When I was a boy the Sioux owned the world; the sun rose and set on their land; they sent ten thousand men to battle. Where are the warriors today? Who slew them? Where are our lands? Who owns them?*
— Tatanka Yotanka (Sitting Bull) of the Sioux

The following Wendigo characters can be used as they are by players who want to run starting Garou characters; they can also be used as starting points for your own ideas, or by a storyteller who needs a quick Wendigo foil or adversary for his chronicle. The roleplaying notes and prelude are provided as a springboard for your own imagination — keep what works for your chronicle, and modify or discard anything that doesn't seem appropriate.

More than many tribes, Wendigo congregate in single-tribe packs. The tribe's elders keep young Wendigo insulated from other Garou, having lost status and control to the Wyrmcomers repeatedly over the years. Many of those Wendigo that can be found in multitribal packs congregate with Garou of similar outlook and attitude — and, often, indigenous or lupine descent. Uktena, Children of Gaia, and Red Talons are frequently among those with whom Wendigo form packs. More rebellious young Wendigo are prone to form packs with whichever sympathetic Garou will have them — they aren't married to the tribe's principles of purity by any means. Some of those go on to join the Sacred Hoop camp.

The five sample Wendigo provided here might be used as a pack, the Winter's Teeth pack. Winter's Teeth is devoted to Great Wendigo himself — though with only two points in the Totem Background among them, they do not have a powerful avatar of Great Wendigo as their pack totem (as Wendigo costs seven as a pack totem). In this case the Storyteller might provide the characters with an extremely limited version of the abilities granted by the Wendigo totem, or hang other limitations on the pack's totem until the pack gains sufficient experience to raise their Totem Backgrounds and unleash Wendigo's might.

## Tribal Lawyer

**Quote**: *Your Honor, I believe if you look at the Spotted Crow Treaty of 1748, you'll see that the Six Nations Confederacy has a clear claim upon lands now being considered for the Happy Pines retirement home project.*

**Prelude**: Amongst your mother's people, you were Indian, which you understood to be a shameful thing. Certainly, you never quite felt at home amongst the blonde children who were your playmates. Not one of their dolls or the people on their TV programs looked like you. Your father was a barely remembered presence, long gone before you were able to ask him about his shiny black hair or the strange bedtime stories he told. He died in an accident up north according to your mother. He ran off or drank himself to death, according to your neighbors.

As you grew older, you began to investigate what being Indian might actually mean. Not satisfied with the staid descriptions from encyclopedias, you made the local library special order books dedicated to the true accounts of the lies and mistreatment suffered by your ancestors. As you learned more, you began to seek out more information from the reservation whose residents were your people far more than those you had grown up thinking of as family.

The disinterested welcome you received amongst the First People did not keep you from seeing their plight. Their rights were regularly denied and what little they had was always imperiled by corruption both from within and without the tribal government's protectorate. Many times you felt fire in your heart as you learned of a new injustice; but rather than taking up arms, you saw a different path to battle and an arena far closer to the European majority's heart of power. You went to community college and then, thanks to an Indigenous Peoples scholarship fund, to law school.

Your First Change came in the middle of your preparation for the bar exam. Those that found you laughed at the shredded paper and slaughtered highlighters, saying only a New Moon would lose herself to Rage over a pile of books.

In a tribe that so thoroughly denounces technology and Western culture as the Wendigo do, your upbringing and European education did not win you any popularity contests. Most of your new tribe weren't glad to see you. They called you "city dog" in a language they assumed you didn't speak. They called you worse, too, bringing into question your loyalties not only for your mixed blood, but for your insistence on heading right back to school to take the bar exam. Despite the insults, discovering the truth of your Garou heritage and history has only strengthened your resolve. Learning the plight of Gaia has brought a sense of urgency to your need to see justice for so many historical wrongs. Now you wield your sharp mind and tongue in battle far more frequently than you wield sharp tooth or claw. To your mind, this does not make you less of a warrior, just a different sort. When other Wendigo question your loyalties or your ways, it is easy enough to show them a thousand examples of times when, in the past, had there been someone like you to fight the Wyrmbringers with their own words, battles may have gone very differently indeed.

**Concept**: Your wicked trickster mind loves untangling the legal particularities of tribal law, and you take pleasure in

WENDIGO™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ragabash
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Tribal Lawyer

**Attributes**

| Physical | | Social | | Mental | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength | ●●○○○ | Charisma | ●●●○○ | Perception | ●●●○○ |
| Dexterity | ●●○○○ | Manipulation | ●●●●○ | Intelligence | ●●●○○ |
| Stamina | ●●○○○ | Appearance | ●●●○○ | Wits | ●●●○○ |

**Abilities**

| Talents | | Skills | | Knowledges | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alertness | ●●○○○ | Animal Ken | ○○○○○ | Computer | ●●○○○ |
| Athletics | ●○○○○ | Crafts | ○○○○○ | Enigmas | ○○○○○ |
| Brawl | ●○○○○ | Drive | ●●○○○ | Investigation | ●●●○○ |
| Dodge | ●●○○○ | Etiquette | ●●○○○ | Law | ●●●○○ |
| Empathy | ●○○○○ | Firearms | ○○○○○ | Linguistics | ●○○○○ |
| Expression | ○○○○○ | Leadership | ●○○○○ | Medicine | ●○○○○ |
| Intimidation | ○○○○○ | Melee | ●○○○○ | Occult | ○○○○○ |
| Primal-Urge | ○○○○○ | Performance | ●●○○○ | Politics | ●●○○○ |
| Streetwise | ●○○○○ | Stealth | ○○○○○ | Rituals | ○○○○○ |
| Subterfuge | ○○○○○ | Survival | ●○○○○ | Science | ●○○○○ |

**Advantages**

| Backgrounds | | Gifts | Merits/Flaws |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allies | ●○○○○ | Persuasion | |
| Mentor | ●○○○○ | Blur of the Milky Eye | |
| Rites | ●○○○○ | Call the Breeze | |
| Totem | ●●○○○ | | |
| | ○○○○○ | | |

Renown: Glory ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□ Honor ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□ Wisdom ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Rage ●●○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis ●●○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

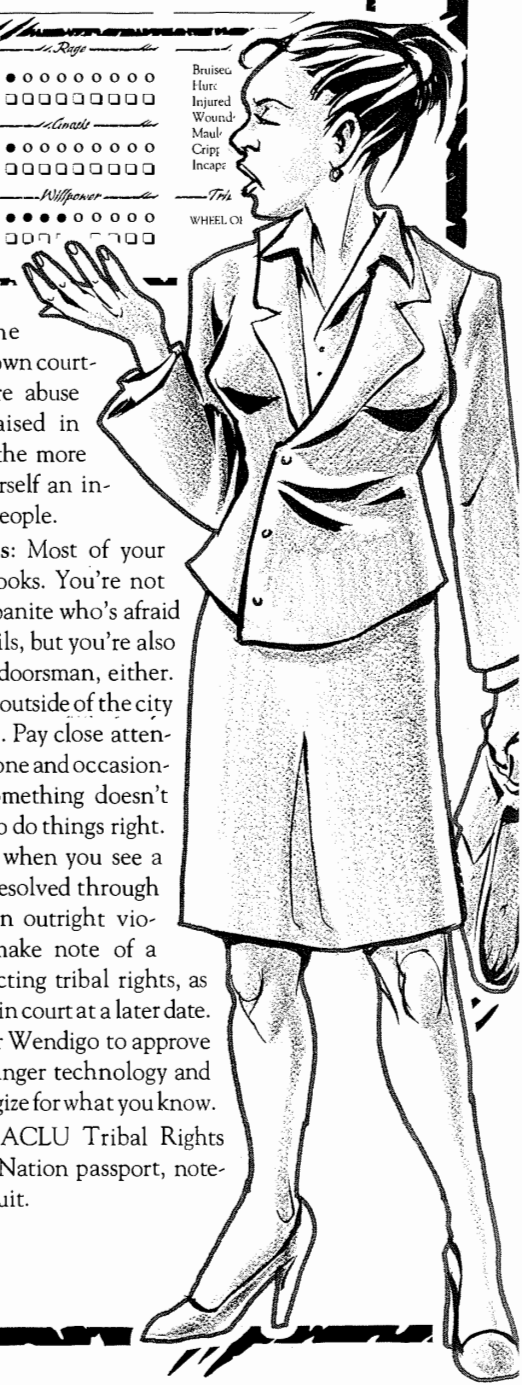
Willpower ●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Rank 1

Bruised Hurt Injured Wounded Mauled Crippled Incapacitated

Tribe

WHEEL OF



trouncing the Wyrmbringers at their own courtroom games. The more abuse you take for being raised in Wyrmbringer society, the more you want to prove yourself an invaluable asset to your people.

**Roleplaying Notes**: Most of your learning comes from books. You're not the stereotypical suburbanite who's afraid to get dirt under her nails, but you're also not an experienced outdoorsman, either. Most everything you do outside of the city is a learning experience. Pay close attention to how things are done and occasionally ask questions if something doesn't make sense. You want to do things right. Never fail to speak up when you see a conflict that could be resolved through legal action rather than outright violence. Never fail to make note of a violation of laws protecting tribal rights, as you may be able to use it in court at a later date. And never expect other Wendigo to approve of your use of Wyrmbringer technology and culture, but don't apologize for what you know.

**Equipment**: The ACLU Tribal Rights Handbook, Cheyenne Nation passport, notebook, backpack, good suit.

# Librarian

**Quote:** *I'll get you the information you need. Uh, go away now. Come back tomorrow. And bring me some more Vicodin.*

**Prelude:** Like most lupus Garou, you came to realize you were different near puberty. The runt of a litter of six, you had always been quiet, bright but submissive, and never had to be nudged out from underfoot. It was always easy to creep around the edges of things, to not be noticed, to smell and learn. Your packmates never saw the patterns dancing over the snow, the mysterious gaps between branches, the scents and sounds that made you feel ill and even more isolated.

You never truly felt part of your pack again, once you realized how deeply different you were. Your father tolerated your disappearances patiently, the only hint he gave that you were not of the same breed as your brothers and sisters. Once you began to explore your powers, your hunger for answers overcame you, and you spent more and more time in quiet and dark solitude, letting your nose and your mind take you traveling through the other worlds. Sometimes you would journey so long that you would wake with crushing headaches, your paws trembling uncontrollably.

The first time you saw a human, waiting for you at the edge of the trees, you began to understand. When you saw the human change into a wolf, you understood more. You were never sure what world he belonged to, but it didn't seem to matter to him. He was called Crooked Branch, and he had gone on a spirit-journey, an aisling, and the spirits had brought him to find you. He taught you everything he knew, about the Garou — finally explaining what you were, what you could see. He showed you how to shift into man-form, how to yip words aloud, the way the humans did. You had names to give things now, and somehow it brought you peace. Webs and the Umbra, Reaching, the Tellurian, the Wyrm.

Crooked Branch left you one frozen night, telling you he could go no farther. No matter where you looked, your mentor was gone. You knew your father would know nothing, and so you sought out the company of men, whose words might lead you to other Garou, more words, more answers. Leaving your pack, you ran, beneath the waxing and waning of two moons, to the city.

You fought to learn as fast as you could, frustrated by your incomprehension and ignorance of the world of humans, fascinated by their language with no smells. The time you spent in the comfort of the Umbra, seeking explanations, always brought you pain when you returned, no matter what form you took, and you started to use the humans' pain-killing drugs to numb the aching.

You took a human name, a human job, exams. You worked your way steadily up through the University of Calgary with honors in history, and then took a position as an assistant reference librarian, surrounding yourself with words, taking stronger pills. You used all your knowledge, and soon you got attention from the only people who wouldn't ask questions about how you found out things. The kind of people that wouldn't want questions asked of themselves, who needed answers to weird questions that most people never asked. Loners, criminals, occultists. The kind of people that, like you, always managed to disappear, vanish into the snow. They might not understand what you are, but they remember you and what you can do. And now, other Garou are beginning to find you.

You're afraid.

**Concept:** Your thirst for new insights, learning and wisdom is what drives you. You shy away from anything personal, or anything that may reveal your lack of "common-sense" knowledge.

**Roleplaying Notes:** If you get going researching something interesting, or talking about something you know, you'll be avid and eager, almost too enthusiastic. This lets you blend in with most other geeks, thankfully. You're probably going to have to face up to your problems with pain and Disconnection, sooner or later, but it's avoidable for now.

**Equipment:** You're not quite together on this fashion thing, but nobody seems to care much at the library. You have a pretty good library of your own at home, with big locks on your doors and some mystical safeguards as well.

## Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Librarian

### Attributes

| Physical | | Social | | Mental | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength | ●●○○○ | Charisma | ●●○○○ | Perception | ●●●●○ |
| Dexterity | ●●●○○ | Manipulation | ●●●●○ | Intelligence | ●●●●○ |
| Stamina | ●●○○○ | Appearance | ●●○○○ | Wits | ●●○○○ |

### Abilities

| Talents | | Skills | | Knowledges | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alertness | ○○○○○ | Animal Ken | ●○○○○ | Computer | ●●○○○ |
| Athletics | ○○○○○ | Crafts | ○○○○○ | Enigmas | ●●○○○ |
| Brawl | ○○○○○ | Drive | ○○○○○ | Investigation | ●●●○○ |
| Dodge | ○○○○○ | Etiquette | ○○○○○ | Law | ○○○○○ |
| Empathy | ○○○○○ | Firearms | ○○○○○ | Linguistics | ●●○○○ |
| Expression | ○○○○○ | Leadership | ○○○○○ | Medicine | ●○○○○ |
| Intimidation | ○○○○○ | Melee | ○○○○○ | Occult | ○○○○○ |
| Primal-Urge | ○○○○○ | Performance | ●●○○○ | Politics | ●●○○○ |
| Streetwise | ●●○○○ | Stealth | ●●●○○ | Rituals | ●○○○○ |
| Subterfuge | ●●●○○ | Survival | ●●●○○ | Science | ○○○○○ |

### Advantages

| Backgrounds | | Gifts | Merits/Flaws |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allies | ●○○○○ | Ice Echo | Concentration |
| Ancestors | ●○○○○ | Mother's Touch | Natural Channel |
| Mentor | ●○○○○ | Sense Wyrm | Forced Transformation/Painful |
| Pure Breed | ●○○○○ | Spirit Speech | Slip Sideways |
| Rites | ●○○○○ | | |

Renown
Glory ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Honor ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Wisdom ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Rank: 1

Rage ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

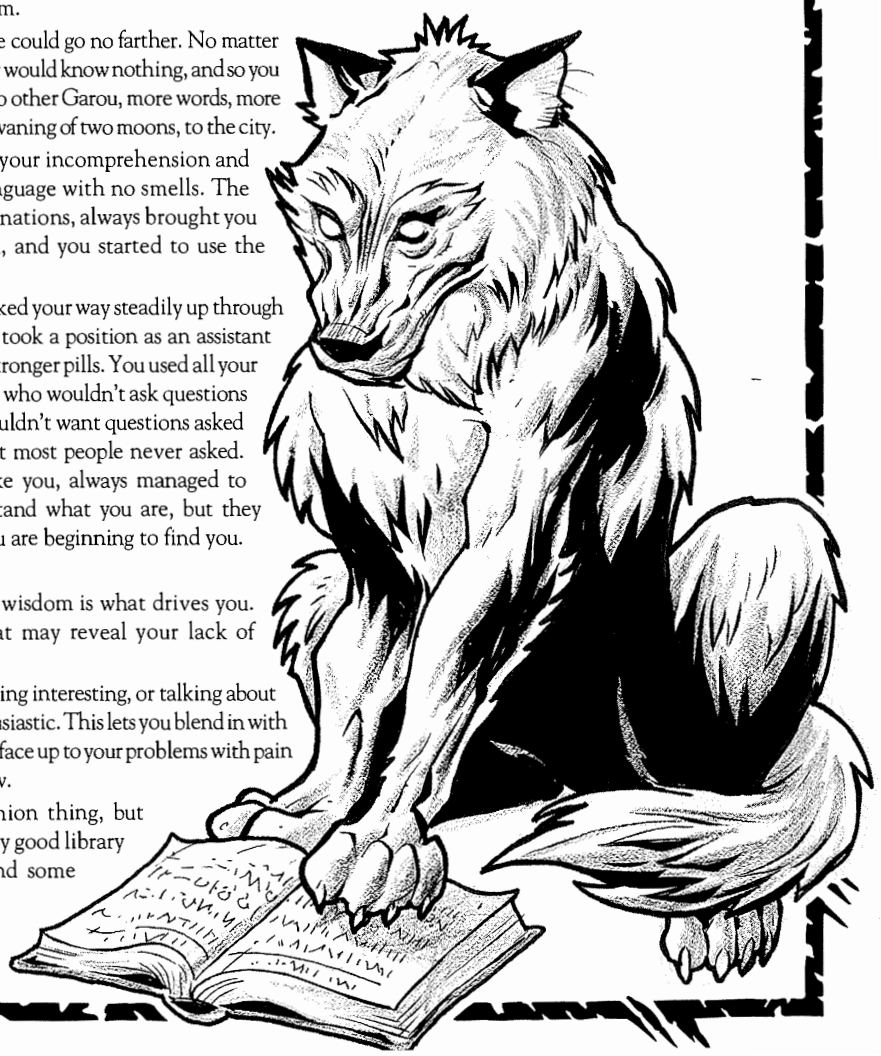
Gnosis ●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Willpower ●●●●○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Health

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bruised | | □ |
| Hurt | -1 | □ |
| Injured | -1 | □ |
| Wounded | -2 | □ |
| Mauled | -2 | □ |
| Crippled | -5 | □ |
| Incapacitated | | □ |

Tribal Weakness: WHEEL OF THE SEASONS



## Wise Wolf

**Quote:** *No, cub, they do not smoke in order to deaden their sense of smell. They enjoy the sensation the cigarette provides. Come here, try one.*

**Prelude:** You were born in the wilderness of northern Alaska, the only one of your litter to survive one of the harshest winters on record. You grew quickly, and strong. In two years you were leading your own pack and thriving. Then came the hunters — they rode terrible machines and shouted loudly, the sound of their voices striking down your pack one by one. When at last you were the only one that remained, they shouted again and you felt the terrible magic in their voices strike your shoulder and something changed. Every last one of them died by your teeth and claws, but so did the wolf you had been.

A young warrior of the Wendigo came to you and taught you what you were — a Philodox of the Garou. He taught you that you could not only take the war-form, but could become as the humans as well. This piqued your curiosity and when it came time to make your Rite of Passage, you were given a gift by your elder — your choice of trials. Since you already knew how to be a wolf, you decided to spend the next two years as a man that you might know both sides of yourself. Many among the lupus chided you for foolishness, many among the homid were shocked and amused. But when two years had passed and you returned to your people, it was with great respect and great expectation.

So you took up the mantle of teacher, and of ambassador. When there was a dispute between homid and lupus, you were there to help them see with each other's eyes. When new homid cubs came to the sept you taught them the strengths of the lupus form like none other. When new lupus cubs came you took them under your wing and showed them how to wear a man's skin convincingly and without fear.

**Concept:** It seemed so natural to you — the Garou are creatures of both wolf and man, spirit and flesh. They stand astride two worlds by their very nature, and yet most ignore half of themselves. Your lupus cousins rarely offer more than disdain for the ways of the homids. The homids patronize their lupus cousins, as though the lupus were too stupid to understand human ways. But Gaia gave the Garou the means to bridge this gap — the Half Moons. It was obvious to you. You were born to stand between — between spirit and flesh, between wolf and man, between homid and lupus. And you were meant to be a conduit between each. The metis, though, they are a problem. It's clear to you why the Litany forbids the mating of Garou with Garou — the progeny of such a union is left without any place. They are only Garou, and can call neither the world of men nor of wolves home. Really, there is little you can do but pity them.

### Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Philodox
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Wise Wolf

**Attributes**

| Physical | | Social | | Mental | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength | ●●●○○ | Charisma | ●●●○○ | Perception | ●●●○○ |
| Dexterity | ●●○○○ | Manipulation | ●●○○○ | Intelligence | ●●●○○ |
| Stamina | ●●●○○ | Appearance | ●●○○○ | Wits | ●●●●○ |

**Abilities**

| Talents | | Skills | | Knowledges | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alertness | ●●○○○ | Animal Ken | ○○○○○ | Computer | ○○○○○ |
| Athletics | ●●●○○ | Crafts | ○○○○○ | Enigmas | ●●○○○ |
| Brawl | ●●●○○ | Drive | ○○○○○ | Investigation | ○○○○○ |
| Dodge | ○○○○○ | Etiquette | ●●○○○ | Law | ●○○○○ |
| Empathy | ●●○○○ | Firearms | ○○○○○ | Linguistics | ●●○○○ |
| Expression | ○○○○○ | Leadership | ●●●○○ | Medicine | ○○○○○ |
| Intimidation | ○○○○○ | Melee | ○○○○○ | Occult | ●○○○○ |
| Primal-Urge | ●●●●○ | Performance | ○○○○○ | Politics | ●●○○○ |
| Streetwise | ○○○○○ | Stealth | ○○○○○ | Rituals | ●●○○○ |
| Subterfuge | ●○○○○ | Survival | ●●○○○ | Science | ○○○○○ |

**Advantages**

| Backgrounds | | Gifts | Merits/Flaws |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ancestors | ●●○○○ | Heightened Senses | |
| Pure Breed | ●●●○○ | Resist Pain | |
| | ○○○○○ | Camouflage | |
| | ○○○○○ | | |
| | ○○○○○ | | |

**Renown**

Glory ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Honor ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Wisdom ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

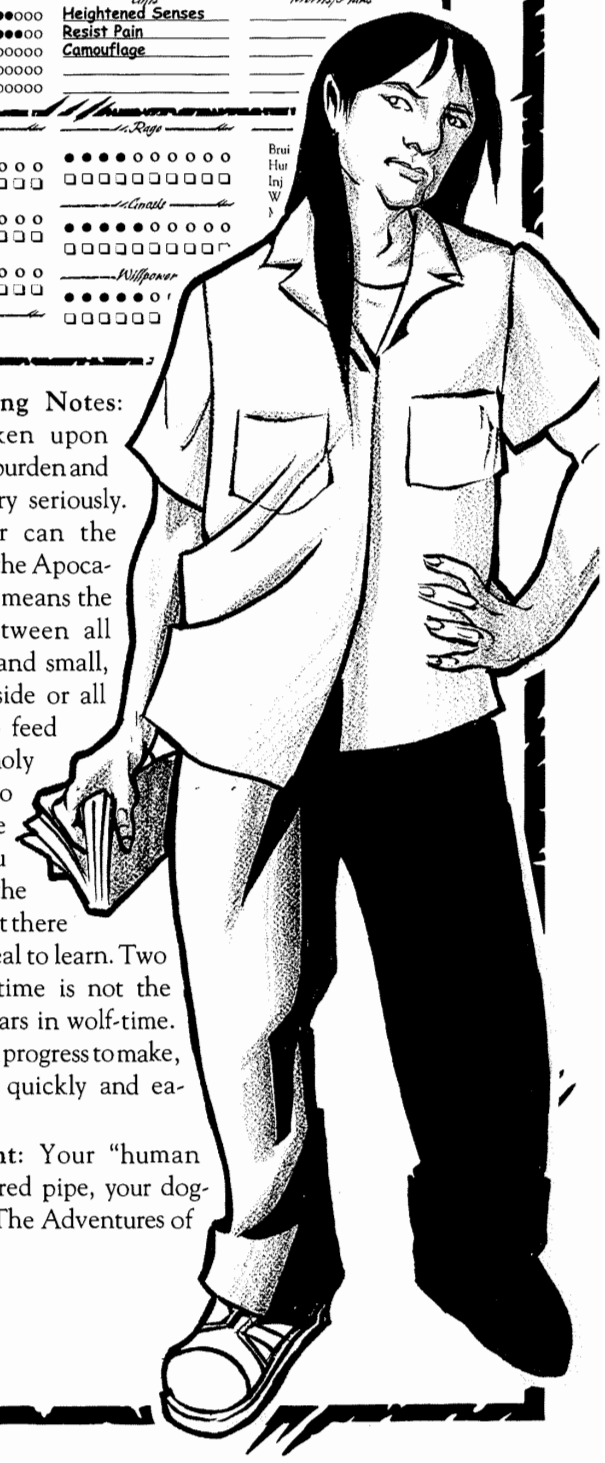
**Rank**
1

**Rage** ●●●●○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

**Gnosis** ●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

**Willpower** ●●●●●○ □□□□□□

Brui
Hur
Inj
W
U



**Roleplaying Notes:** You have taken upon yourself a great burden and you take it very seriously. Only together can the Garou survive the Apocalypse, and that means the differences between all peoples, great and small, must be put aside or all shall perish to feed the Wyrm's unholy hunger. Strive to find the middle ground. You know much of the ways of men, but there is still a great deal to learn. Two years in man-time is not the same as two years in wolf-time. You have much progress to make, but you learn quickly and eagerly.

**Equipment:** Your "human clothes," a sacred pipe, your dog-eared copy of 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer'.

## Courier

**Quote:** *Whatever, I heard you. Yeah, don't worry. I won't forget.*

**Prelude:** Frankly, you're really not sure what to do with your life. You probably could have applied yourself, but everything came too easily for you. You knew you'd get into college, no matter what you did, because your soft-spoken mother was an aboriginal and there were scholarships everywhere, even if your dad wasn't already filthy rich. School came too easy for you; you never needed to study, and you coasted through, feeling like a fake. Your father fully expected you to follow in his respectable footsteps, but you got tired of all the rules, his lectures and your mother's silence. Never do drugs, never smoke, don't get in trouble, build a professional career. You spent most of your time running wild, disappearing for weeks on your bike. It was partly out of rebellion, but partly because you had the feeling nothing you did really mattered anyway. Then you went camping with some of your riding friends, near Vancouver, and the bad acid trip you went on brought on your First Change. When you got home, everything seemed different, backwards and wrong. Your mother could tell what had happened. She quietly explained it to you, the secret she'd held back for so long, and your father just watched from the corner of the den, with a new fear and sadness in his eyes.

Your mother gave you some names of people to talk to, and you took off again, hoping that these new Kin would help you find a reason to live, somewhere to go, something worthwhile to do. Becoming Garou was exciting at first, but then it all started to seem just the same as before, and then it started to be a drag. You were pretty down on all the Garou ways that got dumped on you, on top the human ones you were already trying to avoid. You joined a pack, mostly because there was this cute Wendigo girl, Mathilde, who was a kick-ass magician or something. You started working as a courier for her, relaying information and intelligence between septs, riding your bike between protectorates. Sometimes you carried codes, drugs or other creepy things between not-always-reputable businesses. You keep all the real messages in your head, which makes it hard for them to be stolen. But the weird stuff you're learning, the stories you could tell — you're starting to actually get interested, for once. Maybe what you were meant to do was to remember things that everyone else's forgotten, important things. Seems pretty lame, though, to have your life just made up out of other people's lives.

**Concept:** You seem like just another rebellious punk-ass, but your one talent, your eidetic memory, is your saving grace. It's also your sore point, since you're convinced you'd be a worthless chunk of meat without it.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You've got to be cagey about the things you know and the messages you've passed. Otherwise, you'd definitely end up dead. You know the value of keeping a secret. You don't see much difference between being Garou and human, except for all the extra rules and the snarling parts.

**Equipment:** You've got a Yamaha FJR1300 motorcycle, which is your pride and joy. You ride it anywhere, in all kinds of weather, since the cold doesn't really bother you. Other than that, you wear normal human clothes, whatever looks cool.

### Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Galliard
Camp: Sacred Hoop

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Courier

**Attributes**

| Physical | | Social | | Mental | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength | ●●○○○ | Charisma | ●●○○○ | Perception | ●●●●○ |
| Dexterity | ●●●○○ | Manipulation | ●●●○○ | Intelligence | ●●●○○ |
| Stamina | ●●○○○ | Appearance | ●●●○○ | Wits | ●●●○○ |

**Abilities**

| Talents | | Skills | | Knowledges | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alertness | ●●○○○ | Animal Ken | ○○○○○ | Computer | ●○○○○ |
| Athletics | ●●○○○ | Crafts | ○○○○○ | Enigmas | ●●○○○ |
| Brawl | ●○○○○ | Drive | ●●●○○ | Investigation | ●●●○○ |
| Dodge | ●●●○○ | Etiquette | ○○○○○ | Law | ●○○○○ |
| Empathy | ○○○○○ | Firearms | ○○○○○ | Linguistics | ○○○○○ |
| Expression | ●○○○○ | Leadership | ○○○○○ | Medicine | ○○○○○ |
| Intimidation | ○○○○○ | Melee | ○○○○○ | Occult | ○○○○○ |
| Primal-Urge | ●○○○○ | Performance | ○○○○○ | Politics | ●○○○○ |
| Streetwise | ●●○○○ | Stealth | ●○○○○ | Rituals | ●○○○○ |
| Subterfuge | ●○○○○ | Survival | ●○○○○ | Science | ○○○○○ |

**Advantages**

| Backgrounds | | Gifts | Merits/Flaws |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allies | ●○○○○ | Nose-to-Tail | Eidetic Memory |
| Kinfolk | ●●○○○ | Beast Speech | Low Self-Image |
| Fetish | ●●○○○ | Call of the Wyld | |
| | ○○○○○ | Mindspeak | |
| | ○○○○○ | | |

Renown
Glory ●●○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Honor ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Wisdom ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Rank: 1

Rage ●●●●○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Willpower ●●●●○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Health

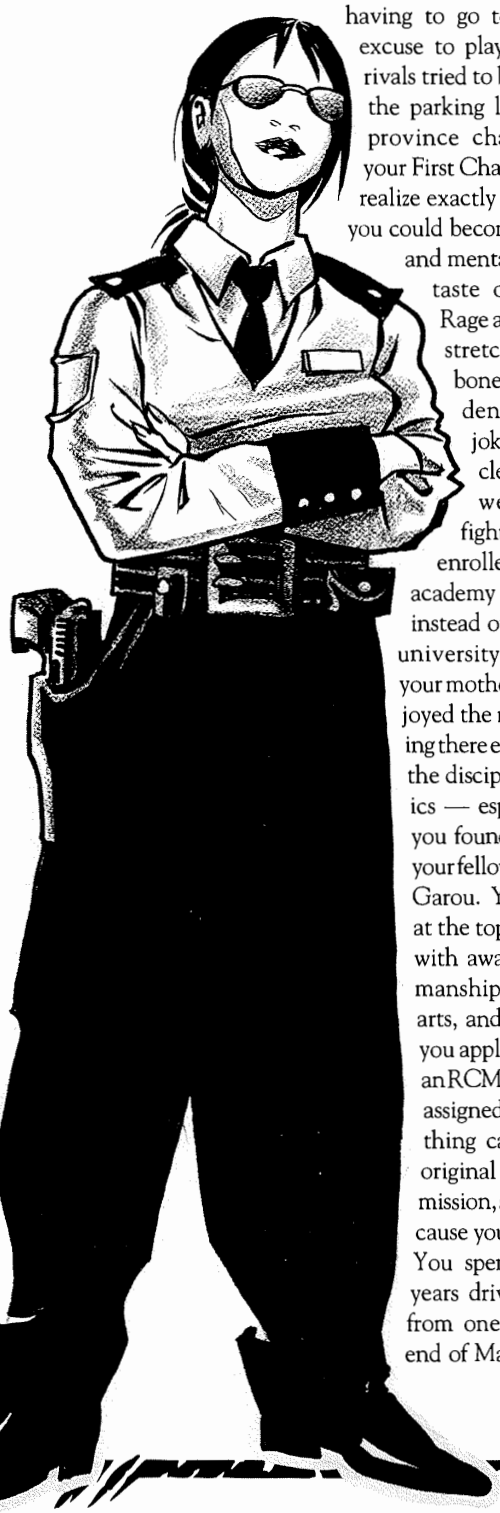
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bruised | | ☐ |
| Hurt | -1 | ☐ |
| Injured | -1 | ☐ |
| Wounded | -2 | ☐ |
| Mauled | -2 | ☐ |
| Crippled | -5 | ☐ |
| Incapacitated | | ☐ |

Tribal Weakness: WHEEL OF THE SEASONS

# Security Guard

**Quote:** *I don't play roulette. I'd rather bleed you the old-fashioned way.*

**Prelude:** You were raised in Sainte-Rose-du-Lac, a city in the middle of nowhere near Lake Manitoba. Your mother was a strict Catholic, and your father, a Cree, left when you were three. You can barely remember him, only the sounds of shouting and prayers, and there are only a few pictures that even showed his face. You excelled in athletics, floating through academics mindlessly and wheedling passing grades out of your teachers with your charm, looking ahead only to the next soccer game, the next track meet, the next lacrosse match. College didn't interest you, since you were already tired of having to go to class as an excuse to play. After some rivals tried to beat you up in the parking lot before the province championships, your First Change made you realize exactly how powerful you could become, physically and mentally. After the taste of blood and Rage and feeling the stretching of your bones, sports suddenly became a joke. It was pretty clear to you that were built to fight for real. You enrolled in a military academy in Winnipeg instead of going to the university, frightening your mother, and you enjoyed the rigorous training there even more than the discipline of athletics — especially when you found out some of your fellow recruits were Garou. You graduated at the top of your class, with awards in marksmanship and martial arts, and the next day you applied to become an RCMP officer. They assigned you to something called the Aboriginal Justice Commission, supposedly because you're half-Cree. You spent three long years driving endlessly from one Godforsaken end of Manitoba to the other, listening patiently to the complaints of Natives certain that the local white police were being unfair and racist, tracking down runaway teenagers who'd been sniffing gasoline, filing reports on abandoned children and drunks. You weren't helping anyone, and you didn't feel like a Native, but you weren't a white girl, either. It made you feel empty and useless inside, watching the kids suffering. So you left.



Nosing around got you a job with Trefoil Security, working for the Mille Lacs Casino in Minnesota over the border. Nobody there tangles with you, least of all the customers. And you've managed to form a pack of your own, with some of the other security guards, this guy who runs a dojo, and a fellow former Mountie or two. Some of you are Canadian, some American, but you're all Wendigo, which makes the citizenship thing laughable.

**Concept:** You might not be working for the good of the people anymore, but at least you're watching out for the weak, humans and Garou alike. Your pack always takes priority. Generally, you're pretty unflappable. In the unlikely event you can't handle whatever's going on, there's always someone around who can.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You like to accomplish things, so you don't like problems with no solutions. You usually try to boil everything down into a practical plan of attack — everything has rules, even if you don't know them. If something gets under your thick skin, though, you don't hold back.

**Equipment:** You're licensed to carry a pistol, but not a concealed one. You usually dress formally for work, and Trefoil has a lot of nifty devices and toys that you can use. Mostly, though, you rely on your own body, which is weapon enough.

## Wendigo

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp: Warpath

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Security Guard

### Attributes

| Physical | | Social | | Mental | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength | ●●●○○ | Charisma | ●●●●○ | Perception | ●●●○○ |
| Dexterity | ●●○○○ | Manipulation | ●●●○○ | Intelligence | ●●○○○ |
| Stamina | ●●●○○ | Appearance | ●●●○○ | Wits | ●●○○○ |

### Abilities

| Talents | | Skills | | Knowledges | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alertness | ●●○○○ | Animal Ken | ○○○○○ | Computer | ○○○○○ |
| Athletics | ●●○○○ | Crafts | ○○○○○ | Enigmas | ○○○○○ |
| Brawl | ●●○○○ | Drive | ○○○○○ | Investigation | ●●○○○ |
| Dodge | ●●○○○ | Etiquette | ○○○○○ | Law | ●●●○○ |
| Empathy | ○○○○○ | Firearms | ●●●○○ | Linguistics | ●○○○○ |
| Expression | ○○○○○ | Leadership | ●●○○○ | Medicine | ○○○○○ |
| Intimidation | ●●○○○ | Melee | ●●○○○ | Occult | ○○○○○ |
| Primal-Urge | ○○○○○ | Performance | ○○○○○ | Politics | ○○○○○ |
| Streetwise | ●●●○○ | Stealth | ●●○○○ | Rituals | ○○○○○ |
| Subterfuge | ○○○○○ | Survival | ○○○○○ | Science | ○○○○○ |

### Advantages

| Backgrounds | | Gifts | Merits/Flaws |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allies | ●●○○○ | Call the Breeze | Calm Heart |
| Totem | ●●●○○ | Falling Touch | Pack Mentality |
| | ○○○○○ | Razor Claws | Soft-Hearted |
| | ○○○○○ | Inspiration | |
| | ○○○○○ | | |

**Renown**

Glory: ●●○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Honor: ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom: ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

**Rank:** 1

**Rage:** ●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

**Gnosis:** ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

**Willpower:** ●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

**Health**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bruised | | □ |
| Hurt | -1 | □ |
| Injured | -1 | □ |
| Wounded | -2 | □ |
| Mauled | -2 | □ |
| Crippled | -5 | □ |
| Incapacitated | | □ |

**Tribal Weakness:** WHEEL OF THE SEASONS

# Wendigo of Renown

The following characters represent either notable modern-day Wendigo or heroes of old times. Those characters that have died (Arnaguatsaaq, Crosses-the-River and Atlantic White) could serve well as ancestor-spirits to extant Wendigo (or even werewolves of other tribes). Additionally, these legendary Garou undoubtedly have songs and legends told about them — surely there are other tales of their bravery, honor and cunning in each individual chronicle.

The modern-day characters are all busy on their own; they might serve as Contacts or Allies, or might have Kinfolk in common with Wendigo characters in the players' pack. As with the ancient characters, the modern Wendigo here have sufficient Renown that any werewolf familiar with current Wendigo politics has at least heard their names.

## Arnaguatsaaq "Chill That Waits"

Arnaguatsaaq Chill That Waits lived in the early days, just after the Wendigo first came to the Pure Lands. She was Inuit; her childhood was spent traveling between the summer hunting grounds and the winter camps of her people. Even as a child, she broke the traditions by following her brothers when they went out onto the ice to hunt and fish. Showing surprising aptitude, she quickly became the best hunter in her clan. When the hunting was bad, it was Chill That Waits who brought meat for the tribe.

Unhappy with her mannish ways, her clansmen encouraged Arnaguatsaaq's mother to help her daughter marry quickly, so that she would stay in the lodge with the other women as was proper. Arnaguatsaaq agreed to obey her mother. She soon had several children and no time to leave the lodge Then there came a day, in a year when the hunting had already been poor, when the hunters did not return. Chill That Waits told the other women that she would go find the hunters if they would tend her children while she was gone. They agreed, and she went out onto the ice to search. She found few survivors. They told her that the ice suddenly melted beneath them; most went into the cold sea, while those who remained were stranded on the rocks. Chill That Waits led the men back to the lodge, but not to the reception she expected. The other women had forced her children out of the lodge soon after Arnaguatsaaq left. Food was precious, and they had not expected her to return. Some say that she was not Garou, but Kinfolk and at that moment somehow took on the nature of one of her slain children. Through whatever magic was at work, the loss of her family

brought her First Change, and she killed the treacherous women.

After she learned the ways of the Wendigo, she took up a quest to discover what had chased away the prey and melted the winter-hardened ice. Chill That Waits discovered that other clans had lost hunting parties in the same way, leading to a great famine in the arctic. No one, Inuit or Wendigo, knew the cause of this misfortune and so she traveled far across the ice seeking an unknown prey. After a long hunt, she dreamed that a moonbeam showed her a monstrous squid at the bottom of the sea. It was the monster, Luumajuuq or Ice Breaker, whose writhing broke up the ice and whose evil ink melted it even on the coldest day of winter. When she woke, she found a knife carved of bone so white that it looked like moonlight on water. With this new weapon she sought the monster's lair and found it just where she had dreamed. Chill that Waits' battle with the giant squid lasted for days and was waged under the ice, on the rocks and across the snow. Some say that when she killed it, the blood sprayed high into the sky and stained the Aurora Borealis pink.

After her battle with Ice Breaker, Chill that Waits led the Wendigo to defeat many minions of the Wyrm including the giant bird, Aipaloovik, and bound others deep beneath the ice. Some claim that her spirit is the special protector of the Inuit and special advisor to the leaders of Nunavut. Her bone knife, fabled to be a gift of Luna, has been lost to us, though many packs have searched for it.

### *Crosses-the-River, Ahroun*

In the 1800s while the Wyrmcomers overtook many Wendigo and Uktena caerns, the net of power that bound a terrible evil weakened as its tenders were slain or driven away. As each caern of the Pure Ones fell to the invading European Garou, the great binding waned until the creature it contained awakened and escaped. For many years it bided its time and grew. In time, it consumed a powerful Weaver-spirit that happened upon it. Suddenly infused with such power, the once-bound Wyrm spirit became the Storm Eater and spread suffering across the land.

There was also in those days a Wendigo man of the Tlingit called Spear of Winter. He was a great warrior and had counted more coup against Wyrm and Wyrmcomer alike than any Wendigo of his time. His hatred of the whites was known across the plains from the lakes to the mountains and his Rage burned bright as the sun and cold as the ice that caps the world.

So that the Pure Ones could decide what they must do about the Storm Eater, there was a great powwow calling together all the Wendigo and all the people of Elder Brother. For seven days and seven nights they argued and spoke and sang songs pleading with the spirits for guidance but they could not agree. On the eighth day Spear of Winter, who was late — he had come upon a great nest of the Wyrm and fought for many days to cleanse it — came upon the moot and was angered.

"Who are these people that look like Wendigo and Uktena but can only argue while a great evil runs loose upon their lands?" he thought. And so he dropped his hatchet on the north bank of the river, where he stood, and swam across to his brothers to the south. Still wet and dripping Spear-of-Winter cried out to his people. "Look there! I, Spear-of-Winter, who has painted his hatchet red many times over with the blood of the whites, have laid my hatchet on the other side of the river and I shall not take it up again, for my Grandmother lies bleeding in the claws of a great evil!"

At his words the Garou gathered were sorely ashamed and gave to Spear-of-Winter, whom they now called Crosses-the-River, much honor and respect. He, of all the peoples, was chosen to fight the Storm Eater. And he, who had tasted the blood of countless Wyrmcomers joined with their warriors in death as a brother to destroy the wretched spirit and bring peace to his people for a time.

### *Atlantic White*

Not a Wendigo whose praises are sung when other tribes are present, "Back Into The Atlantic, White Man" was a warrior of legendary ferocity and a hero especially to those who follow the Warpath. Two hundred years ago, this lupus lived in the lands of the Omaha people. In 1845, the encroachment of other tribes pushed westward by Wyrmbringer expansion and the depletion of their main prey, the buffalo, forced the Omaha to sell most of their Nebraska hunting grounds to the US Government for $850,000. While this sale seemed liked wisdom to the humans, the Garou saw this folly as surrender to the enemy. Atlantic White declared war.

Atlantic White immediately started reclamation of what was lost, first from Chief Iron Eye who had agreed to the sale, and then, and far more violently, from the US Government men who tried to claim the lands for themselves. It was Atlantic White who wiped trading posts and forts from the prairie again and again

so that the Wyrmbringers paid for the land in blood as well as colored strips of paper. The name Omaha means "those going against the wind," and Atlantic White embodied that name in his gallant, doomed battles to stop and even reverse the Wyrmbringers' western expansion.

His was the rallying call for many of the western Wendigo who had until then had been concerned with battling the many new Wyrm beasts loose upon the land. It was Atlantic White who howled for direct war upon the source of our Kinfolk's growing problems and our newly hatched legions of enemies in the spirit world. He proposed a united effort to remove the Wyrmbringers from the Pure Lands, even if we had to ignore our duties to our Kinfolk or the Umbra to accomplish it. Many of the plains Wendigo agreed with the spirit of his desire but could not abandon their sacred duty to Gaia, even to save the Pure Lands.

Atlantic White was defeated not by the Wyrmbringers he fought but by a new threat. He fell to powerful minions of the Storm Eater, the beast only then emerging to ravage the western Umbra. It was Atlantic White's death that showed us how dire a threat Storm Eater truly was. Some of us also saw his defeat by this mighty Bane as a sign that his pursuit of the Wyrmbringers to the exclusion of all else was not Gaia's will. By 1882, the Omaha were living on a reservation and perhaps beginning to regret that they had sold their freedom along with their lands, proving that in this, at least, Atlantic White had been correct.

Today, those of the Warpath frequently call Atlantic White's name. Some say his spirit can be heard howling in fury with the plans underway in Omaha territory to build a corn-burning ethanol plant. It was also the Omaha who were the first to secure gaming licenses from the US Government and introduce casinos to tribal lands. The Warpath calls this a defeat, too, knowing that Atlantic White would see the gaming tables as Wyrm-tainted conduits for further corruption.

### *Willard Whitebelly, Kinfolk Attorney*

It is rare for Garou to give their Kinfolk a place of honor, but that is precisely what Willard Whitebelly received. Born in 1965, the son of activists in the American Indian Movement, he was raised in as traditional a way as could be found among the Sioux in the twentieth century. His mother died while trying to liberate one of the last herds of buffalo in the United States from the ranch that kept them. Her death was ruled a suicide, though the American authorities spent little effort explaining how she'd shot herself in the back of the head with a shotgun. He and his father went underground shortly afterward, moving from reservation to reservation.

Willard's education was spotty, reservation schools and frequent relocation making it difficult for the boy to keep up with his academics, but his father spared no effort to educate him in the ways of his people. In 1974, at the tender age of nine years old, Willard had his first vision. His grandfather, one of a long line of holy men and medicine workers, took the boy under his wing and trained him in the ways of the Miniconjou Sioux. Over the next eight years Willard, then known as Little Prophet, became something of a legend among the people of the reservations of North and South Dakota. Tales of his songs healing the sick, of visions and portents covered the plains as the buffalo once did.

The stories reached the ears of an old, old man. Grandson to Kicking Bull — one of Wovoka's first Ghost Dancers. He came in the summer of 1982 to the reservation where Willard and his grandfather lived and led the Sun Dance for the tribe's young men. Willard, though he was young for the Sun Dance at seventeen, participated in the ritual eagerly. Of all those that hung themselves from the pole that day, Willard was the last to fall. When day turned to night and the elders came to cut him down

he refused. Through the night and into the next morning he hung there, until the old man came to the edge of the arena and called to the spirits to set him free. Willard fell and as the tales would have it, his wounds healed before he struck the ground. Weary but whole, Willard went to the old man and before all the elders assembled spoke quiet words with him. It is said the old man smiled and bowed his head, but all that is known for certain is that he died that very moment at Willard Whitebelly's side.

Willard cut his hair the next day. Within the year he had passed the GED and enrolled at the University of Michigan — pre-law. Six years later he graduated summa cum laude, passed the bar and began a career that continues to this day to be legendary. He is known throughout the Indian nations as the man to have at your side when arguing land rights cases. He has consulted on countless disputes between Indian nations and state and federal governments and was vital to the negotiations that made Nunavut possible. It's hardly surprising that he has enemies among the whites. What might be surprising, however, is that he has made many an enemy among his own people as well. The whites don't like him for what he's done. Many among the elder Wendigo don't like him for the way he's done it.

Law has been a fruitful calling for Willard as well. His practice is large, employing a diverse staff of thirty attorneys, many of whom grew up as he did on reservations around the country, and another one hundred support staff. He has also come to rely upon the services of two small packs of Wendigo as 'troubleshooters.' Many of the young Ghost Dancers reshaping the camp today are the recipients of Whitebelly scholarships. Often, his firm comes to the aid of Garou that have run afoul of the law. And though he has never once raised a hand in anger, many Wendigo revere him as one of their most potent warriors.

To this day, no one knows what passed between Willard the boy and the old man at the Sun Dance. Speculation abounds. The young Ghost Dancers say he is Wovoka reborn — come back to teach a new Dance. Others say he is a Wyrm-spirit wearing the skin of Little Prophet and leading the Wendigo and their Kin to doom. Willard himself will not speak a word about it.

### *Big Fisher (a.k.a. Fisher)*

Born Salish, raised in Vancouver, British Columbia, Fisher spent much of his first year as Garou adjusting. He fell in with a pack called the Ghostrunners that followed a spirit they called Ghost Bear. Each of them was a healer of some skill and made it their purpose to tend the ills of the people. Theirs was a quiet mission: traveling from reservation to reservation caring for the ill, the elderly, the poor. Big Fisher proved himself a capable student and quickly learned what the Ghost Bear had to teach. For Garou, and Ahroun at that, Big Fisher also proved himself a gentle soul when it came to caring for those in need.

Recently, Big Fisher and his pack were called north on an errand — apparently a Wendigo pack had gone rogue and were killing white folk indiscriminately in the northern Cascades and up into Alaska. He and his pack were called up to go and talk sense into them. What happened after that isn't entirely clear, but both packs were decimated by the confrontation and only Big Fisher remained. The last word that was heard of him comes from a Red Talon sept just south of the Arctic Circle. The Talons said he was 'looking for snow'. That was a year ago.

Rumors put him back on land again, running with a new pack at his back and Wendigo himself beside them. The tales tell of a pack of wolves that cross the ocean, the water freezing instantly beneath their feet. They tell of howling winds that tear the oilrigs to pieces and throw the whaling ships to the bottom of

the ocean. And quietly, in whispers, they say a new day has come for the Wendigo and Big Fisher has brought it down from the sky. Who can say?

### *Evan Heals-The-Past*

"Eventually they stopped snarling and started listening. Then came the hard part."

Blue eyes. White skin. Great Wendigo himself chose this unlikely Half Moon, and charged him to learn all he could about the other tribes of the Garou. With his pale Wyrmcomer face and self-assured mannerisms veiling the fierce blood of Wendigo that ran cold through his veins, Evan created his own legend. He began empty-handed, completely ignorant of his true nature; the unknown thread of his Kin-blood ran, thin but true, down from his father's ancestors, four generations past. His First Change was completely bewildering, and he was left helpless and terrified of what he had become, until Wendigo spoke to him, calmed his fear, and sent him guidance. With no preconceptions of Garou society, with a physical appearance that embodied an exception to the rule, Evan became the perfect tool in his Father Wendigo's hands. The totem spirits of a few willing tribes gave their support to Wendigo's creation. Falcon sent a Silver Fang to teach Evan what it meant to be Garou, and Pegasus sent a Black Fury to teach him the wisdom of ancient ways. A Stargazer joined their pack with Chimera's help, to lead the way into the Umbra, and teach Evan first-hand of the realms of the spirits. And Evan took his place in the midst of this motley assortment, as Great Wendigo had intended. He served as the mediator and peacemaker between these warring werewolves of different tribes, demonstrating that their unlikely unity gave them a strength they would not have possessed among members of their own tribes. A living example, Evan took his pack's message to the other elders of the Garou. Some of them listened, and some of them refused, but Evan is patient. More and more battles will be won, with the mixed might of all Gaia's children; he is certain that after those first victories fall into place, the rest will follow in their steps and heal the rifts of the past.

**Breed**: Homid

**Auspice**: Philodox

**Rank**: 4

**Camp**: Sacred Hoop

**Physical**: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

**Social**: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

**Mental**: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

**Talents**: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

**Skills**: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Leadership 4, Melee 1, Performance 3, Stealth 1, Survival 2

**Knowledges**: Computer 1, Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 3, Linguistics 2, Medicine 2, Politics 3, Rituals 2

**Renown**: Glory 4, Honor 8, Wisdom 5

**Backgrounds**: Allies 5, Ancestors 3, Fetish 3, Pure Breed 2, Rites 5, Totem 4

**Rage**: 5; Gnosis: 3; Willpower: 8

**Gifts**: (1) Call the Breeze, Camouflage, Nose-to-Tail, Persuasion, Resist Pain, Scent of the True Form, Smell of Man, Truth of Gaia (2) Cutting Wind, Scent of the Man-Eater, Staredown, Strength of Purpose (3) Disquiet, White-out, Wisdom of the Ancient Ways (4) Call the Cannibal Spirit, Roll Over

**Rites**: All Rites of Accord from **Werewolf: the Apocalypse** and this book; Rite of the Opened Caern; Gathering for the Departed; Rite of Accomplishment

### *John North-Wind's-Son*

"What's that line? Oh, yeah, heh! 'You wouldn't like me when I'm angry.' "

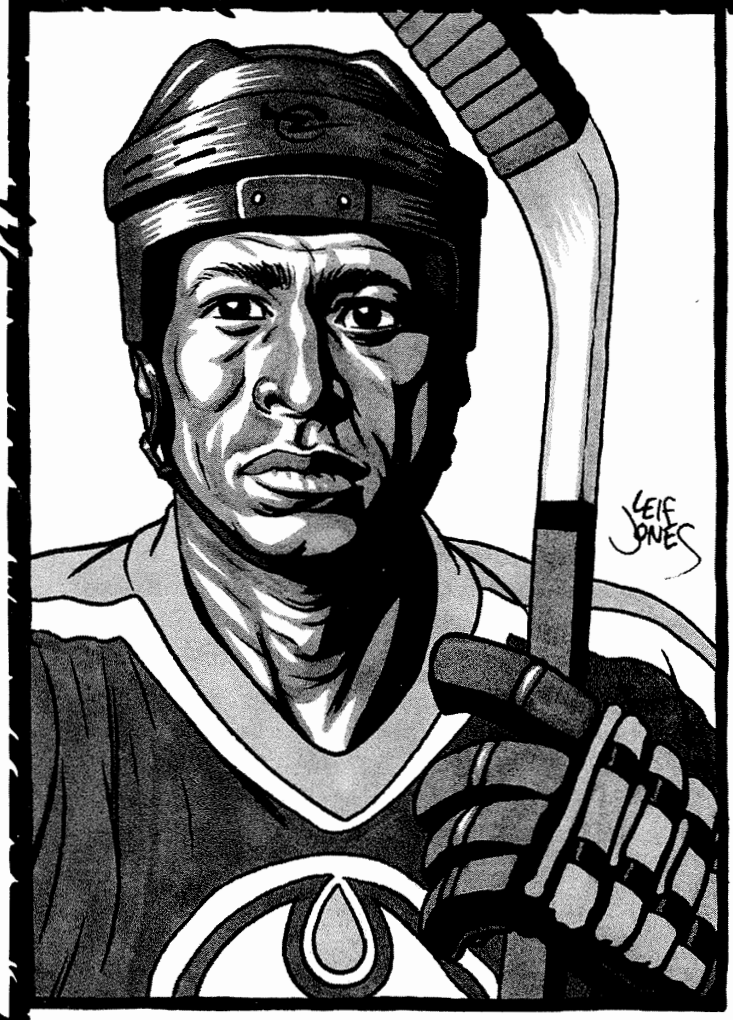
John is young, but he has always been determined to bring honor to his tribe. In his Camp, all the cubs were raised on a diet of legends — stories of the peacemakers that came before, brotherhood between all Gaia's creatures, famous Garou who overcame the odds like Evan Heals-The-Past. Sometimes he thinks it's a lot harder for him than it was for Evan the Philodox, though. John tries his best to balance his desire for harmony against the icy-cold breath of Wendigo's fury in his heart. The wish he has heard since he was born, the wish his Camp murmurs over every meal, at every moot and meeting — Peace to all creatures — wars constantly with his thirst for vengeance. Because he hears other stories, too, as he gets older. Stories of the end days, of Wendigo dying in battle, of slaughtered Kinfolk and desecrated ground, of desperate fights against the Wyrm and the Weaver. Now, these words stir his blood and drive him into a frustration he is afraid to reveal. He manages to hide it well, behind witty jokes and a cheerful laughing face, bringing the humor of any situation out in front to veil his seething temper. People complain when he gets too silly, but he comforts himself in knowing that they'd probably rather hear an annoying joke than have him rip their throats out. He clings to the Litany when the anger threatens to overtake him, reciting to himself: "Respect all beings. They are all of Grandmother." He's managed to keep himself from hurting anyone, so far.

Sometimes he wishes they had never told him all the stories, but just the granola ones, the ones about peace and love and togetherness and Evan, healing the past with his understanding and patience. Ironically, it took meeting Evan himself to help him come to a realization. The turmoil he feels in his spirit, the never-ending contradictions in his soul, is just Wendigo's way of telling him what path to take. He can never be like Evan. That job's already been done, and the way is paved. Now John has a job of his own. Evan said once, "These are the last days — our Winter is now," and John is just beginning to build his own vision, guided by Great Wendigo, determined to find a way — a vision no one else has thought of before. Is it possible to fight, but fight for peace? If he can control his Rage until the moment he needs it, concentrate it so that he can unleash it at will, but only against those that threaten to destroy his Kin.

**Breed**: Homid
**Auspice**: Ahroun
**Rank**: 1
**Camp**: Sacred Hoop
**Physical**: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)
**Social**: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)
**Mental**: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3
**Talents**: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 2
**Skills**: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1
**Knowledges**: Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 2, Rituals 1
**Renown**: Glory 2, Wisdom 1
**Backgrounds**: Allies 1, Ancestors 2, Kinfolk 2, Rites 1, Totem 2
**Rage**: 5; Gnosis: 1; Willpower: 5
**Gifts**: (1) Falling Touch, Ice Echo, Resist Pain, Smell of Man
**Rites**: Rite of Talisman Dedication

### *Owen Robinson*

"It's a pack war. It's not six Owen Robinsons out there. And please shoot me if I ever refer to myself in the third person again."




More than 100 National Hockey League players have come from a single high school in Wilcox, Saskatchewan: the Athol Murray College of Notre Dame. The motto of this school is "Luctor et Emergo" — Struggle and Emerge. The Hounds have won countless provincial and national championships, and any young girl or boy who loves hockey would fight for the chance to be admitted to Notre Dame, with dreams of following in the footsteps of glorious alumni like Owen Robinson.

With Owen's amazing three goals in the last 5 minutes of the playoffs, leading the team through its most electrifying season in history, the Edmonton Oilers won their first Stanley Cup since 1990, and the media is having a field day. He doesn't exactly try to act humble about it, but they're idolizing him anyway. They're saying Owen Robinson is the next Mark Messier, the next Wayne Gretzky, the next Mario Lemieux. And to tell the truth, he probably is. They can say whatever they want about him: that he's gay, that he's only getting the publicity because he's a Native American, that he's a giant asshole, that he's got a problem with getting into too many fights on and off the ice. All that matters is that he knows how to play hockey, and he knows how to lead a team to victory. He wants to win, and he wants to win by being the best. It doesn't matter what they say, because they will never know what he really is.

He doesn't just keep in touch with old Notre Dame out of charity. There are other traditions besides hockey that he needs to protect, and his Pack of Hounds keeps the honor of the tribe pure and alive. The school's a great place to give Wendigo a leg up on things, from a young age, to teach the cubs what they need to know. He's even getting Kinfolk students accepted, now, to keep a good eye on them. If any of the kids want to play hockey, he just considers that a bigger bonus. Right now he's getting three other guys drafted, two to the Maple Leafs, one to the Penguins; and his best friend Valentin Kovalenko has been with the Flames for two years. It's not just about money and fame to Owen and his Hounds — they're still Wendigo, after all. He knows it's all just a way to get at what really matters — power that doesn't come from things, but from Gaia. If the Wendigo are going to survive, going to win, they'll need that real power. And Owen Robinson knows that he's going to get it done, one way or another.

### *Joshua "Pees-on-Chemlawn" Greymorning*

New Moons can be as trying for their tribemates as their enemies. None in recent memory exemplifies this as well as Pees-on-Chemlawn. As his deed name implies, he is not the favorite of the tribe's many traditionalists. He is firmly planted in the 21st Century in both methodology and chosen enemy. For many Wendigo, his battles sometimes defy explanation. Despite this or perhaps because of it, he has been gaining supporters among the younger Wendigo lately. Worse, his notoriety is spreading outside of the tribe and his actions are causing some rather awkward questions. Doesn't this clown know Wendigo are supposed to be stoic?

Starting in the lands of his Blackfoot Kinfolk, Pees-on-Chemlawn and his cross-tribal, all-Ragabash pack, Another Dead Mutant, have made a name for themselves with creative, violent stunts meant to dissuade farmers from using bioengineered crops, pesticides and growth hormones. The pack has also come out against bovine growth hormone and other experiments in "improving" nature through chemistry. Farmers whose lands are more chemical than corn have had an increase in inexplicable early frosts, violent storms and massive sinkholes opening in the middle of their fields. Those with "super cows" injected with the latest hormone concoctions are visited with "coyote" attacks on their livestock, fires in their barns and mysteriously strong winds toppling their power lines. These farmers also find themselves on the business end of environmental activism and lawsuits from local indig-

enous peoples, suddenly very keen on regaining a piece of sacred land that just happens to be where Farmer Jones is raising his mutant bovine monstrosities.

Rumors even credit the pack for canola oil floods, electrocuted livestock, crop circles and cattle mutilations in Wyoming and the Dakotas, but such broad credit is as likely a joke authored by Pees-on-Chemlawn himself as truth. It seems too petty for a Garou, but with Another Dead Mutant involved, one can expect just about anything.

Pees-on-Chemlawn may be getting results, but many Wendigo disapprove of his methods. The elders say he relies too heavily on the Wyrmbringers' technology and ways to carry out his crazy plans. He argues that traditional ways have allowed the Wyrmbringers to flourish, while his attacks hit them where it hurts, in their wallets. His goal is to make the use of unnatural farming methods so expensive and disastrous that the farmers give up the practices voluntarily. If it worked, it would make the more overt methods — staging direct attacks on the biochemical companies producing the poisonous sludge — obsolete.

In a way, his outlandish methods are subtle, but that doesn't mean the corporate subsidiaries whose test crops are in ruins aren't taking notice. Pentex doesn't believe in "acts of God" and their investigators are hot on the trail of Another Dead Mutant. Pees-on-Chemlawn's saving grace so far has been that the enemy finds his schemes as incomprehensible as we do. Eventually, the attention he's drawing may prove to be too great for even this fox in wolf's clothing to dodge. Some Wendigo will be nothing but relieved when he's gone.

**Breed:** Homid

**Auspice:** Ragabash

**Rank:** 3

**Physical:** Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (2/1/1/1), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2).

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Dodge 2, Primal-Urge 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2

**Skills:** Animal Ken 2, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Leadership, 1, Melee 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2

**Knowledges:** Law 1, Science 2, Investigation 2

**Backgrounds:** Kinfolk 3, Allies 3

**Rage:** 3; Gnosis: 5; Willpower: 5

**Gifts:** (1) Persuasion, Open Seal, Camouflage, Resist Pain, Master of Fire (2) Speak with Wind Spirits, Taking the Forgotten, Blissful Ignorance, Jam Technology (3) Gremlins, Disquiet

**Rites:** Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Binding, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening

# Wendigo™

**Name:** **Breed:** **Pack Name:**
**Player:** **Auspice:** **Pack Totem:**
**Chronicle:** **Camp:** **Concept:**

## Attributes

| Physical | | Social | | Mental | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strength | ●OOOO | Charisma | ●OOOO | Perception | ●OOOO |
| Dexterity | ●OOOO | Manipulation | ●OOOO | Intelligence | ●OOOO |
| Stamina | ●OOOO | Appearance | ●OOOO | Wits | ●OOOO |

## Abilities

| Talents | | Skills | | Knowledges | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alertness | OOOOO | Animal Ken | OOOOO | Computer | OOOOO |
| Athletics | OOOOO | Crafts | OOOOO | Enigmas | OOOOO |
| Brawl | OOOOO | Drive | OOOOO | Investigation | OOOOO |
| Dodge | OOOOO | Etiquette | OOOOO | Law | OOOOO |
| Empathy | OOOOO | Firearms | OOOOO | Linguistics | OOOOO |
| Expression | OOOOO | Leadership | OOOOO | Medicine | OOOOO |
| Intimidation | OOOOO | Melee | OOOOO | Occult | OOOOO |
| Primal-Urge | OOOOO | Performance | OOOOO | Politics | OOOOO |
| Streetwise | OOOOO | Stealth | OOOOO | Rituals | OOOOO |
| Subterfuge | OOOOO | Survival | OOOOO | Science | OOOOO |

## Advantages

| Backgrounds | | Gifts | Gifts |
|---|---|---|---|
| | OOOOO | | |
| | OOOOO | | |
| | OOOOO | | |
| | OOOOO | | |
| | OOOOO | | |

## Renown

**Glory**
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

**Honor**
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

**Wisdom**
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

## Rank

## Rage

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

## Gnosis

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

## Willpower

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

## Health

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bruised | | ❑ |
| Hurt | -1 | ❑ |
| Injured | -1 | ❑ |
| Wounded | -2 | ❑ |
| Mauled | -2 | ❑ |
| Crippled | -5 | ❑ |
| Incapacitated | | ❑ |

## Tribal Weakness

WHEEL OF THE SEASONS

# Wendigo™

## Homid

No Change

Difficulty: 6

## Glabro

Strength (+2)____
Stamina (+2)____
Appearance (-1 _
Manipulation (-2)___

Difficulty: 7

## Crinos

Strength (+4)____
Dexterity (+1)___
Stamina (+3)____
Appearance 0
Manipulation (-3)___

Difficulty: 6

INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

## Hispo

Strength (+3)____
Dexterity (+2)___
Stamina (+3)____
Manipulation (-3)___
+1 Die to Bite Damage

Difficulty: 7

## Lupus

Strength (+1)____
Dexterity (+2)___
Stamina (+2)____
Manipulation (-3)___
-2 Perception Diff.

Difficulty: 6

## Other Traits

_____OOOOO
_____OOOOO
_____OOOOO
_____OOOOO
_____OOOOO
_____OOOOO
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_____OOOOO

## Fetishes

Item:_____ Level___ Gnosis___
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level___ Gnosis___
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level___ Gnosis___
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level___ Gnosis___
Power:_____

### Rites

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

## Combat

| Maneuver/Weapon | Roll | Difficulty | Damage | Range | Rate | Clip |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | |

### Brawling Chart

| Maneuver | Roll | Diff | Damage |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bite | Dex+Brawl | 5 | Strength+1/A |
| Body Tackle | Dex+Brawl | 7 | Special/B |
| Claw | Dex+Brawl | 6 | Strength+1/A |
| Grapple | Dex+Brawl | 6 | Strength/B |
| Kick | Dex+Brawl | 7 | Strength+1/B |
| Punch | Dex+Brawl | 6 | Strength/B |

A=Aggravated Damage
B=Bashing Damage

Armor:_____

# Wendigo™

**Nature:** **Demeanor:**

## Merits & Flaws

| Merit | Type | Cost | Flaw | Type | Bonus |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

## Expanded Background

### Allies

### Mentor

### Ancestors

### Pure Breed

### Kinfolk

### Totem

## Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

## Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT:

Spent On:

## Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: Type:

Totem:

Leader:

# Wendigo™

## History

### Prelude

## Description

Age:
Hair:
Eyes:
Race:
Nationality:
Sex:

| | Height | Weight |
|---|---|---|
| Homid: | | |
| Glabro: | | |
| Crinos: | | |
| Hispo: | | |
| Lupus: | | |

*Battle Scars:*

*Metis Deformity:*

## Visuals

### Pack Chart

### Character Sketch

# TRIBEBOOK: WENDIGO™

## Hearts of Ice

Their anger is not hot, but cold as the frozen North. They have endured pain enough to kill a thousand nations, but they refuse to die. They are the chosen of the cannibal spirit, the tribe of winter, the last of the Pure Ones. They are the Wendigo, and woe to anyone who crosses these warriors' path.

## The Wolves of Winter

The Revised Tribebook series closes not with a whimper but with a roar, with **Tribebook: Wendigo**. Inside are tales of the heroic past of the children of Wendigo, details on their tribal customs and laws, and rules for their potent Gifts of ice and war. Will the fiercest tribe be the last hope of the Garou, or will the Wendigo fall prey to their own hatred and Rage? Don't miss this one!

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